THE LITERARY DIGEST

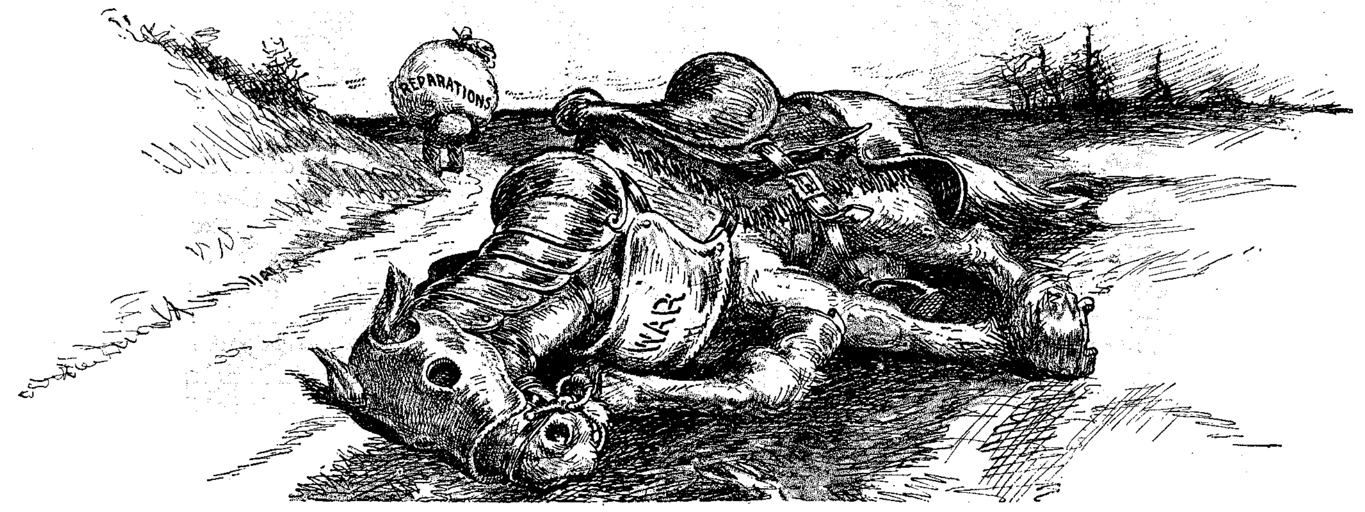
(Title registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries)

PUBLIC OPINION, *New York*, and CURRENT OPINION, *New York*, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST
(Titles registered in U. S. Patent Office)

Vol. CI, No. 11 New York, June 15, 1929 Whole Number 2043

TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)



PAYING FOR A DEAD HORSE —Macauley in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

HOW THE YOUNG PLAN "ENDS THE WAR"

THE WORLD WAR ENDED LAST WEEK, in the opinion of scores of press writers, who consider the final solution of the reparations problem as important as the signing of the Versailles Treaty ten years before. The Young plan, so-called because of the part played by Owen D. Young, American Chairman of the committee of experts, "is a treaty of peace in a way that the document signed at Versailles failed to be," says *The Nation*. One paper calls the agreement "the charter of a new era." First Germany was to pay the costs of the war, then $33,000,000,000, then $600,000,000 a year indefinitely; now after a decade of negotiation we know that her debt is $8,800,000,000, at present value, tho she will actually pay out $27,000,000,000 in principal and interest in 59 annual payments. In the "liquidation of the war," the Dawes plan brought peace after years of threats and bluffs and wordy warfare, tho as Clinton W. Gilbert points out in the New York *Evening Post*, "it was rather an armistice than real peace, for always it was recognized that when the heavier payments under the Dawes plan began to fall due, the economic system of Europe might be precipitated into chaos again." Now "the Young plan meets the new crisis." As far as is humanly possible the reparations problem "is now divested of its last uncertainties," writes Paul Scott Mowrer from Paris to the Chicago *Daily News*; "Germany will know exactly how much she must pay, the Allies will know exactly how much they can expect to receive," and "it is believed that the so-called Young plan will successfully take the entire knotty affair out of politics so that it will no longer be a weapon or obstacle in international relations."

Through all this chorus of glad acclaim, however, runs an occasional note of doubt—whether the governments will ratify the Young plan; whether Germany really can pay the sums due through all the coming years; whether the real sufferers in the end will not be the American taxpayers?

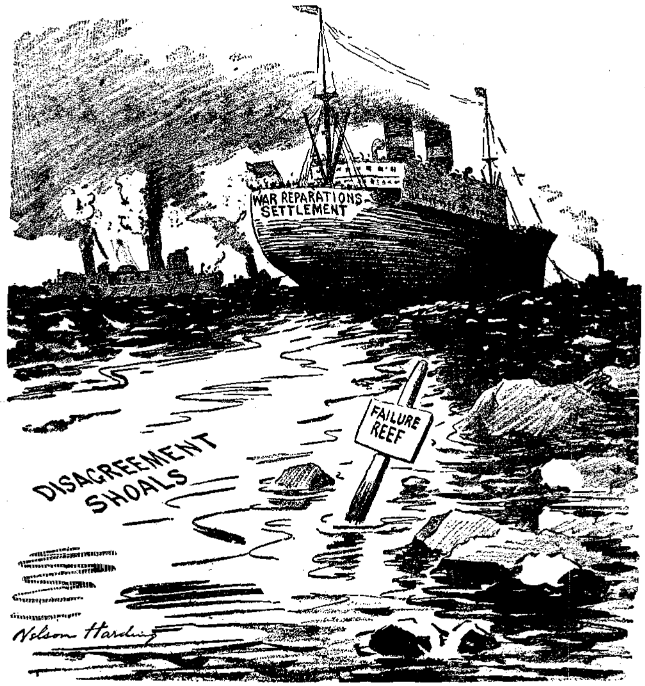
But there is no break in the unanimity of praise for Owen D. Young for his tactful, strenuous, and persuasive labors as chairman for four months of heated deliberation and recurring crises. Mr. Young is given the lion's share of credit for the successful outcome of the Paris conference. But it is not only the conspicuous presence of Americans like Mr. Young and his associates, Messrs. Morgan, Lamont, and Perkins—who, of course, were acting in an entirely unofficial capacity, and not representing our Government—that gives the conference a special meaning for us. Assistant Secretary of Commerce Julius Klein says the settlement "will penetrate to every farmer and factory worker in the United States." The following direct effects upon the United States are expected in official circles in Washington, according to Drew Pearson of the Baltimore *Sun:*

> "Premier Poincaré will now have a definite argument to put before the Chamber of Deputies to secure ratification of the Mellon-Berenger debt agreement.
>
> "Renewed confidence in Europe and increased European prosperity will mean an increase of American loans, and probably an increase of American exports.
>
> "There will be renewed agitation for a scaling down or cancelation of the Allied war debts to the United States."

The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* thus tells the reparations story:

> "Not until now has Germany positively known how much she must pay. The conference at Versailles in 1919 found it impossible to fix the bill against her. It passed this job to a Reparations Commission, with instructions to fix the amount by May 1, 1921. The Allies were unwilling to limit Germany's debt until they learned to what extent the United States would insist upon payment of their debts to us. The Reparations

Commission was unable to reach an agreement with Germany upon a total, but it did fix the tentative amount which Berlin was to pay at $33,000,000,000. This was in April, 1921. When payments had not been forthcoming by 1923, the French and Belgians invaded the Ruhr. This precipitated a financial crisis and ruined the currency of Germany. In 1924 a conference of financiers was held, and from it emerged the Dawes plan. There was no effort to fix the total bill. A scale of payments was devised. They amounted to $625,000,000 each, but no date was set for the end of payments under the Dawes plan. Germany has since then been making payments on the debt. She has paid a total of $1,300,000,000, of which she had borrowed from the United States $1,100,000,000.



Copyright, 1929, by the New York Evening Journal, Inc. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

OFF THE ROCKS!

—Harding in the New York *Evening Journal.*

"Obviously, this situation could not continue too long. International credit became severely strained. The United States had to consider what her commercial, as well as her political, claims against Germany would be worth, as well as what would happen to her great investments throughout the world if Germany were permitted to collapse.

"It was this consideration which unofficially sent to Paris last February Messrs. Young, Morgan and Lamont, the American reparations experts. For sixteen weeks these men have sought to substitute sanity for the passions engendered by the Great War. They have at last succeeded."

The experts met in Paris on February 11, elected Mr. Young chairman, and organized their work. Toward the end of April the Allied and German proposals were so far apart that the conference seemed on the point of breaking up without an agreement. Early in May Mr. Young presented a compromise plan which included the establishment of an international bank. On May 29, the Young plan, with some modifications, was finally accepted. Certain minor questions remained to be settled, particularly the Belgian demand for a redemption of the German marks circulated in Belgium during the war. But the two nations finally agreed to settle this between themselves, and on June 4 full agreement on the Young plan was reported. The specific recommendations in the report are outlined as follows in a Paris dispatch to the New York *World:*

"1. Substitution of Mr. Young's annuities as agreed upon for the Dawes plan.

"2. Substitution of 'The Bank for International Settlements' for Reparations Commission and Agent-General for Reparations in receiving and distributing payments.

"3. Settlement by the governments as soon as possible, and at the latest within two years, of the question of the obligations incurred by the successor States to Austrian territory.

"4. Reduction and recovery of taxes imposed by creditor countries on German imports from 26 to 20 per cent.

"5. Modification of the Dawes lien on German railroads so as to permit Germans to finance them.

"6. Any eventual reduction in the Allies' war debts to the United States to be applied in reducing the annuities due from Germany.

"7. A moratorium of two years to be eventually accorded on half of the protected part, or 1,390,000,000 marks of the first series of annuities, when financial difficulties of the Reich may require.

"8. Commercialization as becomes possible of the amount representing the present value of 500,000,000 marks of the first thirty-seven annuities."

The Young plan figures call for the annual payment by Germany of gradually increasing annuities (averaging $492,000,000) for thirty-seven years; then approximately $408,000,000 a year for twenty-one years, then $216,000,000 for one year. This will be a total payment of about $27,000,000,000, making a present capital value on a 5½ per cent. basis of around $8,800,000,000. The last twenty-two annuities will correspond to the amount of the Allied debts due the United States, plus the remaining claims of the United States. President Hoover, after consulting administration and Congressional leaders, agreed to reduce by a small percentage our own bill against Germany, a concession which is credited with making it easier for Mr. Young to secure concession from the Allies.

The next step will be another international meeting, within two or three months, to study the application of the new reparations plan. As the conference adjourned, there was little worry about the respective governments refusing to ratify the Young plan. It seems unthinkable to the Cincinnati *Enquirer* that any government would refuse to accept the report. And the New York *Evening Post* says on this point:

"In both France and Germany there will be vigorous opposition to the accord on the part of the extreme Nationalists. But at the same time there is every reason to believe that both official and public opinion in the two countries strongly favor acceptance of the proposed terms of settlement.

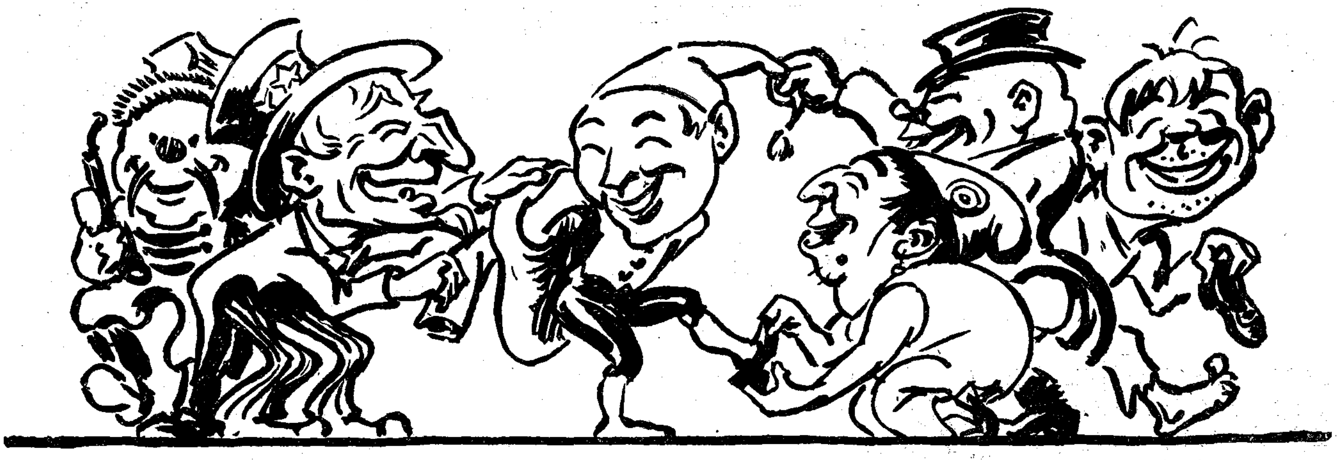
"One factor operating in behalf of such approval is the very fact that the experts' negotiations have been so prolonged and difficult. If a quick and easy solution to the problem had been found, it might well have been rejected on the theory that better terms could have been obtained. There is no question of that now. Neither France nor Germany can believe that a more favorable settlement could have been reached when the conference at least twice was so nearly disrupted that hope of any agreement was almost abandoned.

"It is clearly enough this plan or no plan at all. The governments concerned will be forced to realize that the alternative before them is acceptance of the compromise or a continuation of the uncertainty which must prevail under the Dawes plan plus a blow to their national credits which might have serious results. There can be little doubt of which they will choose."

Taking ratification for granted, the New York *World* says:

"The solution reached at Paris ought to give Europe at least ten or fifteen years' relief from the irritation inherent in reparations. The military occupation of Germany is to end. The controls over German finance are to end. In the international bank, the experts are creating an institution which may go very far toward insulating the payment of obligations against political agitation. The annuities payable in the next few years are relatively moderate for the debt that Germany must pay. The provisions for commercializing part of the debt may greatly relieve the chief creditor, France. If Europe can get its mind off reparations for ten years, the question may never again be important. In ten years, if Europe prospers, it may seem very unimportant. Then the time will perhaps have come when the creditors will agree to repeal that clause in the Treaty of Versailles which puts upon Germany the sole responsibility for the war."

"One immediate effect of the reparations settlement in Paris is expected to be the strengthening of Germany's credit," we read in a New York *World* dispatch from Washington. In fact:



THE REPARATIONS EXPERTS HAVE THEIR LITTLE JOKE

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

"The agreement should improve, not only Germany's credit position, but that of the Allied countries, if not of all Europe. In the opinion of some officials, it will go even further, with repercussions throughout Latin America and the Orient. As these officials see the situation, it means a very distinct stabilizing of the world economic fabric.

"One result is expected to be a stiffening of competition to the United States in foreign markets, which is likely to be heightened measurably by the threatened boost in American tariff schedules. The United States, however, is said to be in far better shape to meet increased competition than ever before in its history.

"Under the agreement, the United States will receive approximately $320,000,000. This includes the balance due for reimbursement of the cost of maintaining the American Army of Occupation on the Rhine, which was reduced 10 per cent. after the White House conference to $176,981,384.92 and $143,775,734.84, to satisfy adjudicated war claims."

The total reparations Germany must pay seems to the Springfield *Republican* "fairly reasonable, as war indemnities go." As the Chicago *Journal of Commerce* puts it, "this is an amount larger than Germany has said she is willing to pay, but it is not larger than the ablest German financiers have looked forward to as conceivably acceptable." To most of our papers, it seems that $8,800,000,000 is a sum Germany can pay, altho, in the words of the Grand Rapids *Herald*, "it means that Hans and Gretchen must keep their noses to the grindstone for a long period." A German view comes from Dr. Gustav Stolper, in a Berlin dispatch to the Consolidated Press:

"Germany, in accepting this new substitute for the Dawes plan, assumes a heavy burden. The normal payment under the Dawes plan is reduced not quite one-fifth, but transfer protection is abolished for an important part of the sum. Germany is to pay tribute for fifty-eight years, altho payments in the last twenty-two years will be materially facilitated. Thereby she secures—or so one must hope, for otherwise the German concessions could not be defended—a clearing up of the political atmosphere arising from the reparations conflict. She is released from the position of a debtor who is compelled continuously to show how poor she is in order that her creditors may not make an intolerably high demand on her. Assurance is given that future differences of opinion among the victors of the World War will not be settled by a common agreement that Germany must pay more.

"But the evacuation of the Rhineland is closely bound up with the reparations question. In the Versailles Treaty, the occupation of the Rhineland was intended as a pledge pending the final adjustment of reparations. In Geneva, when Germany demanded that foreign troops should finally be withdrawn from German soil, since their presence was a source of constant friction, France replied that the situation regarding financial obligations must first be cleared up. That has now been done."

The Young plan has the great virtue of reducing political claims nearer to economic realities, and providing "a stabilizing period, until the public and politicians are strong enough to face the disagreeable facts," contends the New York *Telegram*, which adds: "The facts are that Germany can not possibly pay more than a fraction of the Allies' war costs, and that the Allies can not possibly pay more than a fraction of their debts to the United States." The Scripps-Howard daily finds it significant "that Germany has paid practically no reparations so far in actual fact":

"She has not been able to pay out of her own pocket. What she has done, under Allied pressure, is to borrow money from the United States and turn that over to the Allies as reparations payments. And Germany has borrowed more from us than she has paid out.

"That is hardly a healthy economic state of affairs, nor does it indicate any rosy future for reparations.

"Then there is the whole problem of transfer. International payments can not be made in gold, but in the long run must be paid in goods and services.

"Even if the time comes when Germany can afford to pay, the Allies can not afford to let her pay a large amount, because such dumping of German goods would ruin trade and industry in the Allied countries.

"The same is true of Allied payment of debts to us—indeed, at this very moment we are raising higher tariff barriers to prevent them from paying us.

"So, whoever won the war, Americans are apt to pay the remaining costs of it. Not because the Germans are wicked nor because the Allies are welchers, but because of the economic interdependence of nations, in which the creditor carries the debtor rather than force bankruptcy for all."

In other words, as the Hartford *Courant* puts it, "Europe's solution of the international problem may merely have shifted it to the United States." And the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, contemplating those last twenty-two years under the plan, when all the funds collected from Germany will go to the United States, remarks:

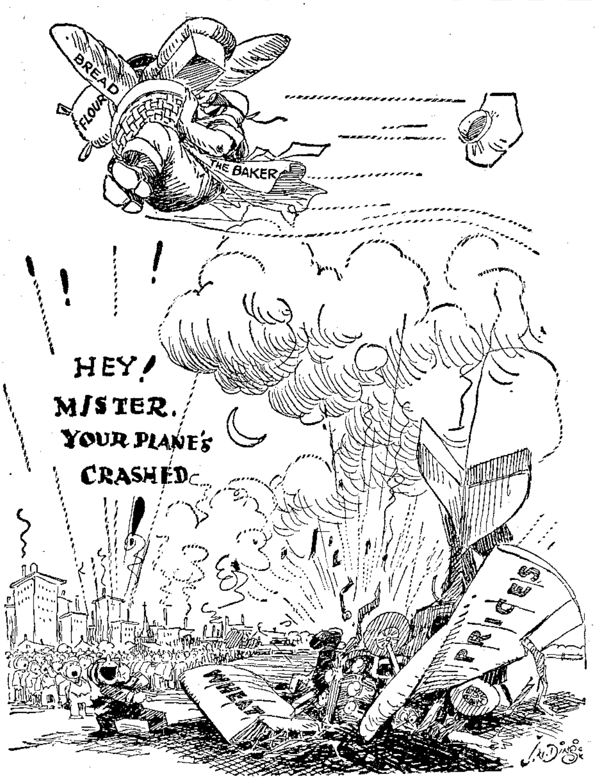
"If as much progress is made in that time toward a more rational view of international relationships as has been made in the past three months at Paris, with the apparent approval of the American people, we may be sure that long before the expiration of the allotted time for a final payment another conferring delegation will have brought the whole unhappy business to a close."

A different point of view is exprest by the Washington *Post*, which insists that the concession made on army occupation costs should "not be regarded as the forerunner of a readjustment of debts":

"Public opinion in the United States is fixt in opposition to the cancelation of the debts owed by European governments. No valid reason has ever been offered in support of cancelation. Every moral and legal consideration calls for the repayment to the American taxpayers of the money loaned to European countries."

WHEAT'S MENACE TO PROSPERITY

WHILE 37,000,000 PEOPLE ARE FACING starvation in China, our head-lines and news columns proclaim the sad plight of the American wheat farmers, overwhelmed by surplus foodstuffs, confronted with a bumper crop, a surfeited foreign market, and a price in some cases below the cost of production. "There have been depressions in the wheat trade at various periods throughout the last fifty years, but none that approached the present, as it includes all world markets and is due to production in excess of consumption, with the prospect of another large harvest in the United States on top of that of 1928," says a Chicago dispatch to the New York *Evening Post.* There seems to be little question that the debacle in wheat prices is the result of huge world supplies and excellent new crop prospects, remarks the Boston *News Bureau.* "Our wheat growers find themselves engaged in a world price war as severe as any within their memory, and Argentina and Canada, with lower production costs, have entered the fray with a whoop," reports Owen L. Scott, in a Consolidated Press dispatch from Chicago. The slump in wheat, several correspondents point out, is the outstanding feature of the present political and economic picture, and is responsible for conditions in areas remote from the wheat belt. Even the agreement of the House and Senate on a farm-relief measure, which lacks the export debenture feature, but provides a half-billion-dollar revolving fund for price stabilization, it is generally admitted, does not dispose of the wheat problem. Says Mark Sullivan, in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune:*



© 1929, by the New York Tribune, Inc.
By permission of the New York *Herald Tribune*

HASN'T HEARD ABOUT IT YET

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

"The price of wheat is so low as to constitute a sensational event. Wheat at ninety-seven cents a bushel is the lowest since pre-war conditions in 1915, when the price was ninety-three cents. Moreover, ninety-seven cents in Chicago means only about eighty cents on the farm. That is much below cost of production. Furthermore, to-day's cent is only about two-thirds of a pre-war cent. Consequently, the present price of wheat is one for which a parallel can only be found in the calamitous '90's.

"The cause of the low price of wheat is one, and one only, tho the farmers are being told incorrectly that there are other causes. The sole cause is too much wheat. The total world supply is the largest ever known. The farmers of the United States, together with the farmers of the rest of the world, have raised much more wheat than the world needs.

"With regard to the future, the statistical information does not point toward any material change as to the wheat crop now growing. It is possible, but only barely possible, for the farm-relief plan to get under way early enough to give some assistance in the way of financing the holding of some wheat off the market. It is much more probable that the farm-relief plan can do nothing for this year's crop.

"If the present condition in wheat were the same as to all farm crops, we should have a condition similar to 1920 and almost as bad as in the chaotic days of Cleveland's Administration. Fortunately, many farm products are at normal prices or above normal.

"There are three other important crops in which prices, while not so low relatively as wheat, are yet low. Corn, oats, and cotton, while at prices that yield some profit, are below normal.

"The aggregate of the deficiency in returns to the farmer for his wheat, corn, cotton, and oats is estimated at not far short of a billion dollars. That billion-dollar deficit is important not only to the farmer but to every person in the country. It means a billion dollars less in purchasing power. It means a billion dollars less to be spent for automobiles, radios, and whatever else the farmer buys. It is in this sense that Wall Street, and the East generally, is just becoming aware of the price of wheat. Prices of securities on the Stock Exchange have fallen less sensationally than wheat, but nevertheless materially. In this case, one of several reasons is that manufacturing industries are just learning they are going to get a billion dollars less from the farmer next year."

The political aspects of this wheat slump are sketched by Frank R. Kent as follows in the Baltimore *Sun:*

"It seems a pretty tough break for Mr. Hoover that the rainbow of the reparations agreement, which, it is conceded, means much to the peace and prosperity of the world, should be dimmed by the slump in wheat. Yet the undeniable fact is that the drop in the price of that staple below the dollar mark—where it has not been in fifteen years—discolors the whole political outlook and is the most significant domestic development of recent months.

"There is some fear that the drop in wheat will make psychology have a real effect. Just as unreasonably as they attribute to a President prosperity with which he had nothing in the world to do, so are the people likely to illogically fasten responsibility upon him for its diminution or disappearance."

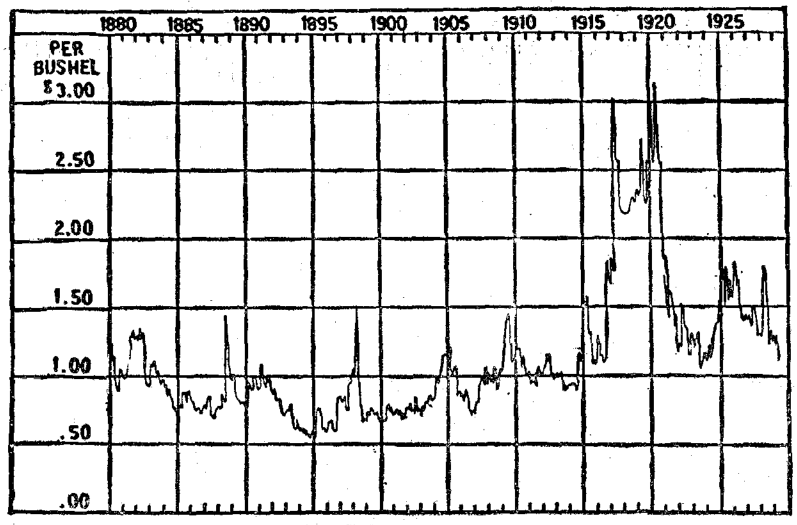
The past month has been a black one for the American farmer, notes the New York *World,* which goes on to say:

"It is difficult for urban folk in the East, who have been reading of the record-breaking activity in the steel and automobile industries, and the heavy volume of merchandise distribution, to realize the condition of the grain growers as a result of these price recessions. They need to imagine the effects in their own communities of a decline of 35 per cent. in the price of manufactured goods in the space of twelve months to appreciate the situation which has developed in the wheat belt.

"The reduction of freight rates on wheat for export has not had any material effect as yet on the situation. Stocks of grain in Europe are also above normal. France and Italy, moreover, have already raised their tariff duties to offset whatever stimulus the lower transportation costs might give to American exports, and in the German Reichstag the agrarian delegates are also demanding an increase in the grain duties. The promptness with which the European governments have acted to prevent heavy importations has a peculiar interest in view of the various schemes which have been advocated here for dumping farm surpluses abroad. It appears that foreign countries will not sit still and permit the equalization fee or the export debenture or any similar device to work as its framers intended.

"The slump in grain prices since Congress assembled has increased the need of prompt legislation."

Broadly speaking, this country is directly responsible for the conditions that make the price of wheat front-page news, argues the New York *Daily Investment News:* "We have been making it easier to raise the wheat by improving farm machinery; we have been selling such machinery to all the world, and now the world is glutted with wheat." But the question now is, what can be done about it? As *Moody's Investors' Service* sees it, "from



From *The Oklahoma Farmer-Stockman* (Oklahoma City)

FIFTY YEARS OF WHEAT PRICES

now on, wheat prices will remain under the influence of two major factors, equally whimsical and unpredictable—weather and politics." The debenture-less farm-relief bill, as finally agreed to by the Senate and House conferees, provides a $500,000,000 revolving fund to be lent out by a Federal Farm Board of nine members to "stabilization corporations" which, in turn, will buy up, store, and market crop surpluses. This, says Elliott L. Thurston in a Washington dispatch to the New York *World*, "will be the biggest dole ever made to agriculture." And in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Herald Tribune* we read of plans to organize a wheat-stabilization corporation, and also of the possibility of sending wheat to famine-stricken China:

> "It is fully expected here that the new farm board, as soon as it can organize, will take steps to have a wheat-stabilization corporation organized. That corporation will go into the market, if need be, and buy wheat. The corporation will have the financial backing of the Government through loans at a low rate of interest.
>
> "The suggestion of Senator Gerald P. Nye, Republican, of North Dakota, that large quantities of American wheat be purchased by Congressional appropriation and shipped to the famine districts of China, was followed to-day with the announcement that President Hoover had appointed a committee of three to study the famine situation.
>
> "The committee will consist of Col. Ernest P. Bicknel, vice-chairman of the American Red Cross, in charge of insular affairs, and two of his assistants, Ernest J. Swift and William M. Baxter. The party sailed from Vancouver, May 30, and the White House expects to have a report within three weeks.
>
> "Altho the appointments were made by Mr. Hoover as president of the American Red Cross, the three members will serve nevertheless as unofficial representatives of the United States. Reports were current in Washington that the recommendations of the committee would have a large part in determining the Administration's attitude toward the purchase of wheat to be exported to China, thus ridding this country of the surplus stock which has led to the depress market prices."

Advance rumors of these developments are said to have been responsible for a sudden rebound of prices in the Chicago wheat pit. "So far as America is concerned, the problem of wheat prices is an export problem, and can not be successfully made, at the moment, anything else," declares the Wichita *Eagle*, in the great wheat-growing State of Kansas. *The Oklahoma Farmer-Stockman* (Oklahoma City) advises "cutting harvest costs with combines" and storing the crop. "It is a good year to store wheat," agrees *The Nebraska Farmer* (Lincoln). "Grain in safe storage is considered good security for lending money, and any grower in good standing with his banker need have little fear of borrowing a substantial percentage of the market value of his wheat in storage," this farm journal explains. And in the immediate future, says the Chicago *Journal of Commerce*, the American wheat grower "must grow less wheat and more of something else." "There is just one way, in the long run, that the problem of 96-cent wheat, a tragedy to the one-crop farmer, can be met," declares the St. Louis *Star*. "That is by planting and harvesting less grain."

Meanwhile the situation, we are told, is correcting itself by the increase of the urban population over the rural population—altho the process is far too slow to bring any comfort to either the farmers, the Administration, or the country in 1929. Says Frank R. Kent in the Baltimore *Sun:*

> "In the course of thirty more years, at the present rate of city absorption, the farm population, it is contended, will have dwindled to 10 or 15 per cent. instead of 25. The situation will then be such that the farmer, disregarding exports altogether, will have all he can do to produce enough wheat to supply domestic demands. When that time comes, there will be no longer a farm problem, there will no longer be 'surpluses.'
>
> "The problem then will be not how to secure for the farmer an adequate return, but how to prevent him from gouging the life out of the rest of us."

"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?"

Test your knowledge by the questions below. If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. How rich is Al Capone said to be? (p. 34).
2. Do our young people look like alcoholics? (p. 27).
3. How many "noise units" does an airplane make? (p. 19).
4. What woman member of Parliament is called Lloyd George's "right-hand man"? (p. 15).
5. Who invented the wheelbarrow? (p. 50).
6. Do people think more or less of heaven and hell than formerly? (p. 28).
7. How does a glider start? (p. 18).
8. Who is the new Prime Minister of Great Britain? (p. 14).
9. What is estimated to be the annual revenue of Chicago racketeering? (p. 34).
10. How can rural churches be combined without giving one denomination an advantage over another? (p. 27).
11. Does canning destroy vitamines in food? (p. 20).
12. What Arctic explorer was in charge of equipping Roosevelt's Brazilian expedition? (p. 45).
13. In what European country has the Academy of Medicine issued a warning against drinking cocktails? (p. 16).
14. What famous patriotic woman said, "Patriotism is not enough"? (p. 27).
15. What taught man the art of gliding? (p. 18).
16. What is the greatest racial and social problem in South Africa? (p. 17).
17. Who recently won a golf championship on his twenty-first birthday? (p. 54).
18. Why are chemists trying to make a "kickless" alcohol? (p. 21).
19. Who is the insurgent leader in China's new war? (p. 12).
20. What French painter had his pictures bought by telephone, "sight unseen"? (p. 22).
21. Is it possible to preserve the hair 500,000 years? (p. 21).
22. What is "literary taste"? (p. 23).
23. What is the biggest prize in professional golf? How much is it? (p. 54).
24. What country "avoids admiring" America and "unconsciously copies it"? (p. 24).
25. How does the self-winding wrist-watch operate? (p. 21).

"EVERY SHIP A LIFE-BOAT!"

THIS IS THE SLOGAN, notes the Boston *Transcript*, that has come out of the International Conference on the Safety of Life at Sea, held in London. True, it takes something more than a slogan to get the passengers safely off a foundering liner, but if the delegates from eighteen maritime nations who attended the conference are able to persuade their governments to ratify the conventions adopted at London, we may never again, it is suggested, hear of another *Titanic* or *Vestris* disaster. Heretofore, we are reminded by the New York *Herald Tribune*, a great clamor has always risen, after every catastrophe at sea, for all kinds of safety laws—"a clamor which always subsides, only to be revived by the next one." But when the new code has been generally ratified, safety at sea, predicts the New York *World*, "will be far better guarded than it is to-day."

While it may be some time before we have the full text of the code, observes the New York *Times*, a summary of the six weeks' negotiations gives us assurance that the work was thoroughly done. Says this paper's London correspondent:

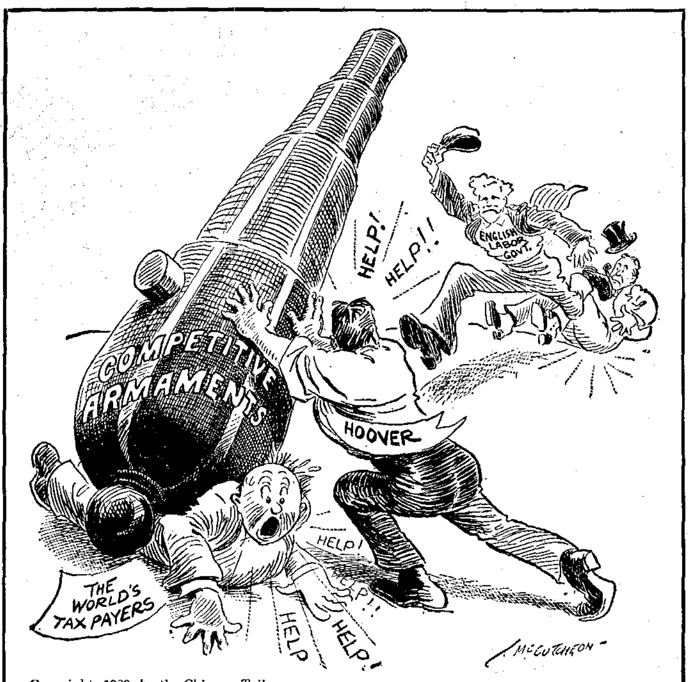
"The recommendations require efficient wireless equipment on all vessels of more than 1,600 tons; they insist on life-boats for all, and they impose stricter navigation regulations and new rules for internal construction, which may go far toward preventing recurrence of the *Vestris* disaster. Important alterations have been made in the rules on lights and signals. The use of any light which can impair the visibility of any of the navigation lights is forbidden. A second white light is made compulsory on all steamships 150 feet and upward in length. A stern light is to be fixt and day signals provided for vessels at anchor or aground or near a fairway. A special day signal also is provided for sailing-vessels when under steam or motor power. New fog signals are provided for vessels over 350 feet long, for towed vessels, and for vessels aground in a fairway.

"The radio distress signal is added to the list of distress signals, and the use of any distress signal except for indicating a vessel in distress is prohibited. The fitting of direction-finding apparatus is made compulsory on all passenger ships of 5,000 tons gross or more, and all ships of more than 150 tons gross must carry an efficient signaling lamp.

"Another recommendation of importance is that where more than a certain number of life-boats are carried, one or more should be motor-boats fitted with wireless installations and searchlights."

"This conference, like that of 1914," points out the Boston *Transcript*, "has been the gainer through a bitter experience. The first gathering, remembering the loss of the *Titanic*, established the ice-patrol, which has since been conducted by the United States Coast Guard, and which will be continued under the terms of the new conventions. The present gathering had the sinking of the *Vestris* as a guide in some of its deliberations and conclusions." At the same time, remarks the New York *World:*

"Whatever disposition the maritime nations may make of this convention, it will not avert the need of such an inquiry into our own shipping laws as Senator Wagner is urging upon Congress. The best of shipping safety-codes will lose much of their effectiveness if inspection in our ports is to be as perfunctory as was that of the *Vestris* before she sailed upon her last cruise."


HELP!
HELP!!
ENGLISH LABOR GOVT.
COMPETITIVE ARMAMENTS
HOOVER
THE WORLD'S TAX PAYERS
HELP!
HELP!!
HELP
HELP!
McCUTCHEON

Copyright, 1929, by the Chicago *Tribune*

THE PRESIDENT GETS A RECRUIT
—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune*.

HOOVER'S BID FOR "REAL" DISARMAMENT

IF STRAIGHTFORWARDNESS COUNTS for anything in political affairs, President Hoover's Memorial Day appeal for actual arms reduction should have results, thinks the Newark *News*. A disarmament policy that disarms, it seems, is what the President wants. No one, remarks the Spokane *Spokesman-Review*, knows the horror, the economic waste, and the ruthlessness of warfare better than Mr. Hoover. And he has but one remedy: To cut naval programs the world over so sharply to the defensive level that there can be no competitive building. In the opinion of many American dailies, his appeal is a challenge to the world to decide whether the Kellogg anti-war treaty is real; and, if it is, to accept the consequences by making honest efforts to deliver the peoples of this earth from a burden of armaments. Or, as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* puts it: "His whole speech is a declaration of his intention to fit the toothless gums of the Kellogg pact with a set of molars in the form of a program, not merely to limit armaments, but to reduce them." "The President has supplied a test of sincerity for those who profess devotion to peace and faith in the Kellogg pact," explains the Chicago *Daily News*, and the Washington *Star* reminds us that, in his Arlington address:

"The President clarified one thing regarding which there has been some confusion in the popular mind. The public has wondered whether the Hoover plans call for merely future limitation of construction (on the basis of the Washington Treaty of 1922), or include, as well, making inroads on building programs already authorized, but not yet completed. The President stated categorically that 'our goal is actual reduction of existing commitments to lower levels.' That can only mean that Mr. Hoover contemplates eventual slashing, not only of the United States Navy's battleship-replacement program, but also of the new cruiser program enacted by Congress a few months ago.

"It goes without saying that the President visualizes no action by the United States, in the realm of reduction, that is not paralleled by other navies. Mr. Hoover is thoroughly sound on national defense, zealous tho he is for disarmament. But he is adamant in the conviction that the principle of 'relativity' can be so invoked that, while guaranteeing to all peoples a full quota of adequate strength at sea, they can at the same time be relieved of the crushing tax burden of swollen armaments.

"The President of the United States calls upon the Einsteins of naval statesmanship to devise the yardstick of relativity that will point the way to new hope for war-satiated mankind."

Said President Hoover, in part, at Arlington:

"Since this day a year ago, a solemn declaration has been proposed by America to the world and has been signed by forty nations. It states that—

"'They solemnly declare in the names of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another.'

"They 'agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means.'

"Despite the declarations of the Kellogg pact, every important country has since the signing of that agreement been engaged in strengthening its naval arm. We are still borne on the tide of competitive building.

"The present Administration of the United States has undertaken to approach this vital problem with a new program. We feel that it is useless for us to talk of the limitation of arms if such limitations are to be set so high as virtually to be an incitement to increase armament.

"We believe the time has come when we must know whether the pact we have signed is real; whether we are condemned to further and more extensive programs of naval construction. Limitation upward is not now our goal, but actual reduction of existing commitments to lowered levels.

"It is fitting that we should give our minds to these subjects on this occasion; that we should give voice to these deepest aspirations of the American people, in this place. That aspiration is that the world should have peace.

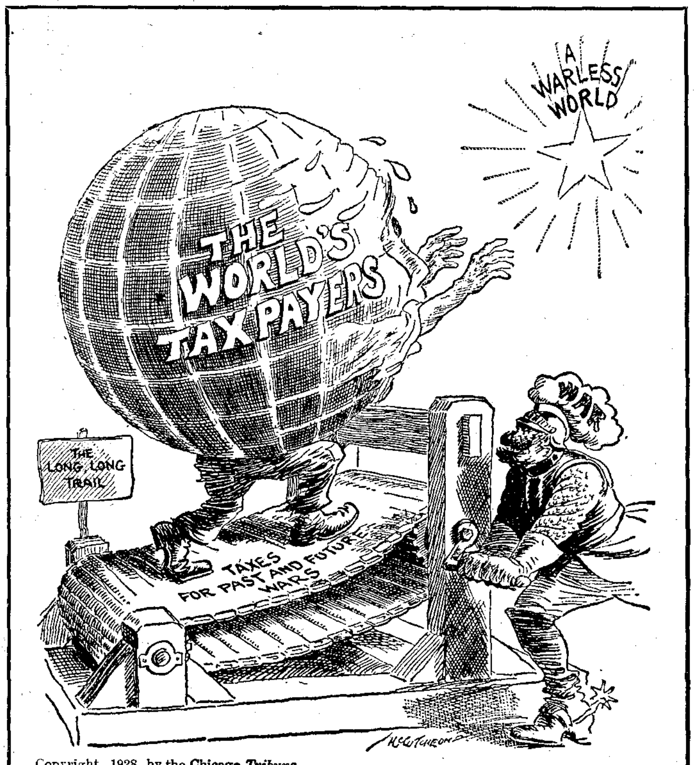
"Fear and suspicion will never slacken unless we can halt competitive construction of arms. They will never disappear unless we can turn this tide toward actual reduction."

"This is a fine speech!" exclaims the Newark *News:*

"It has the eloquence of sincerity, the force of inexorable logic, the inspiration of honest effort to hold our own and other countries true to their pledges. It cuts the ground from under those who face both ways and talk out of both sides of their mouths. The nations have turned their faces toward peace. Very well, says President Hoover; then let us prepare for peace as strenuously as other generations have prepared for war. Let us have the courage to go through with what we have undertaken. Let us give reality to the pledge so often iterated that youth shall not again be called upon to make the sacrifices of war.

"A timelier occasion could not have been selected. The swing of the British election toward the Laborites promises a sympathetic reception of Mr. Hoover's appeal. The agreement on the reparations question creates an atmosphere in which it will be easier for all the nations to show the courage of their convictions and accept the leadership Mr. Hoover has assumed on the disarmament issue."

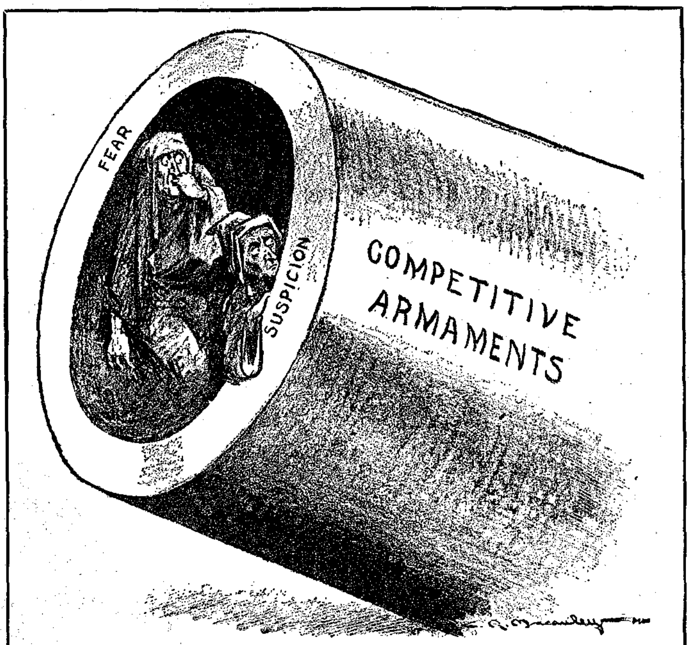
In Washington, says Ashmun Brown, the Providence *Journal's* correspondent, "the idea prevails that President Hoover has some mighty project in mind, such as the calling of an international conference." This, believes Robert Barry, the New York *Evening World's* Washington correspondent, is borne out by the logical and orderly moves that have been made at President Hoover's direction. According to Mr. Barry:



Copyright, 1928, by the Chicago *Tribune*

IMMORTAL LONGINGS

—McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune.*



WAR'S BREEDING PLACE

—Macaulay in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

"Ambassador Gibson began by telling Geneva and all Europe how far the United States is willing to go for disarmament and for peace.

"The President emphasized the necessity to give effect to the Briand-Kellogg peace pact to outlaw war as an instrument of national policy.

"Secretary of State Stimson has told the taxpayers of the world that bureaucratic bull-headedness may cost billions.

"Admiral Jones has devised a new yardstick whereby parity between the United States and Great Britain may be guarded by something better than the technicalities with which naval chiefs of both countries have wrecked two Geneva conferences.

"As our Ambassador to Great Britain, General Dawes is to talk plain English about the suicidal nonsense of the two great English-speaking peoples of the earth going on building armaments for a potential conflict from which both shrink with physical horror and intellectual humiliation.

"There is to be no waving of big sticks, no threats, no innuendo; merely a straightforward proposal designed to circumvent the obstacles which have prevailed heretofore."

Predictions are made in American newspapers that the Ramsay MacDonald Government, of Great Britain, will meet President Hoover half-way in the matter of reduction of armaments; and that the "big Navy" group will not wield as great an influence in the Labor ministry as it did during the Stanley Baldwin régime. In the Paris *Petit Parisien,* England's new Prime Minister is quoted as saying, in an interview:

"We intend immediately to enter into relations with President Hoover, and to work with him in full cooperation. With regard to foreign affairs, I can not enter into details, since it is already five years since we left power. Before making a precise statement of our foreign policy, we must study carefully the Foreign Office documents covering that period; but what I can assure you is that we shall push ahead with effective vigor and finally bring about a practical policy for disarmament and peace. We shall deal with the matter in a free-handed manner and with that spirit which we had in 1924—namely, a spirit of cordial sympathy and comprehension.

"To accomplish this task, we call upon the general cooperation of Europe. We rely upon France to help, but do not forget that in the forthcoming discussions on these questions, and notably on the question of security, the Kellogg pact creates an entirely new situation.

"It is not a question of an entente, and not a question of alliances. That spirit is now dead wood. We wish to inaugurate a totally new era for European cooperation, with no more rivalry and no more accords for or against one another. There is enough of all that. We want fresh air, light, and good-will between nations, and this is what we are about to tackle and work for until a decisive and final result is reached."

A "BULL" IN CHIANG'S CHINA SHOP

"AN ENIGMATIC MAN, with a swiftly changing sense of loyalty—and ambitions of his own," is the New York *World's* word-picture of Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, the latest military "bull" to invade the China shop of President Chiang Kai-shek's Government. The Marshal's break with the Nationalist régime, it is predicted by correspondents in the Orient, is almost certain to precipitate one of the mightiest civil wars China has ever known. These two leaders, we are told, are the great opposing powers in China to-day; and the Marshal's "declaration of war," says Hallett Abend, in a Peking dispatch to the New York *Times*, "brings to a tragic end the long-maintained fiction that China is enjoying unity and stability of government." This ultimatum of the "Christian General," as Feng once was known, notifies foreign diplomats that his new "government" will not recognize the validity of any loans or debts contracted by the Nationalists at Nanking, and warns foreign governments against selling the Chiang Kai-shek forces airplanes or munitions.

P. & A. photograph

WHEN THEY WERE FRIENDS

"Welcome, Marshal Feng!" is the message of China's Nationalist party on the banner shown above. And the President of the Republic, Chiang Kai-shek (at the right), was there in person to welcome Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang (at the left). But that was some time ago, when the two were combining their forces to drive the late Marshal Chang Tso-lin back into Manchuria, and to expel Russian Communists from China. Now these two leaders are at war. Actual fighting between their forces, says the Chicago *Daily News* correspondent at Shanghai, began on June 3.

In the curious atmosphere of mystery and intrigue which seems to envelop China today, it is difficult, with each side denying the other's statements, to ascertain whether or not the "Christian General's" revolt is being encouraged and financed by the Soviet Government. But Lewis S. Gannett, writing in the New York *Herald Tribune*, reminds us that Marshal Feng, after his defeat in 1925, fled to Moscow, returning the following year "with new hope, and, presumably, with new funds." Continues this authority on China:

"Feng Yu-hsiang is perhaps the best known of China's generals, and the most mysterious. He has been allied with—and also against—every important figure in China. For seven years he has been on the verge of decisive power in China, never quite dominant; never totally down and out.

"Possibly the key to Feng's character is that he is a peasant. His heady ambition is untempered by learning. Courage is no virtue to him; discretion is. He never hesitates to retire in the face of danger, and as a result, he has survived where more gallant men would have gone down. When trouble looms, he retires to the impenetrable mountains and empty spaces of northwest China, and sets his soldiers to farming.

"He is a stern taskmaster. Feng makes his troops carry their own luggage. He drills them to the tune of 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' sung in a high Chinese falsetto, and his favorite form of drill is road-building. Wherever Feng's armies have been, there are good roads—that is one secret of the long, forced marches for which he is famous.

"Twelve years of undistinguished soldiering preceded Feng's rise to fame. He came into the limelight in 1922, when he saved Peking for his chief, Wu Pei-fu, by a brilliant forced march out of remote Shensi. Almost his first act in Peking was to quarrel with the President over the local revenues, and to force him into flight. Feng lost face in that quarrel, and made his first strategic retirement into the western hills, but he emerged as Wu's leading subordinate. In October, 1924, being ordered to the Manchurian battle-front by Wu, he suddenly declared for peace, marched his army back to Peking, one hundred miles in thirty-six hours, leaving Wu almost a prisoner at the front.

"In 1925 he made war on the lord of Manchuria, and probably would have won the day but for Japanese intervention. Then he retired again, first to the edge of the Gobi Desert, then to Urga in Mongolia, finally to Moscow.

"In the fall of 1926 Feng returned from Moscow, with new hope and, presumably, new funds. He reorganized his scattered armies, made an alliance with the rising Nationalist movement, straddled while Nanking and Hankow fought it out, and won as reward the title of Minister of War in the Nanking Government. But he was never given the territorial control that he wanted. He has remained cooped in the northwest, without a seaport or access to the outside world."

Finally, we read in the Boston *Globe:*

"Civil war in Shantung facilitated the clash. Feng, offering ill-health as an excuse, resigned as Commander-in-Chief of the Republican armies, and betook himself to his own army to watch events. Chiang put down the rebellion in Shantung. Next, rebellion appeared in Central China, on the upper Yangtze. Again Feng watched the outcome. Chiang routed the rebels. Feng said nothing for a fortnight. Then he began to fortify his positions and to blow up bridges. Demands for an explanation he refused to answer until Sunday, May 25, when he proclaimed President Chiang Kai-shek a malfeasant, and accused him of usurping authority and embezzling State funds.

"That is the historic method, in China, of declaring war."

That Feng's bid for power will deal a severe blow to the cause of modern government in China is the belief of the Washington *Post*, which recalls that—

"There has been a lurking fear that Marshal Feng would not remain loyal. Every student of China has realized that a struggle between the two outstanding military leaders was inevitable.

"During every outbreak against the Nationalist Government in recent months, Marshal Feng has been expected to join with the insurgents, but he no doubt had his own reasons for waiting. If this break should result in war, the result will be serious. Marshal Feng has an army of some 200,000 men. The Nationalist Government has an army somewhat larger, but it is also confronted by a revolt in the vicinity of Canton.

"The Nationalists have had theoretical control of China for a year. During that time great progress has been made. All the Provinces were nominally united under one government, tariff autonomy was regained, much of the machinery of government was modernized, and progress has been made toward drafting a constitution and funding the national debt."

What Feng does in the next few weeks, predicts the San Francisco *Chronicle*, "may determine whether China is to keep the semblance of a unified central government, or is to sink back into the chaos which preceded the triumph of the Nationalist party a year ago." Meanwhile, say American newspaper correspondents in China, the outbreak of hostilities on a large scale, by disrupting the country's transportation lines, is almost certain to doom to slow starvation literally millions of Chinese now living in the interior.

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(*An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press"*)

Won't be long now till the refrigerators will be hitting on all cube containers.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

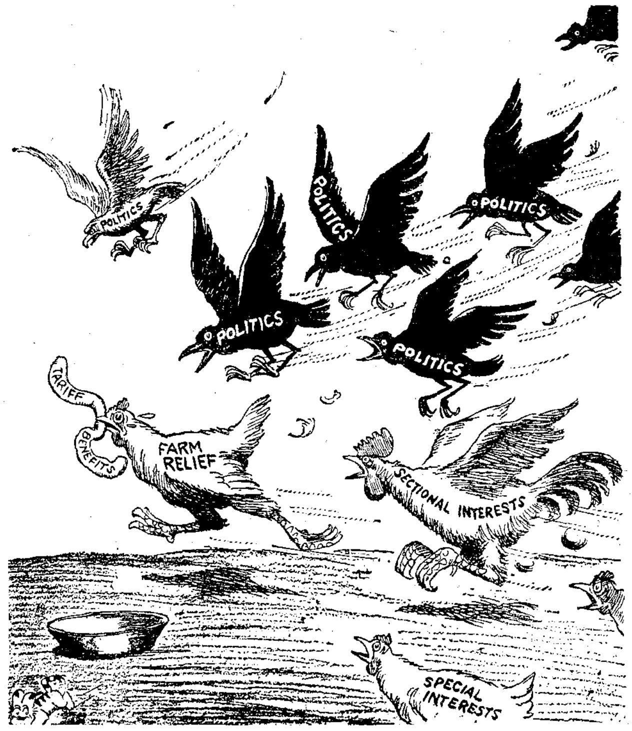
The Federal Reserve Board wonders what to do about money, and so do we.—*American Lumberman.*

Familiarity Is Distasteful to 34-Foot Python.—Head-line. And even more so from.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Diplomatic liquor, we presume, is the kind that makes a fellow say what he doesn't think.—*Tampa Tribune.*

The price of cigarets is being reduced. This, evidently, is part of the movement to abolish poverty.—*Kay Features.*

It's sad to think that we shall never know what kinds of cigarets were responsible for the manly virtues of George Washington and Andrew Jackson.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*



WHO GETS THE WORM?

—Reynolds in the Portland *Oregonian.*

A New York taxicab driver has been fined $50 for using language that is unbecoming off the stage.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

A current fashion for young women is bare legs with street dress, but stockings will continue to have their supporters.—*Detroit News.*

It was natural for the G. O. P., after that November landslide, to feel its oats, but now it is feeling its wheat.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

One of the distressing exigencies of life, for a humorist, is glancing through an early American almanac and coming on a joke he wrote yesterday.—*Detroit News.*

It is probably true that every aging man should have a hobby, to keep him interested in life, but it's rather hard on the people he talks to about it.—*Ohio State Journal.*

The Office Cynic says he felt instantly relieved this morning, when reading over the proposed new tariff bill in full detail, to find Unmanufactured Lava on the free list.—*Detroit News.*

New Yorkers killed one another in a stampede to get out of the rain. How that town hates water.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

This is the season when the all-around champion college athlete comes home and falls exhausted after putting up the window screens.—*Kay Features.*

The earth's crust is 2,000 miles thick, a fact it would be well for the college graduate to remember when he starts out to make an impression on the world.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"Congress's problem," says a speaker, in *The Congressional Record*, "is to prevent the extermination of the American farmer." Congress will always need a few farmers, as an issue.—*Detroit News.*

The new ten-thousand-dollar bills will contain pictures of Chase. Any of the customers who are not bankers or bootleggers can find out how the old gentleman looked by consulting a history book.—*New Yorker.*

President Hoover has smashed another precedent, and now follows Mrs. Hoover down the aisle or into the limousine, despite the rule that the President must go first, and we honor him for it, altho, of course, it may be that he got tired of being told that his coat needed pressing.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Colonel Lindbergh wanted his marriage to be a rite rather than a riot.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Helen Wills's presentation at court went off much more quietly than Texas Guinan's.—*Detroit News.*

What, inquires one head-line, is the matter with crime? Our view is that it is doing pretty well.—*Dallas News.*

In shipping our talkie films to Europe, we seem to be getting even for a lot of grand opera.—*American Lumberman.*

Just wait till enthusiastic Americans invent air polo, played with one-man planes and a gas-inflated ball.—*Boston Herald.*

A Kansas editor earnestly wishes The Literary Digest would take a poll of the country to find out what member of the family is supposed to look after the furnace.—*Passaic Herald.*

Yes, America has a proletariat. It's the class that carelessly wads tens and twenties in its pants pockets.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

Wonder whether the Mediterranean fruit fly could be trained to a fondness for bunch grass on golf fairways?—*Arkansas Gazette.*

The man who says the art of conversation is dead has never stood outside a phone booth waiting for some one to finish talking.—*Kay Features.*

The Supreme Court has ruled that a pacifist can't become a citizen, but there is nothing to prevent a citizen from becoming a pacifist.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

The Good Humor Ice Cream Company in Chicago has been bombed twice in a week. If this isn't imposing on good humor, we don't know what is.—*American Lumberman.*

A man in Indiana has invented a device by which salt can be shaken from a salt-shaker. It is thought this is the same man who invented an attachment for lighting a cigar-lighter.—*Detroit News.*

The dancers at a marathon dance may look like saps to the audience, but the dancers didn't pay admission.—*Kay Features.*

Chicago schools may not open next fall for lack of funds. Then how in Chicago will they teach the young idea how to shoot?—*Marshall County Banner.*

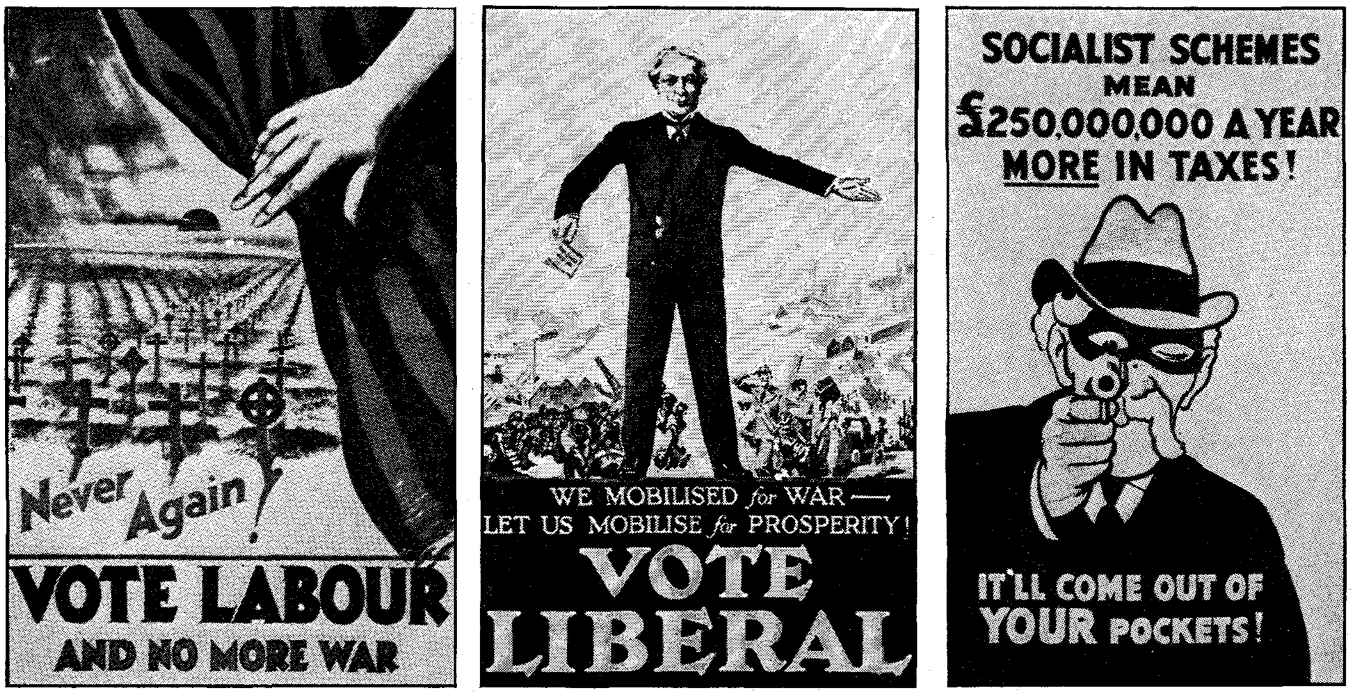
New York City was theoretically destroyed by an enemy bombing plane on Tuesday, thus theoretically solving the traffic, transit, and street-cleaning problems.—*New York Times.*

Validity of Pocket Vetoes Upheld.—Head-line. We were hoping it wouldn't be. Our pocket vetoes practically every activity that calls for more than a $10-down payment.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

In fairness to Mr. Graustein of the International Paper and Power Company, it has been suggested that he may be an ardent comic-strip fan and bought newspapers right and left in order to miss nothing.—*New York Times.*

A few days after an organization of wets declared that Prohibition was costing the American Government something like $900,000,000 yearly, the organized drys announce that Prohibition saves the American people about $4,000,000,000 a year, and everybody knows that figures do not lie.—*Boston Globe.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT



LABOR LIBERAL CONSERVATIVE

STRIKING POSTER APPEALS TO VOTERS IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENTARY CAMPAIGN

WHAT WILL LABOR DO FOR—OR TO—BRITAIN?

LABOR'S LIMITED VICTORY in the British Parliamentary elections restores J. Ramsay MacDonald to the Premiership, but without a majority of his party in the House of Commons. Despite campaign cries against the menace of extreme Socialism, and even Bolshevism, in the creed of the Laborites, we learn from the press that in general the newspapers of England and the big industrial organizations, having experienced some months of Socialist rule five years ago, and having found it not so bad, are looking forward with equanimity to the prospect of a more or less prolonged tenure of office by Mr. MacDonald. As a London correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* points out, after the news of the resignation of the Conservative Government, the Stock Market showed itself buoyant, and "even the Rothermere press abandoned its effort to make its readers' flesh creep by predicting dire calamities to follow." The slogan of the Labor Government, according to an official organ of the Labor party, the London *Daily Herald*, will be "government of peace and employment" as far as home affairs are concerned, and its foreign policy will be "to strengthen the League of Nations, to build a firm foundation for real cooperation with the United States, to reestablish relations with Russia, to make disarmament a living issue, and to lead in arbitration." That Mr. MacDonald will place measures for the relief of unemployment in the forefront of his program is apparent, we are told by various journals, which point out that by doing this he will be making a direct bid for the support of the Liberal party. Cooperation between the Liberals and the Laborites is going to be a big factor in the MacDonald administration, it is generally noted, because while the Labor party forms the largest group in the House of Commons, it is twenty short of an absolute majority. With all but six seats accounted for, the standing of the several parties, as reported in a London press dispatch, is as follows:

LABOR	288	NATIONALISTS	3
CONSERVATIVES	256	PROHIBITION	1
LIBERALS	58	INDEPENDENT	3

The Labor party in thirty years has increased its seats from two to 288, and yet lacking a majority, we read a London Associated Press dispatch, the result is that Conservatives, Liberals, Laborites and Independents, alike, are entered upon a political battle of wits and all the political strategists are busy studying the contours of the new House and maneuvering for position. The Liberal party, according to Sir Herbert Samuel, Chief Liberal organizer, as quoted in this dispatch, is "likely to exercise considerable influence in the councils of the nation." David Lloyd George, we read further, is going to ask of either the Conservatives or the Laborites as the price of his cooperation:

> "1. Reform of the electoral laws to secure better relationship between the seats held and the vote cast.
>
> "2. Acceptance, in part, at any rate, of the Liberal unemployment policy."

What Premier MacDonald thinks is very plainly exprest by him in his statement to a London correspondent of the Associated Press, in which he said:

> "I am so much concerned for the quiet development of industry, the peaceful mind and confidence both at home and abroad, that I will use every ounce of influence I have to prevent another election for the next two years.
>
> "I think Parliament ought to last even longer. That statement must not be taken by either of the other two parties to mean that we are going to submit to any unfairness.
>
> "I wish to make it quite clear that I'm going to stand no 'monkeying.' It will rest with the other two parties and not with us whether there is to be an election sooner than in two years.
>
> "That is the only thing one can say just now. I have seen the troubles and upsets to industry, finance, and internal development of unnecessary elections.

"Whatever government is going to make itself responsible for the conduct of national affairs both at home and abroad at this time ought to have a chance to develop its policy."

A study of the election returns shows that the Liberal party made the biggest gain in the popular vote, both numerically and proportionately, writes Edwin L. James in a London cable to the New York *Times*, in which he advises us further that even if the Liberals get only 9 per cent. of the total numbers of Commoners, they polled 23 per cent. of the total popular vote. They got 40 per cent. more ballots than in the 1924 election, we are told, and 30 per cent. more than the increase in the electorate, due to the woman's vote, would have indicated on the basis of the last election figures. Moreover, it is stated that tho the Laborites won 839,000 of the 2,250,000 votes which the Tories lost, the Liberals gained 1,290,000, and "Mr. Lloyd George will be telling the world about it soon." The result of the balloting shows many interesting angles, according to this informant, who continues:

International photograph

CAN YOU IDENTIFY THESE BRITISH CAMPAIGN DOLLS?

"Among other things it shows that whereas Labor will have 48 per cent. of the seats in the new House of Commons, the country voted seven to four against the Socialists.

"In the 1924 election the popular votes were distributed as follows: Tories 7,861,000, Labor 5,488,000, Liberals 2,928,000, and scattering 358,000, a total roughly of 16,635,000. Now the total vote at this time was about 22,500,000, indicating that the new women voters added three-eighths to the voting strength of the country. Add three-eighths to the 1924 totals and we get the Tories with 10,809,000, Labor 7,546,000, Liberals 4,026,000, scattering 492,000.

"However, the totals as now available show roughly the following results: Tories 8,656,000, Labor 8,383,000, Liberals 5,217,000, scattering 146,000.

"This indicates, then, a loss by the Tories of 2,254,000, and by scattering of 346,000. It also indicates that the Liberals gained 1,291,000, while Labor gained 839,000 over the normal increase, due to the new voters.

"In losing 22 per cent. of the popular vote the Tories lost 35 per cent. of their seats in the House of Commons, and in gaining 12 per cent. Labor very nearly doubled its number of seats. The Liberals gained 30 per cent. in their popular vote, and added 10 per cent. to their number of seats.

"Looking at it in another way, Labor, with 37 per cent. of the popular vote, has 48 per cent. of the Commons seats. The Tories, with 39 per cent. of the popular vote, have 42 per cent. of the seats in the House, while the Liberals, with 23 per cent. of the popular vote, have 9 per cent. of the House of Commons seats. Which will sooner or later surely cause Mr. Lloyd George to say that if he does hold the balance of power, that is fair enough in consideration of the way the country's electors voted.

"And more people voted Tory than voted Labor, yet Labor will have the next government.

"It may be taken for granted that the popular-vote results will be used by the Liberals to fight the movement now getting under way to reduce the number of political parties in England to two by elimination of the Liberal party. Mr. Lloyd George will not make any definite pronouncements until next week, except that he has said he will not abuse the balance position into which his party has been put. His election speeches indicate that he leans toward Labor in its foreign policy, but election promises are election promises, and the realities of practical politics when they get to be played are sometimes quite something else."

An interesting feature noted about the new Parliament is that thirteen women have won seats in it, while fifty-five went down in defeat. This number of women Commoners is more than recorded in any previous Parliament, and seven of the thirteen, London press dispatches relate, have been in Parliament before. Five of the new women members are Laborites, and only one is a Liberal—Miss Megan Lloyd George, daughter of the former Premier, who is described by one correspondent as having been his "right-hand man for years." Miss Lloyd George is twenty-seven. The new Labor women are Lady Cynthia Mosley, Dr. Marion Phillips, Dr. Ethel Bentham, Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton, and Miss E. Picton-Turberville. Lady Cynthia's triumph is striking, we are told, because she is not only one of the few Socialists to have a title in her own right, but also she is the wife of a man with a title and a daughter of the late Viscount Curzon, who is described as having been "a pillar of Toryism and for whom Socialism was anathema." The women reelected to Parliament are Viscountess Astor, the Countess Iveagh, and the Duchess of Atholl, who are Conservatives, and Miss Jennie Lee, Ellen Wilkinson, Susan Laurence, and Margaret Bondfield, who are Socialists.

As seen from across the Channel, the British elections caused sharp disappointment to the French Right Wing press, and their feeling may be said to be represented by the Paris *Ami du Peuple*, which declares ominously that: "When Socialism gains ground in England, it is time for France to be on the lookout."

But there is rejoicing in the Left wing of the French press, as may be gathered from the urging of the *Oeuvre* (Soc.), that the French "rejoice over the great victory democracy obtained in England, which in these times of Fascism and Bolshevism is comforting."

In Germany the Social-Democratic *Vorwaerts* declares enthusiastically that "social reaction throughout the world has been defeated along with the English Conservatives," while the Berlin *Tageblatt* sees in British Labor's victory "an unfailing indication that the era of political quietism which exprest itself in Stanley Baldwin's 'safety-first' election slogan is definitely ended, and that the last has been seen of the system of disguised protection, veiled militarism, and foreign policy, which was strongly oriented in the direction of France, and fatally hostile to Anglo-American relations."

Traveling into Italy we find the Rome *Lavoro Fascista* saying calmly of the British elections:

"It is merely a new Parliamentary situation and not a change of régime. Even in the hands of Labor England remains a profoundly conservative nation. The victory of Labor was far from being a victory for Socialism. The clamorous defeat of Communism persuades us that the extremist movement has no importance in England. The Labor victory is by no means a social revolution, even if it was carried out in pacifically a bourgeois manner. England remains substantially as was. This is proved by the fact that the principal actors on the electoral stage were three old men who began their careers before the war."

CANADIAN CRITICISM OF OUR DRY ENFORCEMENT

A NEW FLARE-UP OF ANGER resulted in the Canadian press from the charge made in the Canadian House of Commons by the Minister of National Revenue, Hon. W. D. Euler, that Canadian liquor is being run more or less openly into the United States, and safely landed there, that it is being done in small boats owned in the United States, and that the American enforcement officials, in the words of one smuggler, "are not there when we go across." As quoted in Ottawa dispatches by Canadian press correspondents, Mr. Euler said:

P. & A. photograph

A BOOTLEGGER SAID

To Hon. W. D. Euler, Canadian Minister of National Revenue, that the reason our enforcement officers do not catch daytime smugglers is: "It just happens that they are not there when we go across."

"I have no desire to be offensive, but I think there are some facts I should place before the House in view of the statements made that we are not dealing in a friendly way with our neighbor to the south. It has been stated that these boats go across at night. That is not entirely true. I took the trouble last fall to go down to Windsor. I was offered safe conduct by a liquor exporter, and went out on a launch on the Detroit River. I could see the United States customs office on the other shore. And I could also see that it was not difficult to detect any boats that left the Canadian shore to go to the United States side.

"While in Windsor I got into conversation with a man engaged in the business of exporting liquor. I asked him, 'Do you cross in the daytime?'

"He answered, 'Yes, quite often.' I said, 'How is it they do not get you?'

"He replied with a smile, 'It just happens that they are not there when we go across.'"

Some of the newspapers gathered the impression that Mr. Euler went aboard a rum-running boat, and to correct this error, we learn from the Toronto *Globe*, he said specifically:

"I never said I went on a rum-running boat; I never said I went to Detroit; I went out in a launch with the Collector at Windsor. We never went beyond the middle of the river. We were in Canadian territory all the time."

This statement leads *The Globe* to remark that it is gratifying to have the Minister make it clear that he has been careful to avoid even the appearance of evil as well as evil itself, and that there is no ground for criticism of his Windsor trip of inspection, either by the United States or Canadians. The Montreal *Gazette* thinks few people in Canada will quarrel with Mr. Euler's conclusion that as a result of his investigation Canada is not warranted in undertaking "what I think I can show would be a very heavy expense" in refusing clearances to vessels whose operations, as *The Gazette* avers, "the American officials themselves are making no very serious effort to stop." The outstanding obligation of Canada as a party to the treaty for the suppression of smuggling, observes the Toronto *Mail and Empire*, is that it advise the United States authorities whenever clearance is granted by Canadian customs officials, and it is claimed:

"That obligation has been lived up to, as has been freely admitted by spokesmen of the United States Government, especially those on the delegation that came to Ottawa to urge that the clearance of vessels laden with liquor for United States ports be prohibited."

But a sharp critic of Mr. Euler is the Halifax *Herald*, which describes his speech in the House of Commons as "startling," especially as coming "from the lips of a Minister of the Crown," and this newspaper continues:

"The matter may be summed up in a few words: The Canadian people do not want their country, directly or indirectly, associated with this sort of thing. They want the dignity and the honor of Canada upheld. They want to see the Canadian Government do everything it possibly can do to discourage breaches of the laws of another land. They are not concerned with corrupt officialdom in the United States; they are concerned with maintaining amicable and honorable relations with the Government and people of a friendly neighboring State."

The great point about liquor smuggling from Canada, as the Calgary *Herald* sees it, is that "there is a moral issue involved," and it wonders whether the Dominion "can afford on the ground of its own self-respect to rest under the implied responsibility of defeating the enforcement of the Volstead Law"?

THE PARIS COCKTAIL CRAZE

LET AMERICANS DRINK COCKTAILS when they are in Paris as long as they can stand, but let the temperate French nation stick to its wines and avoid the deadly cocktail as they would the plague. This is the message of some French editors who note with distress that the cocktail craze, chiefly in Paris, has become a grave menace to the health of body and mind, not of men only, but of women too. How wide-spread the cocktail mania has become may be judged, we are told, from the fact that lately a warning against it was issued by the French Academy of Medicine. Resentment is exprest in some Paris organs that such an "insane" custom should have been imported from the world's greatest Prohibition country. At the same time, remarks the Paris *Matin:*

"God forbid that we should blaspheme the cocktail in itself. But there are young men, and especially young women, who would think themselves dishonored if, at least twice a day, they did not go through multiple cocktail experiences, and did not imbibe just as many fiery brews as are made. For these people the cocktail is not a pleasure, it is a fashion. It is stylish to destroy one's stomach, liver, brain, and kidneys, and to disorganize one's arteries. Sheer snobbishness has brought about this most stupid and pernicious custom. That certain monomaniacs, here for a time, should avenge their obligatory fast by a carnival of full glasses, is conceivable, but not excusable, because all abuses are without valid excuse. But the height of madness is that we who have every license to use beverages in reasonable quantities should yield to this delirium.

"Health experts have already commenced to point out the evils of the cocktail craze. They are serious—serious for those who use cocktails, and terribly serious for their posterity, which beforehand is committed to alcoholic decadence. The time has come when the cry should be raised to warn good-looking women, who heroically strive at the questionable pleasure of a fashion more negative than any other, that by their ritual of cocktail libations, they sacrifice, without knowing it, their youth and their beauty, and the physical, intellectual, and moral integrity of their children."

But this does not mean, it is then pointed out, that because sensible French people deplore the cocktail craze, they are setting out on a prohibition campaign. Like other people of old Europe, they are not dry, it is averred, and that for good and sufficient reasons, the first of which is that in general "we are nations who have attained their majority and got past the age of fantasies and of puerile abuses." As a humorist has said, the *Matin* adds, "we consume alcohol in so far as we are not consumed by it."

THE BLACK CONTINENT'S WHITE PROBLEM

THE "POOR WHITE" of European descent, who can not do skilled work and will not do unskilled, is one of the most troublesome of South Africa's problems, it seems. And what makes it worse, we are told, is that the "poor white" is a product of the contact of two races of widely different culture. When first the white man came to South Africa and pegged out his claim, it is recalled, he regarded the African aborigines as less than human, shot them at sight, enslaved them, made them hewers of wood and drawers of water, and to provide additional labor he imported slaves from Malaya and Equatorial Africa. The presence of slaves, writes a correspondent of the London *New Statesman,* meant that the white man regarded manual toil as degrading because it was slave work, and we learn further:

> "After the Bushmen had been wiped out, and the Hottentots reduced to economic subservience, the colonists attempted to pursue the same policy with the Bantu or 'Kafirs,' who were then moving south in a mighty migration. For three-quarters of a century South Africa has been trying to reduce the Bantu to complete economic dependence. The heavy and dirty work of the community has been marked out as 'Kafirs' work.' It is the native African who builds the roads and delves in the mines, who hauls the coal and does the boots, who cleans the sewers and delivers the meat. The white man has reserved for himself the skilled work and the direction of other men's toil. The plumber is a white man, while the 'plumber's mate' is a native; the foreman is a white man, while the navvies he directs are natives. This strict segregation is now fortified by law, for the Color Bar Act makes it an offense for any native to undertake skilled work."

It was fear that led the white man to put this Color Bar Act upon the statute book, according to this contributor to *The New Statesman,* who tells us that the white man was afraid that if the door of skilled employment were opened to the natives, the white man would sooner or later be pushed out of the industrial market. So by the Color Bar Act he has tried to dig himself in, but this fear prevented him from seeing the trouble he was laying up for his own weaker brethren, and it is pointed out:

> "In every considerable community there are those who are not fitted for doing skilled work. In Europe such men become dockers, or porters, or navvies—humble but honorable toilers. But in South Africa these laborious jobs are regarded as 'Kafirs' work'; no white man would dream of undertaking them. The result is that, if the European is incapable of skilled work, he can not enter the ranks of unskilled labor, but falls below that level and becomes a 'poor white,' a social parasite, a loafer hanging on to the skirts of white society, a decadent slowly sinking lower into the morass of degradation, a feckless, hopeless figure. One white man in every twelve in South Africa is in this category to-day! It is the greatest social problem with which the country has to deal.
>
> "This is the price they are paying for the introduction of slavery two centuries ago, and for the maintenance ever since of the slave-owners' attitude toward manual toil. So long as manual labor is regarded as degrading and as 'Kafirs' work,' with which no white man must soil his hands, just so long will industrial prosperity delay its coming. Dr. John Philip, that great South African, who is just coming into his own, fought a long and lonely battle against the white colonists on this very question a century ago. He told them the unpalatable truth that there could be no progress for the colony so long as the African was regarded as something inferior, as merely a worker, a servant and a producer, and he affirmed that prosperity would come when the African was recognized as the consumer, with money to spend, and free to sell his labor where he would; in a word, as a man with a man's rights."

But South Africa has been slow to learn the lesson, *The New Statesman's* correspondent declares sadly, and has stuck to the idea that the white man must do the skilled work and the black man the unskilled. This means that no man, white or black, can begin at the bottom and work his way up. For the white man, the industrial ladder has no lower rungs, and he can not start to climb, it is explained, while for the native, the ladder has no upper rungs, and he can not climb beyond a certain point. As the writer puts it:

> "For the one the ladder has no bottom, for the other no top. The one must begin at the point marked 'skilled toil,' the other must cease at that point. For the one the first half of the road to advancement is closed, for the other the second half.
>
> "But what of the 'poor white,' the man who lacks the capacity to start half-way up the ladder? It may or may not be his own fault that he is unfitted mentally or physically to undertake skilled work. Social usage will not permit him to begin at the bottom of the ladder, and physical or intellectual inability makes it impossible for him to get on the ladder at the point marked 'skilled.' The result is that he does not start at all; he never even gets his foot on the industrial ladder. The 'poor white' becomes a degenerated lounger and an unemployable. The attempt to 'keep the native in his place' industrially, in other words, to restrict him to unskilled work, can not go on indefinitely. A vigorous and virile people can not be permanently represt. The day will come when the Bantu will enter into their own. But in the meantime there is the growingly serious problem of the 'poor whites,' whose number steadily increases."

De Cou photograph, from Ewing Galloway, New York

A DURBAN "RICKSHA CHAUFFEUR" IN HIS SMART LIVERY

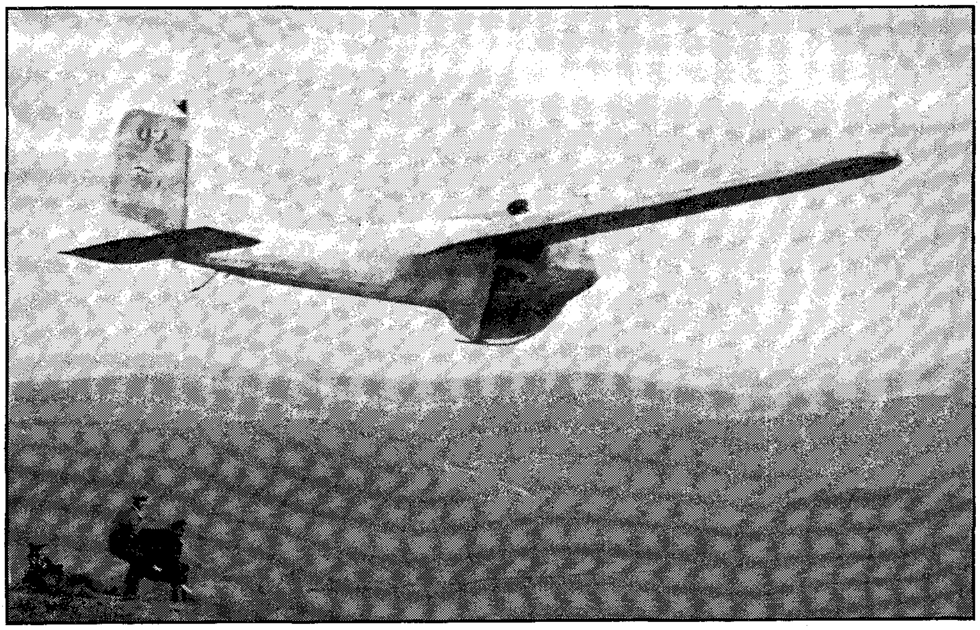
The South African native jinrickshaman takes pride not only in his vehicle, but also in his own appearance, especially in his headdress of horns and feathers.

Another view of South Africa's native question is presented in *The Empire Review* (London) by W. L. Speight, who tells us that incompatibility between the white and black is the cause of the problem. Class consciousness and fear inspire the white man's attitude toward the blacks, he asserts, but this "fortunately is liable to alter." Mr. Speight adds that the white man "realizes now that the greatest difference between them is that, while he has an itch or instinct for continuous work, the native has the capacity but no itch."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

WHAT GERMANY HAS LEARNED IN SOARING FLIGHT

"GLIDING," WHICH AT FIRST was simply jumping from a hillside, holding a pair of "wings," has now advanced to aerial voyages, hours in length, made in motorless airplanes. This progress has been accomplished by an intensive study of conditions and by observing the hovering flight of large birds, we are told by Maj. A. D. Ernst, writing in the *Illustrirte Zeitung* (Leipzig) under the heading "From Jump to Eight-Hour Soaring Flight." Major Ernst describes both the "static" and the "dynamic" glides—the former practically "coasting" down an aerial hill; the latter making use of air currents to soar about for hours. Birds have known how to do this for ages; man is just mastering the art, and the progress in it, so far, has been largely "made in Germany." Writes Major Ernst:



Wide World photograph

A GERMAN GLIDER TAKING OFF

"Birds have known how to do this for ages; man is just mastering the art."

"Who has never admired the easy flight of the birds; how the soarers of the atmosphere circle high up in the sky with wide-spread wings, without flapping and without any visible effort? As masters of their art, they borrow the necessary energy from the wind forces of nature. But while he soars without effort, the bird can neither start nor fly without exertion. The bird, however, obtains the necessary energy from itself, whereas man, as a glider, with his light motorless airplane, darts up in the air by the force of a stretched elastic cord, as the arrow from the bow. If no wind blows, the glider must sink, its flight is limited until the ground is reached again.

"Now the sport of gliding strives to master this sinking velocity or at least to limit it. The gliding-path of an apparatus, started on a steep slope, forms an angle with the horizon. The flatter the angle, the greater the distance that the glider may traverse; the lighter the man as well as the machine, the less the descending force.

"Then, too, one should select the wing-profile that cuts most favorably through the air and has the greatest carrying capacity. Finally, the designer should limit to the utmost the resistance of all non-supporting parts. Therefore, at present the oval shape of hull is preferred and, in place of wheels, elastic, disguised runners are used. Unencumbered wings, attached immediately at the body, are superior to the others, because thus wires and cables are avoided. All exterior parts require smooth shellacking in order to exclude rough surfaces.

"All this practical knowledge is the result of the gliding flight that seems so simple. Because of these important attainments, the building of efficient gliders, with a very flat gliding angle, has been made possible. Of no less importance is the endeavor to bring the center of gravity of the supporting plane into the same relation to the wing-span as nature prescribes in the case of the best soarer of the bird world, the albatross. There the ratio of wing-depth to wing-span is 0.10 m. to 2.20 m., or 1 to 22.

"How much this endeavor has been crowned with success is shown, after the surprizing results of last year's Ninth International Gliding-Contest, by the following table:

Name:	*Lateral Ratio*
1. *Westpreussen*	1:13
2. *Albert*	1:14
3. *Münchener Kindl*	1:15
4. *Oberschlesien*	1:20
5. *Darmstadt*	1:19
6. *Kakadu*	1:21
7. *Rhöngeist*	1:18

"Wind-pressure, as we have seen, is not necessary for gliding proper. Now, not quite unwarranted, the question arises: How is it possible for motorless gliders to support themselves for hours in the sky? Here we come to a different kind of motorless flight, for the achievement of which wind energies are needed. If the weight of a glider that was started at a steep slope and that, during absence of wind, would descend to earth, is balanced by the force of a wind blowing uphill from the opposite direction toward the steep slope, the glider changes from an oblique downward flight toward a horizontal flight; it sails. This is called 'static' gliding. Winds, as we know from experience, do not blow evenly; on the contrary, often in puffs. Therefore, the skilled pilot will try to make use of the energies stored up in these wind oscillations—squalls—through adroit steering, in order to transform these forces into lifting-power. Lighter winds will merely balance the weight of the downward-gliding airplane, while stronger winds will be capable of lifting it. This third, last, and most difficult kind of gliding is called 'dynamic.'

"But where in nature may the glider find winds that would offer him the best possibility for gliding? Wind against a long steep slope adapts itself to the form of ground, is diverted upward, and lifts the glider. Conical mountains are absolutely unsuitable as a starting-point, because the wind is divided; it avoids the summit, so that only one part, and that the smallest, is available. Quite different is the mountain slope that has a hollow on the windward side, in the form of a shell, in which, when prest into it, the wind gains strength.

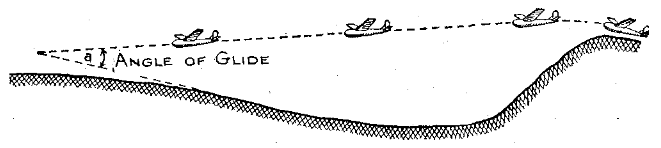
"If we view, purely theoretically, any steep slope of this type, as shown in the diagram at the foot of the page opposite, we see that the wind, blowing against the steep wall at the summit, must compress the air at about *a*, and then, at about *b*, operates again with its usual full strength. On the lee side calm reigns. The bird knows this process of nature; in Heligoland one sees sea-gulls only on the windward side. Man has learned from them, and thus he will start only on the windward side.

"Besides the above-mentioned winds in their bearing upon gliding, we must take into consideration another kind of wind-current, the vertical. Two years ago we heard for the first time of 'breeze' glidings. In almost entire calm, it was found possible to gain height, to soar, with scarcely a trace of wind at only the very low wind velocity of 3 to 10 feet per second. There must have been other forces at work. The following may be the explanation: Let us remember the dust columns, raised vertically at noon on hot August days on a dusty country road, not far away, without our detecting the faintest breath of air. These vertical currents originate by the sun's heating the earth unevenly, owing to differences in the soil, and thus acting unequally on the air masses close to the earth. Sand areas are heated quickly and intensely. Thus the layer of air above them has a tendency to rise, while above a meadow and still more above a forest, the change of temperature proceeds much more slowly, as the air above them is not heated so much. Now we understand the origin of the so-called sun-squalls. Such thermic up-drafts are much more numerous than the observer may suspect, because they are confined locally to the smallest dimensions. In the tropics we know them, merely from hearsay, in their much greater and frequently destructive action as cyclones and whirlwinds.

"For this very reason, the tropical zone is better qualified for scientific observation of these thermal winds, because there weather conditions are more uniform, owing to the fact that the rays of the sun are unobstructed by clouds.

"Until recently, the general opinion was that gliders could not sustain themselves in a weak up-current, even with a machine that could be steered in different directions, because it would be impossible to curve as narrowly as Mother Nature allows the bird to do.

"After the successful attempts on the Wasserkuppe and in Rossitten, this opinion has now been refuted. Our most skilled German gliders feel it in their finger-tips, as it were, when they come into thermal up-current zones, but above all, they learn through meteorology where such zones are to be found. Here the white cumulus clouds of the summer sky are guides and preparers of the course for height and distance glides of greater length."

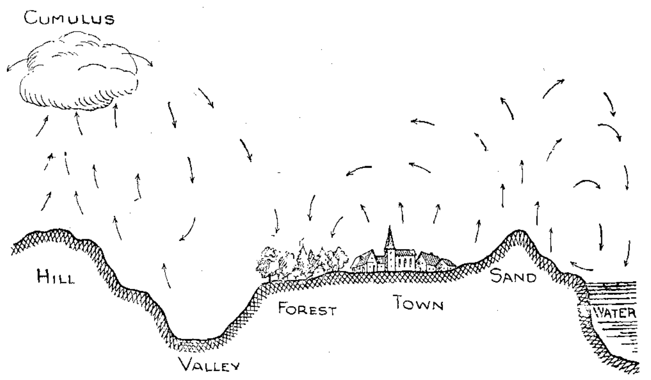


GLIDING FLIGHT

DEADLY RADIUM GAS—Radium deserves to be considered the most dangerous material in the world, for all that it is one of the most useful in medicine. This is suggested, we are told in Dr. E. E. Free's *Week's Science* (New York), by a remarkable set of safety rules for its use and handling, promulgated and considered necessary by the Council on Physical Therapy of the American Medical Association. Many will be surprized to know the dangers of this healing substance. We read:

"The recommended precautions include the confining of the radium in holes drilled in thick lead blocks, these blocks to be then stored in a thick metal safe, kept at a safe distance from all rooms where people live or work. The tubes containing the actual radium should be handled, the Council recommends, only with long-handled wooden tongs, not unlike the instruments which entomologists sometimes use to pick up venomous insects. Whenever a physician handles radium in order to prepare it for application to a patient his body should be protected behind a plate of solid lead at least an inch thick. Instead of radium itself use is now often made of 'radium emanation,' which is a gas given off slowly by the radium, and which also has radioactive properties.

"One danger of this gas, the Council reports, is that it can give rise to an 'active deposit' of solid, intensely radioactive material, like dust deposited by impure air. If the 'emanation' gas is breathed, this radioactive deposit may be made inside the lungs, often with dangerous results. Even for the hands of a hospital worker to come in contact with the gas may be dangerous, as the active deposit may be formed on the skin where the powerful rays that it continues to emit may cause radium ray burns, or even local growths like cancer. Because of this danger it is recommended that those who handle this venomous but curative 'emanation' wear rubber gloves, to prevent even a touch of the potent gas on their hands."



UP-DRAFTS ON A HOT SUMMER DAY

SOUND-PROOF AIRPLANES

REDUCTION OF NOISE IN AIRPLANES by muffling the engines and by special construction of propellers has already been described in these columns. Another method, that of sound-proofing the cabin walls, has recently been developed by the U. S. Bureau of Standards as noted by S. R. Winters in *Popular Aviation* (New York). Writes Mr. Winters:

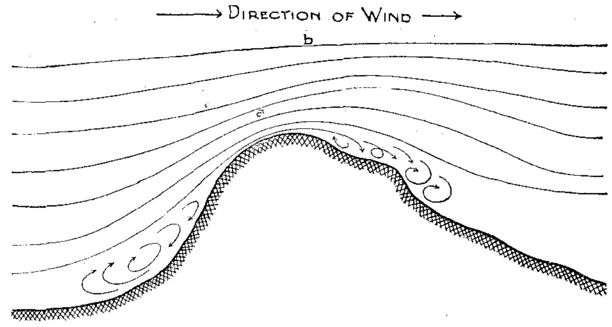
"By means of an exterior covering of duralumin and an interior lining of 'insulite'—a cross between glass and metal—a virtually sound-proof airplane cabin has been developed by the Bureau of Standards. The special insulating material consisted of a fiber known as 'dry zero,' which not only absorbs sound but imparts warmth to the cabin. The so-called noiseless airplane cabin was constructed without sacrificing the weight minimum ordinarily required in aircraft design. The Aeronautics Branch of the United States Department of Commerce sponsored the sound-proofing tests of airplane cabins, and W. F. Snyder was detailed as a special assistant to V. L. Chrisler of the Sound Laboratory in conducting this pioneering experiment.

"While the Bureau of Standards admits that exhaust mufflers having greater efficiency may curtail airplane noise at its source, and that future designs of propellers may be less noisy, the sound-insulated cabin is the most vulnerable point of attack in mastering the construction of noiseless airplanes. The problem of sound-proofing is not a simple one, we are told, since an airplane produces sounds of both high and low frequency.

"The 'deafening roar of an airplane,' a figure of speech, is hardly adequate in describing the intensity of sounds issuing from flying craft. The physical scale employed by the Bureau defines the number of units to which the human ear is sensitive as 108, and of this wide range the noise of an airplane embraces 100 units. The proverbially noisy subway of New York City radiates only eighty noise units, and the noise on a busy street of Chicago or New York registers only sixty sensation units. The rustle of leaves in a gentle breeze produces only ten, and soft music from a radio loud-speaker is productive of forty. The same instrument employed in measuring the sound intensities of an airplane was used in recording the roar of Niagara Falls.

"Despite the large number of noise units produced by an airplane, the sound-proofing tests lopped off thirty-eight. The portion of the flying machine subjected to special insulation permitted of conversation in the cabin without raising the ordinary tone of the voice. In the section of the cabin not modified the voice had to be raised and sentences repeated.

"The cabin subjected to the sound-proofing process involved



LOCATION OF WIND-ZONES NEAR A HILL.

both exterior and interior modifications. For instance, the interior finish was displaced and in its stead was introduced a two-inch layer of 'Dry Zero' blanket, a fibrous material that absorbs sound. Over this was secured a layer of fiber board, one-fourth of an inch thick. This fiber board was enveloped with another two-inch layer of 'Dry Zero,' and the inside was finished with perforated sheet-aluminum. The windows became a glass structure one-fourth of an inch thick. If, point out the observers, the floor of the cabin had been treated with sound-proofing material, there would have been a still further reduction of noise.

"Thus, concludes the Bureau of Standards, airplane noises may be reduced in a cabin to the point of facilitating easy conversation during flight, and yet the insulating material does not contribute to the appreciable weight of the flying machine—certainly, not to an objectionable degree. Furthermore, such a sound-proof cabin is capable of retaining heat, and pilot and passengers are comfortable even at high altitudes where 60 to 80 degrees below zero are encountered."

VITAMINS IN CANNED FOOD

STATEMENTS THAT THE PROCESS OF CANNING destroys the vitamins in vegetables and fruits are without foundation, according to E. F. Kohman, who contributes an article on "Canned Foods" to *Hygiea* (Chicago). Canned vegetables, prepared by modern methods, this writer asserts, are even richer in vitamins than those prepared by cooking in an open vessel. Exposure to air, he says, causes destruction of the vitamins, even without cooking; the heat merely hastens the process. They are preserved by excluding the oxygen, which is accomplished by the up-to-date processes of canning. Mr. Kohman gives an interesting comparison of the vitamin content of various kinds of canned foods, showing that some are much richer than others in these necessary dietetic components. He writes:

"The most recent discoveries regarding foods are certain substances, called vitamins, each one of which is necessary in the diet. So far, at least six separate substances, designated by the first letters of the alphabet, have been demonstrated. Each has its definite function. It is no more possible to get along without one of these than without one of the other numerous factors of diet.

"Nutritionists have advocated a greater consumption of vegetables and fruits, largely because of their vitamin content, their mineral salts, their alkaline residue, and the bulk and roughage that they add to the diet. These are seasonal, perishable products. Industry, however, has made them available in abundance at all times. The process of canning is a pioneer among methods to conserve and supply such perishables continuously. In scrutinizing the nutritive aspect of canned foods it is necessary to consider the effect of the canning process on the nutritive components. Only the vitamins have been brought into question in this respect.

"Early work with vitamins indicated that cooking destroyed the vitamins to a considerable extent. From that it was assumed that canned foods must lose practically all their vitamin content because they are cooked at a relatively high temperature to sterilize them.

"Recent work has shown that this is not the case. The loss of vitamins during cooking is really due largely to oxidation, and the heat of cooking merely hastens the oxidation. In canning, this oxidation is effectively avoided, and hence commercially canned foods have been found to be richer in vitamins than home-cooked foods.

"Raw fruits and vegetables have been found to lose their vitamins on storage. Peas held in the pods for six days in a cool place, altho still excellent in appearance, had lost some of their vitamin content. Apples held in cold storage from October to April and May—a normal period for the variety used—lost half their vitamin C. Apples canned in October from the same lot still had their original vitamin content eight months later when tested.

"Canned tomatoes and canned spinach have been tested three years after canning, and no evidence was found that the storage of canned foods results in any appreciable loss of vitamins. In fact, the canned tomatoes after three years were as rich in vitamins as raw tomatoes. Hence the tomatoes lost no appreciable amount of their vitamins either on canning or subsequent storage. Canned strawberries were tested sixteen months after canning and found equal to raw strawberries in vitamin content."

Canned foods, Mr. Kohman claims, thus have three distinct advantages from the standpoint of their vitamins—they are always canned promptly after harvesting; oxidation, which destroys the vitamins, is not permitted to operate in commercial canning as it does in open-kettle cooking, and after canning, the vitamins in canned foods are apparently stable and may be stored for long periods with insignificant loss or no loss. He proceeds to make certain comparisons, as follows:

"Canned tomatoes are richer in vitamins in A and B than orange juice, and are only slightly lower in vitamin C. Canned peas are many times richer in vitamins A and B than orange juice, and have about half the vitamin C content of orange juice. Spinach is among the richest sources of vitamin A with the exception of cod-liver oil, richer even than butter-fat, and its vitamin A content is not lowered by canning. Canned spinach has been found to be equal to orange juice in vitamin C. Orange juice, butter and cod-liver oil are used in these comparisons because they have long been regarded as containing certain vitamins in abundance, and are commonly used as standards for comparison.

"Canned cabbage, peas, spinach, apples, and peaches were shown to be several times richer in vitamin C than the same foods purchased daily on the New York market and home cooked according to the directions of home economics schools.

"Canned strawberries, tested about sixteen months after canning, and canned apples and peaches, tested about eight months after canning, were found to be equivalent in vitamins to raw strawberries, apples and peaches, respectively, purchased daily off the New York markets when these fruits were in season.

"Why are vitamins more effectively conserved in commercial canning than in open-kettle or so-called home cooking? Canners have not revised their processes for the purpose of conserving vitamins. This is due not to a lack of interest on their part, but to a lack of necessity for so doing. Not all is yet known as to the stability of each vitamin under varying conditions. It is well known, however, that oxygen acts destructively toward certain of the vitamins and that heat accelerates the effect of the oxygen. It is likewise known that if the oxygen is effectively removed, the action of the heat is practically nullified.

"It has long been realized in the canning industry that oxygen in the can, even in almost unbelievably small quantities, is deleterious in several ways, and in some cases leads to serious losses. As a result, even before the vitamins were known, canners had worked out procedures that excluded oxygen from the can.

"A complete diet is a complex thing. The known chemical substances, without which life can not be sustained indefinitely, would total almost half a hundred. Any one food can supply only a limited number of these. Hence, a reasonable variety is absolutely necessary and a wide variety of foods throughout the year is a valuable safety measure.

"A striking illustration comes to mind in the case of iodin, one of the inorganic essentials to a complete diet. Great sections of this country have virtually no iodin in the soil. Hence, it is not in the waters of such regions or in the foods, either animal or vegetable, produced in such regions. Wide-spread goiter is the result. In some regions more than half the population is afflicted.

"Iodin in foods is more satisfactory for this condition than the addition of iodin to water supplies or its administration in other forms. Sea-foods of all kinds are outstanding in their iodin content, and there is ample evidence of their value in this respect. Practically no inland fish are canned. Therefore, canned-fish products of all descriptions may be regarded as containing an unusual amount of iodin. The oils in fish products usually contain vitamins A and D.

"It must be borne in mind always that a diet, even tho complete in its chemical constituents, will not produce its optimum effect unless eaten with relish and enjoyment. The diet of some is governed by habit, but for the majority monotony is not conducive to the greatest pleasure in eating. Modern industry has supplied us with such abundance and variety that we are more fortunate nutritionally than ever before, both from the standpoint of having all components of a complete diet supplied as well as from the standpoint of variety."

KICKLESS ALCOHOL

AN ALCOHOL WITHOUT an exhilarating kick, produced as an incident in the development of a new chemical industry, was described recently before the American Chemical Society, in Columbus, Ohio, by Prof. James F. Norris, former president of the society and director of the chemical research laboratories of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This alcohol, we are told by a correspondent of the New York *Times*, is a product of petroleum obtained in experiments that aim at using oil wastes as a raw material to make all sorts of useful things in addition to lubricants and gasoline. Said Dr. Norris, as quoted in *The Times:*

"Chemists have produced this alcohol under the name of isopropyl. They are now studying it actively with a view to extending its industrial use, and especially to find out if it can be substituted for grain or ethyl alcohol.

"It is a substance unlike other alcohols. Its physiological effect on humans is different. It produces no exhilaration, but has a deadening effect. If it can be developed sufficiently it may enable us to get away from that large section of bootlegging that lives by rectifying denatured alcohol.

"We are now at the beginning of the use of former wastes of petroleum as raw material. Chemists are experimenting in taking rather cheap substances from these wastes and converting them into things of considerable value, thereby increasing wealth.

"Coal has been an outstanding example of making hundreds of articles from by-products. It is possible that petroleum may supplant coal in importance. Already chemists have made from petroleum the solvents, that is, liquids, which dissolve other things of prime commercial importance, which can be used in making paints and lacquers.

"There already is competition between petroleum solvents and those made by natural processes. Chemists learn one after another how to make synthetically the things that nature produces. Sometimes the chemical method is cheaper and sometimes not. But one natural product after another is being displaced, and the chemists slowly are winning out.

"This new industry is only one of a field growing so rapidly that we are not able to supply trained research men fast enough. One important American organization informed me recently that they needed 240 research men and did not know where to get them."

HIDE AND HAIR 500,000 YEARS OLD—Tanners' chemists may well stand in wonderment, says *Hide and Leather* (Chicago), before a portion of hide, with the hair still in place, now being displayed in Peabody Museum, Yale University. It is fully 500,000 years old, perhaps one million years old, says Prof. Richard Swann Lull, Professor of Vertebrate Paleontology at Yale and Director of the Peabody Museum. To quote the account further:

"Mother nature has done a bit of tanning on her own account, and has produced a piece of leather which ranks with the ages. Fortunately for shoe manufacturers the secret is not known to Prof. George D. McLaughlin and his contemporary tanners' chemists.

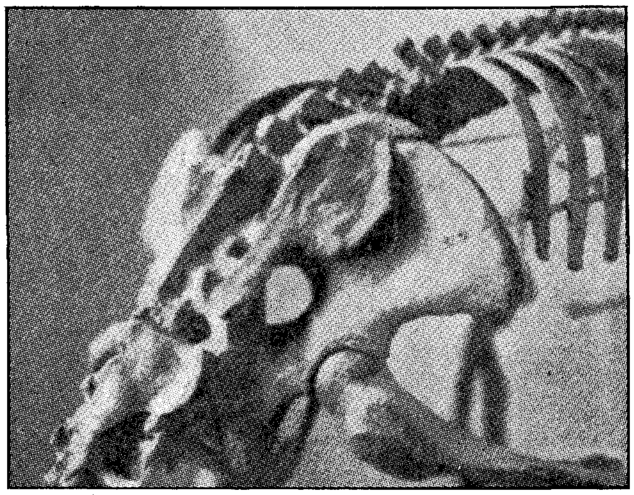
"The time is not yet that a pair of shoes is to descend from father to son through lines of generations yet to come. The story is told at the Chicago offices of the American Hair & Felt Company, where President Van A. Wallin is showing this week one of the hairs, for the products of his company are made of hair, hence, according to Mr. Wallin, they come about as near being imperishable as anything may well be. A few months ago Ewing Waterhouse entered a cave near his home in New Mexico. There he found what is declared to be the most remarkable fossil that ever came to light. The animal, according to Professor Lull, is a ground sloth of the Pleistocene Age, and is a member of a tribe of enormous prehistoric sloths. The fossil is in a remarkable state of preservation. Not only is the entire skeleton present, but the original tendons and ligaments are there as well.

"Most unusual of all is the presence of a portion of hide with the hair still in place. 'On the right hip,' says Professor Lull, 'the hair is rather long and straight and of a pale yellow color and while somewhat faded, gives a fair conception of the clothing of the entire body of the animal.'"

A WRIST-WATCH THAT WINDS ITSELF

"SOME JIGGER OR OTHER goes into action with the natural movement of the arm." Thus, informally, the Associated Press describes the principle underlying the new self-winding wrist-watch that has just been placed on the market, described by its makers, who are quoted by the United Press, as "the next thing to perpetual motion." John Harwood, an Englishman, is the inventor. For a more scientific explanation of "what makes the thing go," we turn to *The Jewelry Trade News* to read:

"The principle of the self-winding watch is a weighted segment so pivoted that it swings with the natural movement of the arms and moves a gear connected with the mainspring. Extensive tests show that when the watch is worn three or four hours daily by a normally active person it will be fully wound and will run for about thirty-six hours after it is laid aside.


From *Hide and Leather* (Chicago)

WHAT SHOES THIS LEATHER WOULD MAKE

It has lasted "fully 500,000 years." "Fortunately for shoe manufacturers, the secret is not known to contemporary tanners' chemists."

"There is no winding stem, and the setting is done by moving the bezel. A friction spring exerts pressure which discontinues action on the mainspring after it is fully wound.

"Extensive tests were made over a period of months to make sure that the mechanical principle, which is similar to that of the pedometer, was suitable for watch construction.

"Advantages claimed for the watch are: Overwinding impossible, mainspring at all times under equal tension, removing chief cause of mainspring breakage and improving accuracy; case practically airtight and resistant to entrance of dust and moisture; less danger of damage; elimination of inconveniences caused by forgetting to wind watch."

Man has progressed somewhat, comments the Ansonia (Conn.) *Sentinel*, "since the day when he went to the old grandfather's clock and pulled down the cord that pulled up the weight, and this insured, by the force of gravity, twenty-four hours more of time." And several editors have been moved to call for a timepiece that will not be injured by being dropt in water. The New York *Times*, philosophizing on "Making Life Easy," says:

"To the long list of recent inventions taking toil out of man's estate the self-winding watch was added some time ago, and now is placed on general sale. When it was first invented, lazy and absent-minded folk in particular hailed it, and those always looking for novelties were much imprest.

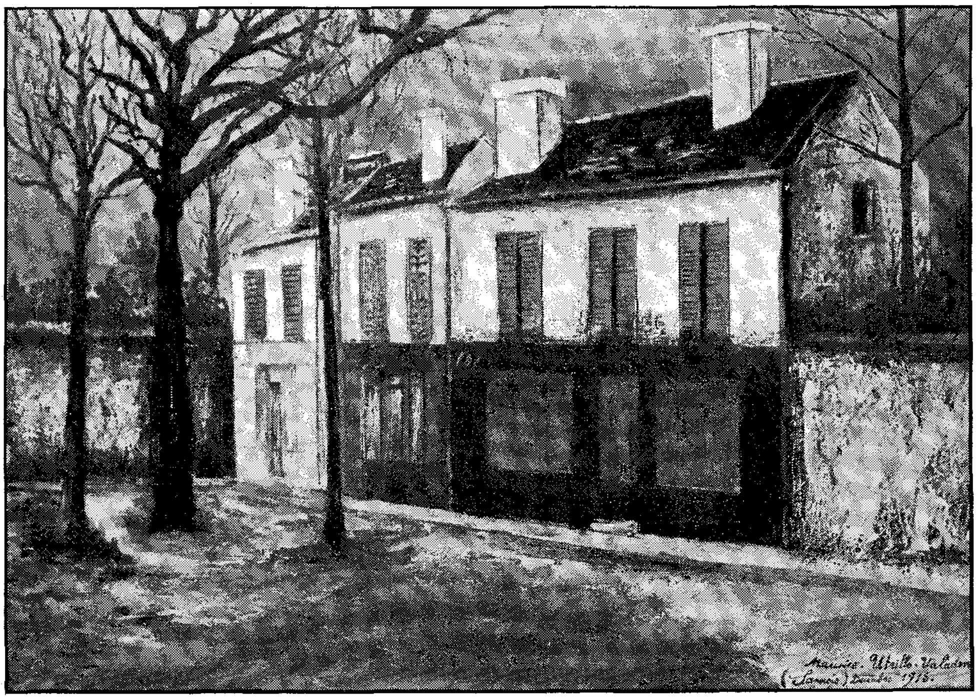
"By the time it is extended to all clocks, most of the traditions of home will have vanished. At least one celebrated passage in literature has to do with the inexorable routine of winding the clock in the evening. Soon, probably, there will be a machine to walk the dog and put out the cat."

LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

THE INCREDIBLE CAREER OF MAURICE UTRILLO "V"

WERE THE LIFE OF MAURICE UTRILLO set down in fiction, it would seem, to American readers at least, implausible. Were it used as the basis of a movie scenario, it would appear grossly exaggerated. This child of Montmartre, who may be frankly said to have begun his career as a drunkard, has been "consecrated" as one of the foremost painters of contemporary French art. His canvases were awarded a place of honor in an exhibition of French moderns recently held at the Reinhardt Galleries in Fifth Avenue. One of his paintings hangs in the Helen Birch Bartlett Memorial in the Art Institute of Chicago. No representative collection of twentieth-century art is quite complete without a picture by Maurice Utrillo "V"—the "V" meaning Valadon, the name of the eccentric painter's mother. To her indefatigable and tireless effort this poet of Paris streets has been redeemed from seemingly hopeless vices. The legend and the life of this extraordinary poet of pigments are now set down in all their unvarnished detail by Francis Carco, the novelist of the Parisian underworld, in an interpretation entitled "La Légende et La Vie d'Utrillo" (Grasset, Paris). A brief summary of his life is also found in Maurice Raynall's "Modern French Painters" (Brentano's), translated by Ralph Roeder. From the latter, we learn:



Courtesy of the Reinhardt Galleries

BEFORE FAME SMILED ON MAURICE

A heavy sadness of spirit broods over the leafless trees, the gray walls and lonely houses of Utrillo's earlier work, reflecting the tragedy of his crusht spirit. This one is entitled "Sannois."

"Maurice Utrillo was born in Paris, December 25, 1883. He is the son of Suzanne Valadon, to whom he owes his love of art and his first instruction. As a student at the College Rollin, he was proficient, but it was at this time that he contracted the vice which ruined his sound intelligence and exasperated his already precocious sensibility. His family was then living in the Seine-et-Oise, and every evening, to reach his home, the lad would beg a lift, readily accorded him by the plasterers of Pierrefitte, who gave him a seat on their carts and invited him in to many a drink on the way. Utrillo took to drinking, unknown to his family, and when the physicians attempted to cure him, it was too late.

"It was then that, to keep watch over him, his mother urged him to paint: he was nineteen when he first took up the brush. His first models were the familiar scenes of the Parisian suburbs. Churches, town-halls, barracks, and dram-shops became his favorite subjects. The love which he showed for his new profession seemed to promise a serious improvement. Unfortunately, his craving for drink, the influence of a grandmother who spoiled him and supplied it in secret, and, lastly, his arrival in Montmartre, only aggravated his case.

"In 1902, and again in 1910, he had to be confined in a sanitarium—each time without results. He frequently escaped from these institutions; friends would save him from the jeers of the street and lead him home to the Rue Cortot.

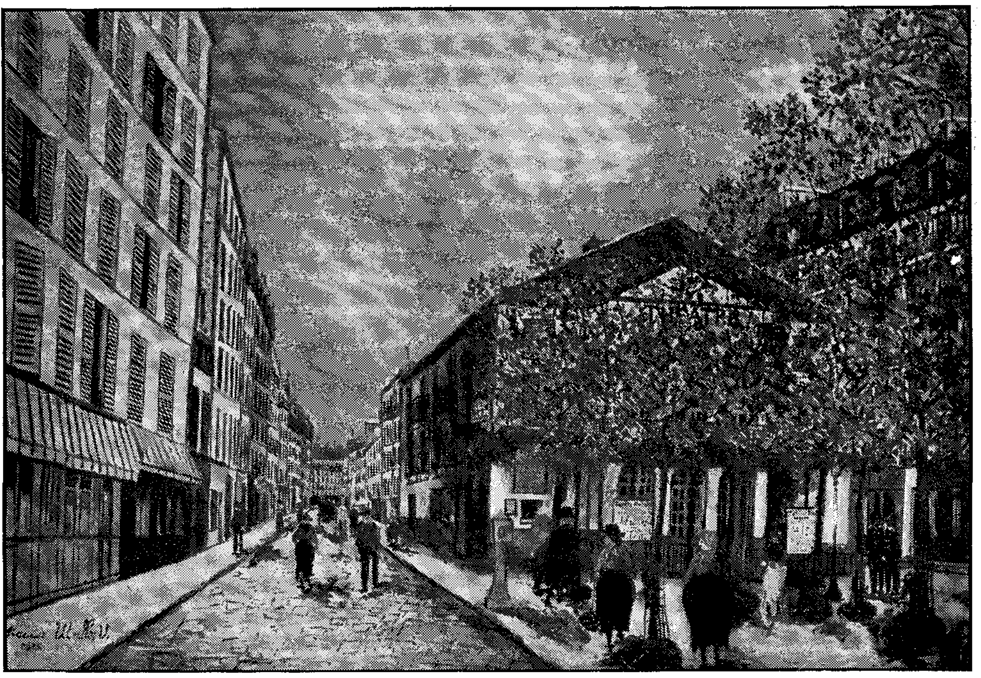
"Meanwhile, tho he showed every sign of a premature breakdown, Utrillo was producing pictures, some of which indicated the advent of a very great painter. Dealers already disputed over him. Attracted by his budding fame, the wine-merchants would shut him up in their back-shops with colors, brushes, canvas, and cans of wine, releasing him only when he had guzzled, painted, and, of course, left behind him the pictures he had executed."

To Suzanne Valadon, who had been one of Degas's models, and later took up painting herself, the situation seemed desperate. But this valiant woman, recites Francis Carco, compelled her unruly son to continue painting. In spite of his escapades, she forced him to go on—for almost twenty years. A few discerning friends and lovers of the primitive and childlike in art began to collect these paintings of deserted suburban streets, of crumbling old walls, of dilapidated houses and churches under heavy leaden skies, which seemed to reflect the crusht tragedy of the painter's own soul. Then the prices of these pictures began gradually to rise. A "bull market" developed for "Maumau's" deserted streets and shabby houses with closed shutters—painted, most of them, to pay for the wine and absinthe he drank. Art dealers began to search them out, to carry them away in taxis to the Rue la Boétie. To follow M. Carco's account further:

"An exhibition, at Lepoutre's, of a little collection of canvases owned by Libaude, created an Utrillo vogue, and everybody began to buy them. People used to drop in to Lepoutre's and say to him: '*Tiens!* Have you one of the pictures by that painter—you know—the one everybody's talking about?'

"'Certainly I have.'

"And Lepoutre, asking several thousand francs, was never disputed. Stockbrokers from the Bourse, always clever at making money, used to order pictures by Utrillo over the telephone, without even having seen them. Speculation in Utrillos grew. One day I happened to be by chance in the shop of an art dealer



Courtesy of the Reinhardt Galleries

SKIES BECOME BLUE AND TREES GREEN

The more recent work of Maurice Utrillo, of which this "Theâtre Montmartre" is a typical specimen, is animated by cheery skies, and a more human interest than his earlier canvases—which are, none the less, more prized by connoisseurs of contemporary French painting.

when a gentleman asked the dealer to show him certain Utrillos, and bought two of them without hesitation.

"'Where shall I send them?' asked the art-dealer.

"The purchaser held out his card, then wrote his name and address on the backs of the canvases, and said: 'No! There's no need of sending them home to me. Keep them here. When the price doubles, sell!'

"However incredible that sounds, it happened in the Rue la Boétie, before me, and I understood then the reason why certain collections do not show their recent acquisitions, but keep them in a safe-deposit vault instead. The painting of Utrillo, considered by bankers as a listed stock, was bought and sold not first as a work of art—it was left at the dealer's with the order to hold or to sell according to the market."

This traffic, exclaims Carco, passed all belief. Unknown people used every means to get hold of these pictures. All they wanted was that authentic signature—"Maurice Utrillo V." But even so, Maurice had not "reformed." The expenses of a male nurse, who never left the side of the artist, were defrayed by M. Levasseur, a manufacturer of airplane propellers, and himself a collector of Maurice's work. But gradually, notes M. Carco, the skies in Maurice's canvases were less leaden, there was more sunlight in them, and much gayer color:

"His brush-work became firmer, took on a new character; his compositions were more rigorously organized, more clear-cut, more vivid. This change was clearly evident. His skies were filled with blueness and light, his trees unfurled a luxuriant vegetation, and the formerly empty streets were now animated by lively figures—everything took on an air of living, no longer as in a dream, but in the picturesque ebb and flow of life observed on the spot."

Carco writes of Utrillo as a friend and admirer. Maurice Raynal is more qualified in his interpretation, finding his art primarily of interest as a psychological—or even pathological—case. In "Modern French Painters," M. Raynal is careful to note:

"In truth, the mental disorder of Maurice Utrillo may have had much to do with the development of his ability. The miracle of his pictorial qualities lies, I believe, in the sensual hypertrophy with which he is endowed. Luckily, there is little trace in his work of the elementary ideology so often met with among unhealthy painters. In that he has a distinct advantage over Van Gogh, whose work is superior to his in other respects. Utrillo is never obsessed by an extra-pictorial Don Quixotism. Utrillo is an eye, an admirable exact eye, that discovers at once the right tone, the exact shade, with amazing certainty. His best pictures are those in which he is least artistic. . . .

"It would be interesting for a psychiatrist to determine why the semi-insanity of Utrillo has produced such sensitive pictures, when so many idiotic concoctions (I have in mind certain allegorical canvases of the official Salon) are signed by reputedly right-minded painters. But here we touch on the curious problem of popular painting.

"At all events, that is how the likable genius of Utrillo works. To use an old stencil, true in this case, he paints as he breathes: he is a little to the cult of pure color what the *douanier* Rousseau was to idealistic painting. And we shall long be perplexed by the curious paradox which makes the art of an Utrillo—a sickly, intoxicated, unreasonable Utrillo—not only the least morbid and ailing imaginable, but actually brilliant in health, freshness, and youthfulness."

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TASTE

"UNTUTORED APPRECIATION IS OFTEN juster than philosophic analysis." So declares E. E. Kellett in "The Whirligig of Taste," eighth of the so-called Hogarth Lectures published by the Hogarth Press (London). Goodness in letters and art, asserts this critic, is a purely relative term. The only test of a book, he insists, is the extent to which it satisfies its reader—but the reader is always changing, always subject to external circumstances. What he likes to-day he may dislike to-morrow. As Mr. Kellett elucidates the relationship between reader and writer:

"The smallest change in circumstances, a slight chill, an illness or a recovery, a paragraph in a newspaper, an upheaval in China, a cricket-match across the road, a quotation of our favorite passage by a man we despise, and all is altered. A cloud no bigger than a human hand appears on the horizon, and in an hour or two the whole sky is changed, and with it our critical judgment."

Taste, explains this Einstein of criticism, is only what one fancies at any given moment. Primarily it is unconscious. Literary criticism, on the other hand, is conscious and organized. Taste varies with every mood. The critical faculty seeks to establish permanent values and instruments of measurement. But in the final analysis, criticism is based upon deep-seated and instinctive likes and dislikes. No amount of pontifical judgments from professional critics can make an independent reader accept a book distasteful to him, insists Mr. Kellett:

"We come back simply to this, that literary taste, like every other human faculty, is the creature of the age, circumscribed by its limitations, stirred by its passions, warped by its defects. It can not be taken in isolation from the man as a whole. It springs from the soil in which he is born, it breathes the air he breathes, and lives on the food he eats."

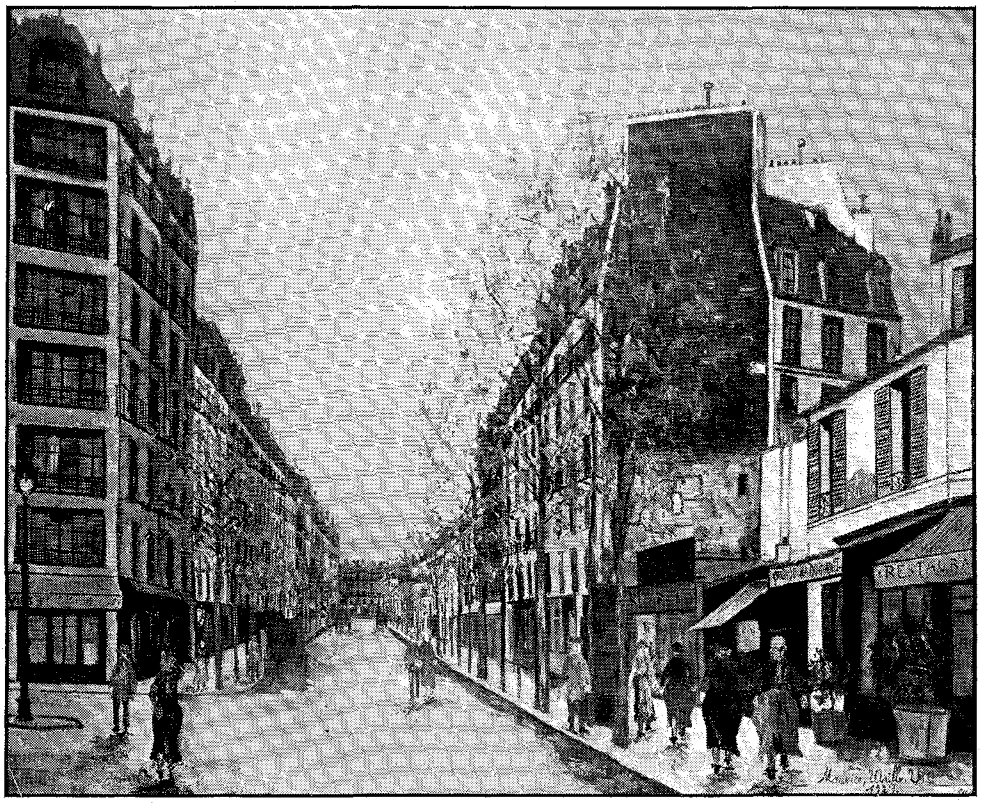
Taste is the creature not only of the moment, he reiterates, but even more of the man. Mr. Kellett's survey leads him to the disquieting conclusion that there are no permanent or established principles of criticism. "The one thing certain is that there is no certainty." His thesis, as interpreted in the London *Times Literary Supplement*, seeks to prove that most likes and dislikes in books and art are often dependent upon irrelevant and external circumstances. In the words of the behaviorist, they are "conditioned" reactions. Says the *Times* critic:

"Mr. Kellett proceeds to illustrate his position by a study in half a dozen chapters of taste and criticism through the centuries. They really are excellently done, the author carrying his learning with ease and spicing his generalizations with the aptest concrete examples. Greek, Roman, Elizabethan, Classicist, Romantic, and Victorian literature and criticism alike are made to show how non-literary causes produce the rise, triumph, and fall of literary fashions: how a national conquest can kill or create a literature; how inescapable is the influence of patriotism, politics, language, and insular prejudice; how the letter of criticism tends to bind the creative freedom; how tho the critic may be right, he is not often so, and how when he is most certain, he is most certainly wrong. 'We perceive that no amount of theorizing on "esthetic values" or "artistic perfection" will of itself secure soundness of taste, and that untutored appreciation is often juster than philosophic analysis.' The conclusion of the matter is that 'there is no sure and tangible criterion of beauty.'"

To attempt to generalize concerning any "age" is a fallacy, insists this literary relativist, because such a supposed entity must be repudiated. Indeed—

"In every age there are many who might seem to belong properly to another, men born out of due time, either too soon or too late. What we call the spirit of the age is a fantasm, a sum attained by a rough and clumsy integration of infinitely small expressions, a delusive and casual composite photograph, a mixture from which multitudes of essential ingredients are inevitably omitted. . . .

"No man, and certainly no generation, is cast all in one piece; and any attempt to sum up either in a few words, a chapter, or a volume, must be inadequate. The character of every man we meet is constantly startling us by strange inconsistencies, and we are forced to admit that there are more things in human nature than are dreamed of in our psychology. No formula will satisfy the human equation, and there are points in every one of us that refuse to fit in with any definition."



Courtesy of the Reinhardt Galleries

A TYPICAL PARIS STREET

First and foremost, say his admirers, Maurice Utrillo is the spokesman of the streets of Paris. Usually, he stands at the end of the street and looks down a deep narrowing vista. Here he depicts the rue Alésia.

BROADWAY INVADES THE BOULEVARDS

BROADWAY CHORUS-GIRLS ON THE CHAMPS-ELYSEES, Broadway "blackbirds" at the Moulin Rouge, Broadway melodrama at the Apollo, Broadway musical comedies at the Folies-Wagram, at the Mogador, at the Châtelet, and even a "Broadway Theater" just off the boulevards—these Americanizing influences, not to mention Hollywood movies and Manhattan cocktails, have become so predominant that old Parisians are protesting bitterly. "Tip-Toes" with George Gershwin's super-jazz score seems inane to the critic of *L'Action Française.* But younger writers are summoning philosophic resignation to withstand these indices of a changing theater and a changing Paris. To Pierre Denoyer, writing in *La Liberté,* Americanization, as represented by this Broadway invasion of the boulevards, is almost synonymous with the spirit of the twentieth century. Unlike many Parisian commentators of the American influence, rapierlike in their cruel criticism of our so-called "adolescent tastes," M. Denoyer (who has lived in the United States) is friendly to the American invasion. He elucidates:

"Powerful liners, after plowing the Atlantic for seven days, have just disembarked, along with their shiploads of other tourists, two well-known American authors, Mr. Bayard Veiller and Miss Edna Ferber.

"They have come to observe the success that their plays, 'The Trial of Mary Dugan' and 'Show-Boat,' are having on the Paris stage. Only a short time ago 'Broadway' was with us. And we can not enter a music-hall without recognizing several skits that have come direct from the United States.

"Every movie proprietor assures us that without the American reels they might as well close their houses.

"The Academy of Medicine proclaims the poisonous nature of cocktails, deploring the elegant habit that is spreading in our society of absorbing the fulminating American mixtures.

"And the men's hats, and the square-toed shoes, and the jazz tunes, and the phonographs, and the records loaded with the melancholy tunes of the Black Belt—all of these things that make up the charm of the United States are to be found here in France.

"Shall we see in these examples, picked at random, the advance signs of a change of our habits? Are our tastes on the way to being Americanized?

"If so, it is taking place unconsciously. There are few persons in France who would deliberately attend the American school, or who consider the American life and atmosphere superior. But we feel, nevertheless, in spite of ourselves, the irresistible attraction of the richest and most powerful modern nation. That prestige is felt by the entire world.

"Too well aware of the gaps and the flaws in the American 'civilization,' we avoid admiring it . . . But, quite unawares, we acquire tastes and habits that we think are only modern, the latest thing, but which are, as a matter of fact, essentially American.

"For, whatever you may say, the United States right now is at the front of the industrial civilization, our civilization, one that in the past has assured the dominance of Europe over the rest of the world. Altho we may not wish to Americanize ourselves, inevitably we are on the way to modernizing ourselves in the American manner."

BIOGRAPHICAL "BIG-GAME" HUNTING

A SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION of cruelty to geniuses, and to enforce a "closed season" upon biographers who have a passion for big-game hunting among the great men of the past—these are now necessities, according to that vigorous polemist, Wyndham Lewis, in the third number of his personal organ, *The Enemy* (The Arthur Press, London). Mr. Lewis is the avowed enemy of that type of modernism which is represented by the young Americans who publish "polygluttonous" magazines like *transition*, in Paris. The cover of *The Enemy* announces Wyndham Lewis as "the Diogenes of the day: he sits laughing in the mouth of his tub, and pours his invective upon all passers-by, irrespective of race, creed, rank or profession, and sex." *The Enemy* now centers his attack upon what he terms the new Philistine—who clothes himself in the robes of "art" and "modernism," and who "for preference dresses like an artist, plays readily upon musical instruments, lives in a studio, if possible. . . . He has disguised himself as that which he wishes either to tame or to put to some vulgar use, or else to destroy in the way that the Eskimo gets under a sealskin to hunt a seal." This new Philistia, asserts *The Enemy*, is responsible for the wave of destructive biography, for the new sport of big-game hunting among the great. He emphasizes the menace of this literary pastime:

Courtesy of *The Enemy*

A NEW DIOGENES

Wyndham Lewis is a vigorous pamphleteer who denounces those modernists who demean Occidental genius.

"Nature does in every generation endow a handful of people with invaluable and mysterious gifts, in the special fields of science and of art, or in character and general ability, making them fertile and inventive where other people are for the most part receptive only (and who indeed unless stirred up to argument ask nothing better than to receive and receive and receive, naturally docile if properly fed).

"It is a vicious cycle through which we have arrived at length in our interim, 'transitional' society at this big-game hunting in which our Philistine-apes, armed with 'pink' university educations and a fine back-stair acquaintance with the ways of genius (which, as Blake said, are 'crooked'), indulge. It is called a passion for biography, but of course it is in truth a system of destruction. All the great men of our race live in our consciousness as noble exemplars. That common consciousness has now been converted into a big-game preserve. There is no person who can hold a pen or push a typewriter, however contemptible his prowess, but can, without taking out any license, go and hunt his Dickens, his Marlowe, his Rossetti, his Byron—there is no closed season for that game—but this happy hunting-ground is extensive, and up till now it has been a forbidden paradise. What a slaughter! The small valley-ape has arms invented for him by the very people he goes out to shoot. In the Cerdagne last summer it was noticed that men were going up into the mountains with machine-guns to hunt the izards, or wild goats, that are found there—they fetch three hundred francs a head at the local butchers—it is worth it. This was stopt. It became obvious that in a season or two there would be no goats left. Will the three-hundred-pound-a-head bags of the literary gunmen of our Parnassus be dealt with? Why, no; for who is to stop them? Are we not all free to go where we will? All we can do is to hope piously and patiently that some will break their necks, some enfilade each other or mistake each other for goats or 'greats' (but the last is a chance in a thousand, for they recognize each other's stature and gait without difficulty at a considerable distance, and a 'great' they can scent a mile off and would never take for one of themselves—at least no 'great' will ever be saved by being confused with his posthumous Boswell).

"Yet all true revolution depends, as I have said, upon these exceptional creatures, these 'individuals' we are taught to mistrust and hate, to hobble, clip, hunt, and wipe out. A great revolution of opinion has been effected in two hundred years in Europe. But it has been dogged by another mock-revolution, like a false sun beside the real one. The mock sun is now at its zenith."

The republic of letters is overcrowded to-day by hordes of little fellows disguised as artists and writers, but who, according to this new Diogenes, are the microbes of destruction threatening Occidental culture. He protests against their influence:

"For every 'poet' or man occupied with letters contemporary with Stendhal in France, there are certainly a hundred now: and in addition to the crowds of literary jobbers, dealers, reporters, and generally breadwinners, there are the even more troublesome hordes of moneyed amateurs, who, because there is no longer any public life worth engaging in, and as riches are best camouflaged in such a revolutionary world, become 'bohemians' and adopt one art or another—and in so doing quite naturally become competitors in a mild way instead of patrons; and, as I have pointed out elsewhere, the patron-turned-artist is no more exempt from envy than is the professional artist or writer. The picture of the handicap of the 'new-great' (shall we say) would not have been complete without this last figure taken out of the High Bohemia.

"But it is not the magnate-bohemian-amateur that I have been tracking here, of course (tho I think it is part of the same story, in which all that is 'great' must suffer), but the political polemist disguised as a 'poet' or art-impresario—or as a leisured gentleman settled in Paris for a time, simply and solely amusing himself!—in our pink millennium of the Western World, our semicommunizing, semicapitalizing society. 'This is Liberty 'All,' I heard the Mayor say, in his scarlet robe of office, 'this is Liberty 'All!'—referring to the official precincts, where a ceremony was taking place. Europe and America are 'Liberty 'All' at the moment, so that, among other agreeable licenses, in an intermittent, cross, incredulous way, intellectual independence and anything that can be interpreted for the public as a 'novelty' are encouraged."

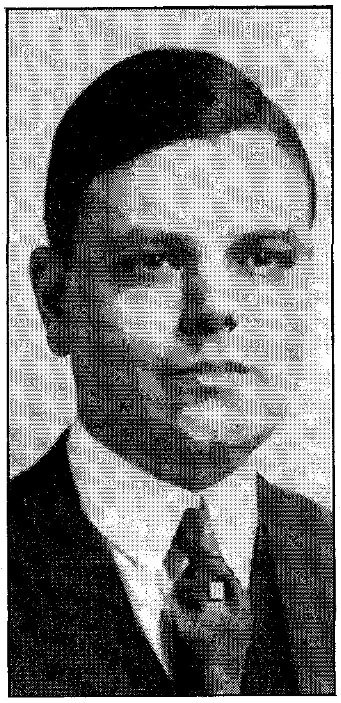
ON JUNE 14, 1777—"RESOLVED, THAT THE FLAG of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." It was on June 14, 1777—just one hundred and fifty-two years ago—that Congress passed this resolution. Tradition tells us that Betsy Ross, a young widow of Philadelphia, was chosen by President Washington, Major Ross, and Robert Morris to make the first flag of the United States, according to these resolutions. J. L. G. Ferris, painter of our series of covers depicting the backgrounds of American history, has chosen to show us Betsy Ross in her home in Arch Street, Philadelphia, demonstrating to Major Ross and Robert Morris how a five-pointed star may be cut with one slash of the shears. Some of our readers may wish to test their ingenuity by attempting to cut out of paper, with a single clip of the scissors, one of Betsy Ross's favorite stars with five points.

The story has come down this century and a half that Washington had preferred six-pointed stars, but that Betsy Ross persuaded him to allow her to make five-pointed ones. Her work was so satisfactory that the Government made a contract with her to provide all of its flags, and this business was continued by a daughter for more than twenty years after the death of Mrs. Ross. The Betsy Ross home, by the way, has been made a permanent memorial.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

IS OUR RELIGION CHANGING?

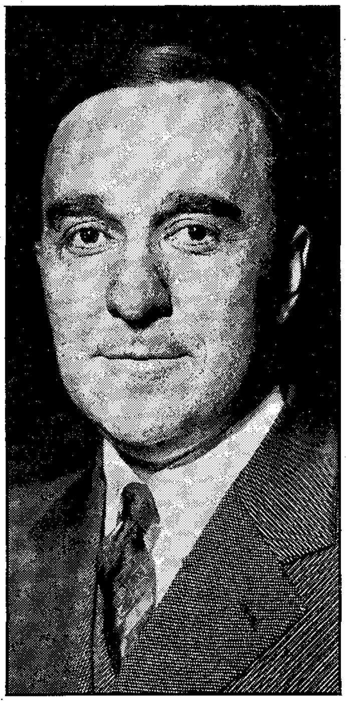
THE MACHINE AGE HAS SWEPT traditional religion aside as totally irrelevant to the scheme of things, says a young philosopher. Man is now less concerned with the Ten Commandments than with liberty, democracy, and the State. He is pursuing the fleeting shadow of happiness here below as fast as he can, and is not so much interested in what may happen to his immortal soul, if he has one, in the long hereafter. His religion, such as it is, is concerned with human relations, and patriotism is the key-stone in the arch of his sociology. In short, we are in a period of religious reconstruction. So observes John Herman Randall, Jr., of the Department of Philosophy in Columbia University, who summarizes the views set forth in his recent book, "Our Changing Civilization" (Stokes, New York), in an article in *Current History*. But another who is equally eminent in his field, Dr. Daniel Alfred Poling, pastor of the Marble Collegiate Reformed Church, New York, and editor-in-chief of *The Christian Herald*, replies in the same magazine that "there is a subtle vitality about things of the spirit that laboratories have not yet explained." He finds that Jesus is still inescapable. Outward forms may change, but the hunger of the spirit can not be appeased with a song over the radio or a reverence for the flag. We have here two opposing attitudes, one in which traditional Christianity has lost its place, because man now has no need for it to fill; the other in which the old religious faith is still alive and strong, because science and industry can not completely fill out the life of man.



Courtesy of *Current History* (New York)

NEW DOCTRINES FOR OLD

Prof. John Herman Randall, Jr., sees such a change coming in religious thought, and says that "for multitudes within the churches themselves the old need of personal salvation has simply lost all reality."



Photograph from Keystone View Company

CHRIST WILL CONQUER

Says Dr. Daniel A. Poling, who believes outward forms may change, but we shall never cease to discover that Jesus was right when he said, "Man must not live by bread alone.' He must not because he can not!"

"Men whose minds have become habituated to thinking in scientific terms find other intellectual attitudes superfluous and irrelevant," writes Professor Randall. "The philosophies that express their basic interests to-day are no longer concerned, as they were in the nineteenth century, with vindicating a belief in God and immortality. Those ideas have simply dropt out of any serious attempt to reach an understanding of the world." Under the new reinterpretations of religion, says this young philosopher, "it has become impossible to view religion as a divine revelation entrusted to man. It has even become impossible to see it as a relation between man and a cosmic deity. Religion has rather appeared a human enterprise, an organization of human life, an experience, a social bond, and an aspiration." As Professor Randall has it:

"For multitudes within the churches themselves the old need of personal salvation has simply lost all reality. The very experience of sin strikes them as a pathological and incomprehensible mystery. The crises that awaken significant emotional response are less and less concerned with the traditional sense of dependence on nature, and more and more with man's relations to his fellows. They cluster about social, human, non-cosmic faiths, beyond question the strongest religious forces to-day.

"Patriotism, the cult of the national State, is the most widely shared religion of the Western World. Again and again Christian churches have attached themselves to it to gain strength.

"The cult of prosperity, too, has in America assumed all the emotional fervor of a true religion. Men worship Mammon in his temples in Wall Street; many banks now have the sanctified atmosphere of churches. They find their visions of heaven in Roxy's cathedral in New York City, and there contemplate the stars in their glory.

"Doctrinal tenets make little difference; Fundamentalist and Liberal alike seize every secular appeal they can find to compete with other amusements. They range from earnest social service to sensational sermons on sexual sin; they stage religious vaudeville and angle for publicity. See what has happened to 'The Man Nobody Knows' and 'The Book Nobody Knows' at the hands of the advertising man everybody knows. Jesus is now described as the first publicity man, who 'put across the best paying proposition in the history of insurance.' The Last Supper turns out, according to the same view, to have been the first Rotary Club luncheon."

However, religious needs and feelings that demand organized expression are still to be found in the new society, and the demand for historical continuity will require that the transformed religious life call itself by revered names, writes Professor Randall:

"But if this altered Christianity involves too great a break with the past, tho it display many fine fruits, it will run the risk of forgetting much that men have learned of spiritual wisdom over long centuries. Men are apt to rest too comfortably in the assurance that religion is inevitable and undying. The quality of the religion that will endure is what matters. The danger is that in the shock of meeting the new civilization the religious standards built up in the past will not be raised but lowered. Novel, ignorant, and uncriticized forms of religious life can be strong and vigorous enough; but tho they retain honored names, they can be damnable.

"No one is yet wise enough to predict whether this reconstruction of our religious tradition is to be a reversion to primitive passions or a further step toward the discernment of the highest. It depends upon men's ability to meet the challenge of the new world of science and the machine.

"The new forces to which religion has been exposed are to-day crowding in upon all our inherited institutions. We can not stop them; we can not preserve the past unchanged. But it rests with us whether what we cherish in the legacy of past generations is to be lightly discarded or whether it is to be incorporated once more in another synthesis, worthy to take its place in the long series of reconstructions that have given us the rich civilization it is now our opportunity and task to rebuild again."

But Jesus is still at the heart of things, writes Dr. Poling. This seems to him a "clear indication that old religious needs are not vanishing." And it is to be doubted, he says, that nationalism—the worshiping of the flag and patriotism—is our strongest and most universal religion. "Not even the fact that some Christian churches may have attached themselves to its 'conquering standard' convinces us that Edith Cavell was wrong when she said 'patriotism is not enough.'" Professor Randall, argues Dr. Poling, "is conscious of demands more profound than those crying for bread and meat."

"He leaves always the impression of striving to reconcile incidental differences to the central purpose of a creative plan. And he is right when he says: 'It is not enough to rest confident that some form of religion will endure. The quality of that religion is what matters.' We doubt, however, that he will convince many when he writes: 'No one to-day is wise enough to predict whether Christianity can conquer and assimilate our new world, or whether it will itself be conquered.' We may not be wise enough, any of us, but many there are who, reading history and facing facts, insist that it is more reasonable to believe that Christianity will again survive and conquer as Christianity has always survived and conquered.

"Those who may have urged that Christ came not to bring 'resignation,' but 'to call men to action,' should not be confused with those who have always insisted that Christ came to do both. He came to make new creatures out of men and women, and, measured by the Sermon on the Mount, He also came to make a new world. The uniqueness of His ministry lies in this, that He came to make the new world with men and women whom He had first made new. This is the genius of His gospel. To build the new earth we must have first new and competent builders.

"The experience of nearly two thousand years causes us to affirm that it is more reasonable to believe that the plan and spirit of Jesus will continue to be progressively sufficient, more reasonable to believe this than it is to conclude that automobiles, radios, phonographs, and companionate marriage will eventually destroy Christianity."

It does not seem to Dr. Poling, then, that "the body of our moral tradition is sick unto death." We must agree, he says, that "the soul of our moral tradition will endure."

"Finally, we shall never cease to discover that Jesus was right when He said, 'Man must not live by bread alone.' He must not because he can not! Bread he must have, but it is infinitely less than enough to keep him above the fatal plane of mere existence, from which he sinks into mediocrity. We can not agree that 'citizens of our contemporary world know but one truth, the truth of experimental method,' unless by experimental method we mean something more than laboratory experimentation and demonstration. If by experimental method we include the mystery of love and the mysticism of faith, then still we are at one. But the most practical things in the world, the values most valuable, all that we see with vision more unerring than the sight of physical eyes, all that the Jew includes in worship of his 'Most High,' and all that the Christian comprehends in his 'practise of the Presence'—all must be included."

UP-AND-COMING YOUNG AMERICA—Nine years ago the average young American was "irredeemably ugly, slack in body, fleshy, prematurely middle-aged and most unsightly, but to-day the casual observer may see in the street any number of "trim-looking men, rather handsome, square in form, and obviously physically fit." Thus St. John Ervine, the distinguished British critic in *The Observer* (London). Mr. Ervine was recently guest dramatic critic on the New York *World*, and thus had opportunity to make the comparison with what he observed on the earlier visit to this country. Here is a suggestive appraisal:

"An obvious conclusion to draw from this increase in the number of handsome and fit young American men is that the European legends of excessive drinking by the youth of America must either be lies or gross exaggerations. I can speak with some impartiality on this subject, because I have not touched a drop of drink in the United States, nor shall I touch any until I am beyond the three-mile limit on my journey home. *I feel that it is my business, as an alien in America, to obey the law, even if I disagree with it.* At all events, I am very certain, when I look at the well-set-up young men and good-looking girls that I see everywhere about me in this city, that there must be thousands of people who either do not take drink, or take it very rarely. Clear eyes and steady hands are not acquired in speak-easies, which are dismal holes at the best. I have been in two or three. . . . There was, I do not doubt, an outbreak of heavy drinking among the young in America, and perhaps in certain quarters it still continues, as a piece of bravado, but I am certain that the 'soakers' are dwindling in numbers, and that the rising young take no more interest in fermented liquors than the average healthy minded boy and girl in England do. In any event, whatever the truth on that subject may be, the fact remains that I see everywhere in New York a handsomer and fitter type of young man than I saw nine years ago."

Calling special attention to the sentence in italics, *The Reformed Church Messenger* recommends to free-born Americans serious consideration of "the fact that *it is certainly no more incumbent upon an alien in our country to obey the law than it is for a citizen who claims to be loyal and patriotic.*"

COMBINING RURAL CHURCHES

NOTABLE RESULTS ARE EXPECTED from a movement toward practical church unity which is proceeding steadily along the lines of the "five-year program" of the National Home Missions Council, and looks to the completion of a survey of the church situation in every State in the Union by 1933. New Hampshire, we read, has recently completed an "every community survey," and similar undertakings have been begun in Maine, Pennsylvania, and New York. Surveys in every township in the State outside of New York City have been authorized, and the work has already begun in thirteen Eastern counties. These surveys, notes the Springfield *Republican*, are merely preliminary to a program of action—they are intended to prepare the way for a systematic development of the plan, already in practise in many communities, of what amounts to the consolidation of Protestant evangelical denominations where the population is insufficient properly to support more than one church of this group. Roughly, the goal is one church of the group, and one only, in a community of 1,000 people. Surrender of denominational identity in one community is to be compensated for by recognition in another. Under such an arrangement it is believed that the typical rural community will find it possible to have a suitable church building and parsonage, and pay a minister at least $2,500 a year.

One phase in the Home Missions Council's program prompts some speculation on the part of *The Republican:*

"For each church, it explains, there should be available a parish of at least 1,000, 'homogeneous as to language and color and reasonably accessible from a given point.' Doubtless this reflects a recognition of difficulties rather than an ideal of exclusiveness. It would be unfortunate if the impression should prevail in polyglot rural communities that only persons speaking English and of approved fairness of complexion were welcome in the community church. As a social leaven the rural church would, of course, be the more effective the less its exclusiveness.

"The Missions Council notes the slow and gradual decline of the country church, 'accompanying other changes which have brought about that very complex affair called the "farm problem,"' and stresses the obligation upon the church, along with other social forces, to help rebuild rural community life. The minimizing of differences of doctrine and of form of church government is a simpler matter than in the old days when denominational tradition and the letter of the creed made stern demands upon the conscience of the communicant, and the fact contains potential promise of some recovery of the ground lost since the church was a vital force in the community, and its pastor its first citizen."

THE TRUTH ABOUT OURSELVES

A PEEP THROUGH THE KEYHOLE at American life to-day reveals some strange, unglamourous changes from the sedate life of 1890, when, in spite of, or because of, their lack of the material advantages we know to-day, people appeared to live closer to their ideals and were shepherded by the Church rather than by the Country Club. We have such a peep in "Middletown, a Study in Contemporary American Culture" (Harcourt, Brace and Company), by Robert S. and Helen Merrell Lynd, which is a painstaking survey of an American town located somewhere in the East-North-Central group of States that includes Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. Middletown is the fictitious name of a real locality of about 35,000 people, in which, according to the 1920 census, native whites compose 92 per cent. of the population. It was selected for the survey, we read, because it has many features common to a wide group of communities. What the investigators sought to learn was how the people of Middletown live, how they earn their daily bread, how they govern themselves, how they use their leisure, how they worship, and what they think. The authors do not attempt to prove any thesis, but their compacted case-work, statistics and observations tell a story that should be known in every pulpit and every pew. Middletown's home life has pretty well gone to pot, it is inefficiently and often corruptly governed, and its ideas are regimented under a modern system of tabus as rigid as those of an African savage. The individualism with which we endow the older generation appears to be dwindling. Hell is for a fewer number a fearful place to affright the casual or inveterate sinner, and heaven is farther off as a place of reward for blameless lives and of compensation for those who have tasted little happiness here below. The Gospel is still preached in a sufficient number of churches, but the pews are not so well filled as in 1890. Yet, in seeming contradiction, there is a large element, especially the working class, leavened by the Christian fundamentals, a large element who still cling to the doctrines and religious tabus of the older generation. It appears that the religious impulse is perhaps more widely diffused than it was, showing itself in some helpful civic enterprises. The Middletown man tries to look after his brother.

Altogether, it is not a flattering picture, but it is authentic, and the book is of profound importance as a work of reference for students of sociology and history of to-day and to-morrow. It is the new method of history, revolving around people, customs, habits, modes of thought and living, and their use of the opportunities distributed by Providence, rather than a conglomeration of royal genealogies, decisive battles, dates, and political change.

The investigation was financed by the Institute of Social and Religious Research. The authors and their staff lived in the community from January, 1924, to June, 1925, and, according to Clark Wissler, of the American Museum of Natural History, who writes the foreword, "no one had ever subjected an American community to such a scrutiny." Every reader of the book, he says, "will realize more clearly than before the changes each decade has brought and the imperfect way in which our communities, of which this is a sample, have met the new conditions under which they must function."

Here we can glance only at some of the pages devoted to religious beliefs and practise. Middletown, we read, exhibits a wide variety of religious beliefs, but almost without exception, the beliefs of all groups center in the Bible. For the most part Middletown does not question the adequacy of the "great fundamentals" of its religion. People generally believe in heaven and hell; but, we read:

> "Belief in hell is apparently dying out somewhat, however, even as compared with so short a time ago as 1890, while belief in heaven seems also to be diminishing in intensity, especially among the business class. Eight of the eighty-three Middletown women from the combined working and business groups answering the question concerning thought of heaven, volunteered the unsolicited information, 'Most people think of heaven less than they used to.' And yet the belief appears to remain with most of the population. Middletown, one gathers, thinks less upon the hereafter than it did in 1890, and at the same time actively questions it little. On the one hand, people do not go so often to the cemetery to visit the graves of their dead. On the other, the subject is not urgent enough now to evoke the protest it did from the free-thinking objectors of 1890. No one to-day stands before his peers to assert as did a leading local medical man before the Ethical Society in 1890, 'The intelligent moral man knows that no human being has any knowledge of a future state of personal existence.' No man to-day has his relatives announce over his open grave, as did more than one member of the Ethical Society, that the deceased believed death to be the end.
>
> "To-day, so much is 'the hereafter' taken for granted that a business class woman, tho she rarely goes to church herself and doesn't 'think of that sort of thing much,' remarked in an awed tone at the death of one of the last survivors of the Ethical Society that she was 'shocked to learn that a fine character with such a beautiful home life didn't believe in God or immortality.'
>
> "With the four beliefs in the supremacy of Christianity, of the Bible, of God and Jesus Christ, and in existence after death, all touching what is called 'doctrine,' combined with at least a nominal belief in practical ethics, 'loving one's neighbor as oneself,' goes commonly a belief in the institution through which these religious habits of thought are taught."

In other aspects of its life Middletown is involved in change, note the investigators. "But it values its religious beliefs in part because it is assured that they are unchanging." In many cases, it is observed, "the church seems to serve Middletown not as a method of meeting situations, but, somewhat like Rotary and similar groups, as a repository or safeguard for a set of ideals, whereby the whole puzzle makes sense, and permanence is given to the slippery business of living. It is accordingly noteworthy that in matters of belief the churches apparently retain their most complete dominance over the lives of their members in certain groups of the working class who, on the one hand, have less opportunity for other approaches to problems than the business class, and, on the other, have fewer enjoyments in this life and more urgent need that 'it will be made up to us in heaven.'"

As changes proceed at accelerating speed in other sections of the city's life, say the authors, the lack of dominance of religious beliefs becomes more apparent:

> "The whole tide of this industrial culture would seem to be set more strongly than in the leisurely village of thirty-five years ago in the direction of the 'go-getter' rather than in that of 'Blest are the meek' of the Church; by their religious teachers Middletown people are told that they are sinners in need of salvation, by speakers at men's and women's clubs they are assured that their city, their State and their country are, if not perfect, at least the best in the world, that it is they who make them so, and that if they but continue in their present vigorous course, progress is assured. Meanwhile, secular marriages are increasing, divorce is increasing, wives of both workers and business men would appear to stress loyalty to the church less than did their mothers in training their children, Rotary, which boasts that it includes all the leaders of the city, will admit no minister, social activities are much less centered in the churches, leisure time is increasingly less touched by religious prohibitions in its encroachments upon the Sabbath, more and more community activities are, as the press points out in regard to questions of disease and health, being regarded not as 'acts of God' but as subjects for investigation. In theory, religious beliefs dominate all other activities in Middletown; actually, large regions of Middletown's life appear uncontrolled by them. Said a member of Rotary, leading prayer meeting in Middletown's largest church: 'We are talking about "believing in God the Father" and about "the Church and religion being more worth while than anything in life." Now suppose somebody could follow our every thought and act for just two short days—how much of this would he discover? I'd hate just to try to say how little. I went to [the State capital] for two days last week and shouted myself hoarse for our Bearcats, but would I do that for this church? No, you bet I wouldn't.'"

CURRENT ▼ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department cannot be returned

COLUMNS conducted in the daily newspapers seem at times to be a happy hunting-ground for those in search of representative American verse. To "A Line O' Type or Two," in the Chicago *Tribune*, "Eolus" (E. O. Laughlin) contributes occasional verse, which usually arrests our attention. Here is a specimen:

TRINITY

By "Eolus"

Three Gods there are: God of Infinity,
Who moves among the endless nebulæ,
Sowing and gleaning stars, with strides sublime,
Beyond the reach and ravaging of Time;

The God of Beauty, whose unstinting hand
Arrays in April's hues the lucent land,
Molds mighty mountains, fashions lofty trees,
Carves crags from rocks and billows from the seas;

And the great God of Love, whose heavenly grace
Shines in each new madonna's holy face
And mirrors, as the pool reflects the skies,
In every cooing babe's responding eyes.

Sometimes I think this wondrous trinity
Of Love, of Beauty, and Infinity
Abides, unheeded by their conscious ken,
Immortal in the hearts of mortal men.

There is homely, almost humorous, reverence in the following lines we discover in *Holland's Magazine* (Dallas, Tex.), their very uncertainty adding to their sincerity:

GOD IS A POOR SHOPKEEPER

By Anderson M. Scruggs

God is a poor shopkeeper, so it seems.
He gives no thought to market or supply,
But heaps the counters of the earth with dreams
That busy-minded people will not buy.
In most absurd extravagance, He throws
His rainbow-tinted scarves around the sun,
And on the canopy at night He strews
A million gems to feast the eyes upon.

But people passing by will take no heed,
Whose minds are turbulent with little things;
Enough for them that each tomorrow brings
The tawdry toys that satisfy their need . . .
God looks down from His mountains in amazement,
And sees them rushing to some bargain basement.

Published twice a year by the Writers' Club of Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, *The Caravan* contains some commendable poems by the younger generation of Iowans. The last number presents the following:

THE SECOND COMING

By Paul Engle

Some day the last lone man will lie and stare
At death, and know that in him ends the scheme
Of life on earth, that thought itself supreme;
And he will die with no one left to care.
All forms of life that once swarmed anywhere
Will vanish as the memories of a dream,
And the great winds of silence then will stream
Through the vast hollows of the darkened air.

And after this quick life we once called ours
Has passed, will the world travail in some storm
Of restless elements and fill its crust
With breathing earth again: wild beasts and flowers?
And will some curious life in some strange form
Dig down and read this story of our dust?

For its subject, no less than for the mood of reverence it inspires, a recent poem by Edgar Lee Masters, published in *The Century*, compels attention:

GETTYSBURG

By Edgar Lee Masters

Amid the hush of the distant hills which house
The sleeping meadows, oak-leaves loose and fall
Across the sunlight, and along the rhythmical
Wash of the air upon this shore of boughs.

Leaves drift around the bronzes; but over the grass
Of the field where Pickett's men defied
The grape-shot, cannon, and who died,
The shadows of October's clouds repass.

No shouts arise from the vanished garrisons;
No sound is here of wounded man or steed;
Meade stares at Lee, and Lee at Meade
Across a mile of pasture, eyed in bronze,

Where flies the solitary crow. Beyond
The spires of Gettysburg the skies implore;
And near the cattle graze, and grackles soar
Where the air is tranced as by a wizard's wand,

Till now it is a suspended mood whose gleam
Is like an invisible crystal which enspheres
The souls it veils, who with Elysian ears
List the far voice of undiscovered dream

This stillness is the indifference of the sky,
The tranquil Muses behind the mountains hid,
Who suffer the Fate's beginning, nor forbid,
Nor ask the battle, nor mourn the tragedy.

Still they are brooding in their fanes afar;
And now they stir the oak-leaves with their breath,
Saying there is no life, neither is death,
Nor victors, nor defeated, nor fame, nor war;

But only music at last out of the dreams of these
As the one reality which overtones the mime,
The landscape, nations, races, even time,
Quiring eternal Nature whose heart is peace.

In the Glasgow *Herald* we have stumbled upon a poem that ought to interest every one who during childhood reveled in Daniel Defoe's masterpiece:

ROBINSON CRUSOE

By George Woden

The train stopped on the sand-hills by the sea.
The locomotive hissing quietly;
A seabird called—no other sound beside
The melancholy murmur of the tide;
Wild thyme I saw, and thistles, tufts of green
And slimy weed on rocks, with pools between.
And the old man rose, and put his head
Out of the window: "Sonny, look," he said,
"Ower beyond thae nets, yon leaning post,
Robinson Crusoe lived upon this coast . . ."

I saw the swaying palm trees rising high
To burst green feathery rockets in the sky;
Deep down, a coral forest in dim light
Where scarlet fishes swim, and at night

The water burned with phosphorescent glow—
Stars in the heaven, and in the sea below.
I saw the tell-tale footprints in the sand.
The war canoes come racing in, a band
Of fierce-eyed cannibals who roasted men . . .
Oh, for the grand days of adventure then!

The old man guessed my thought, and laughed. "Ay, ay,"
Said he, "It's no much worth, just sea and sky,
Gey cauld it is, an' bleak, but he was glad,
Nae doot, to be at hame again, my lad."

Youth and vitality we find in *The Frontier*, a quarterly published at the University of Montana (Missoula). There is simplicity yet strength in the following picture:

CHILD-WIFE

By Helen Maring

They caged her in
With jet black shoon
And a hat that was never
Made for June,—
A hat that was made
For rain and frown.
She walked sedately
Through the town,
No colored garb,
No glow of grace,
And nothing but silence
On her face.

What the town would think
Was the only reason
That she wore black
For a weary season.

They caged her in
With a shuttered room,
A parlor that lived
In dust and gloom.
How could they know
Her dress was red;
And that she danced
With her man dead?
. . . . Danced in her dreams,
Wore beads and silk,—
And sang in her thoughts
While skimming milk.

What the town would think
Was the only reason
That she wore black
For a weary season.

One of the most felicitous titles ever given to a play was "The Tyranny of Tears." This title is recalled by the following quatrain published in *The Commonweal* (New York):

LOVE'S WEAPON

By Thomas E. Burke

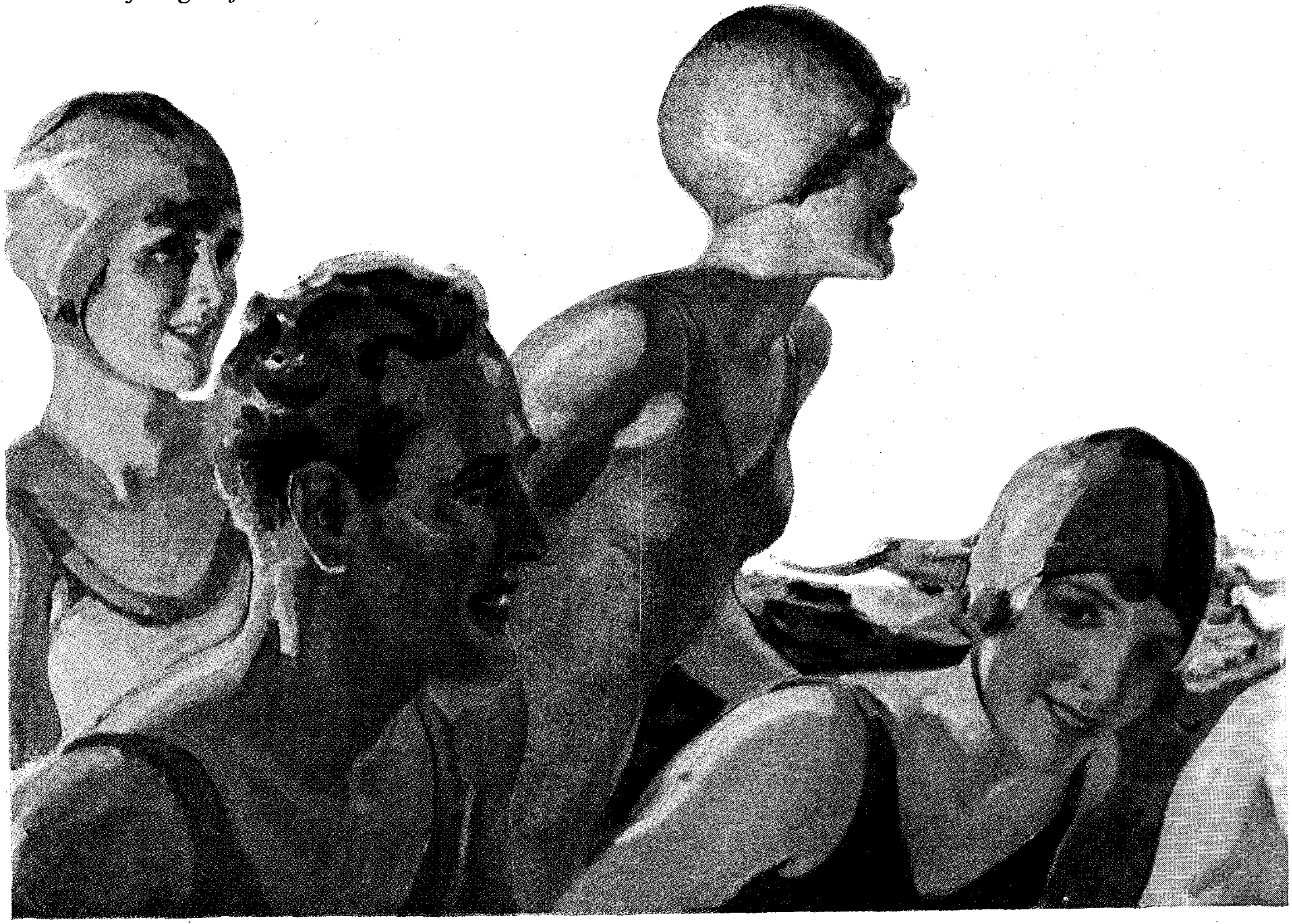
Nor sword nor ridicule nor wasting days
In dark, unwholesome dungeons did he fear;
But like a beaten thing he crouched beneath
The gathered anguish of a woman's tear.

The carrier pigeons of the War Department have inspired a poetess to compose these lines, published by *The Spur* (New York):

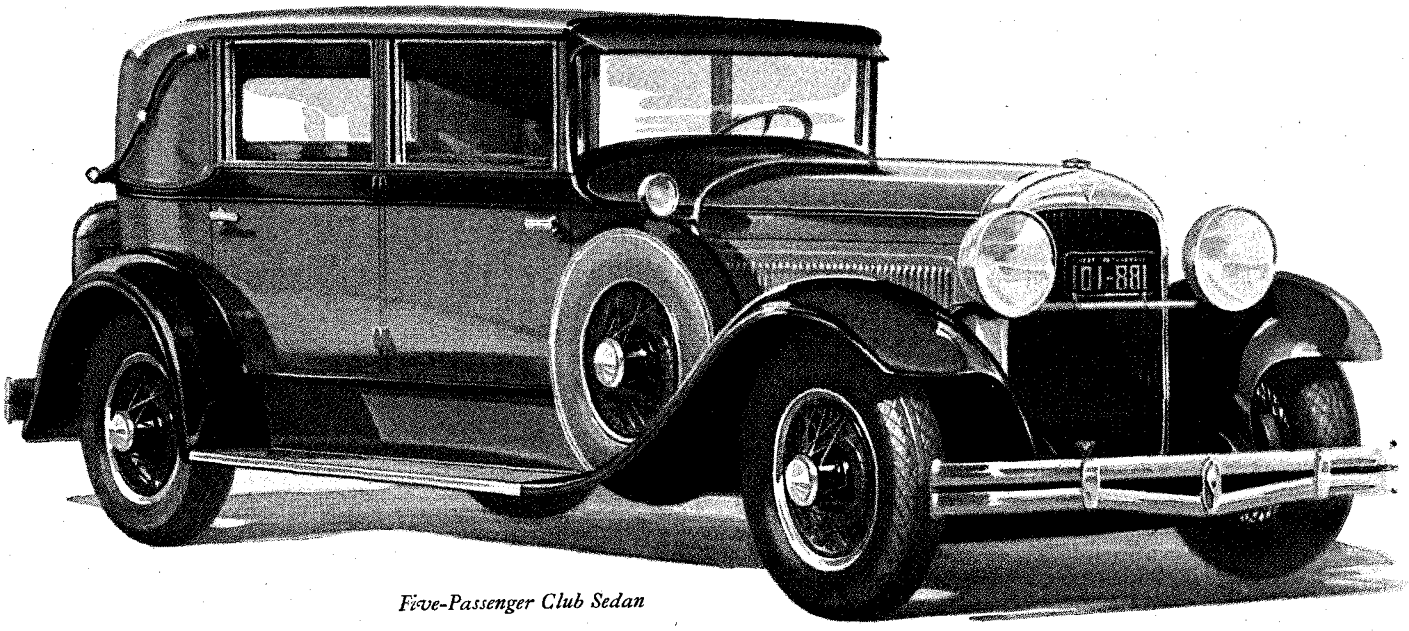
DOVES

By Francesca Carleton Hawes

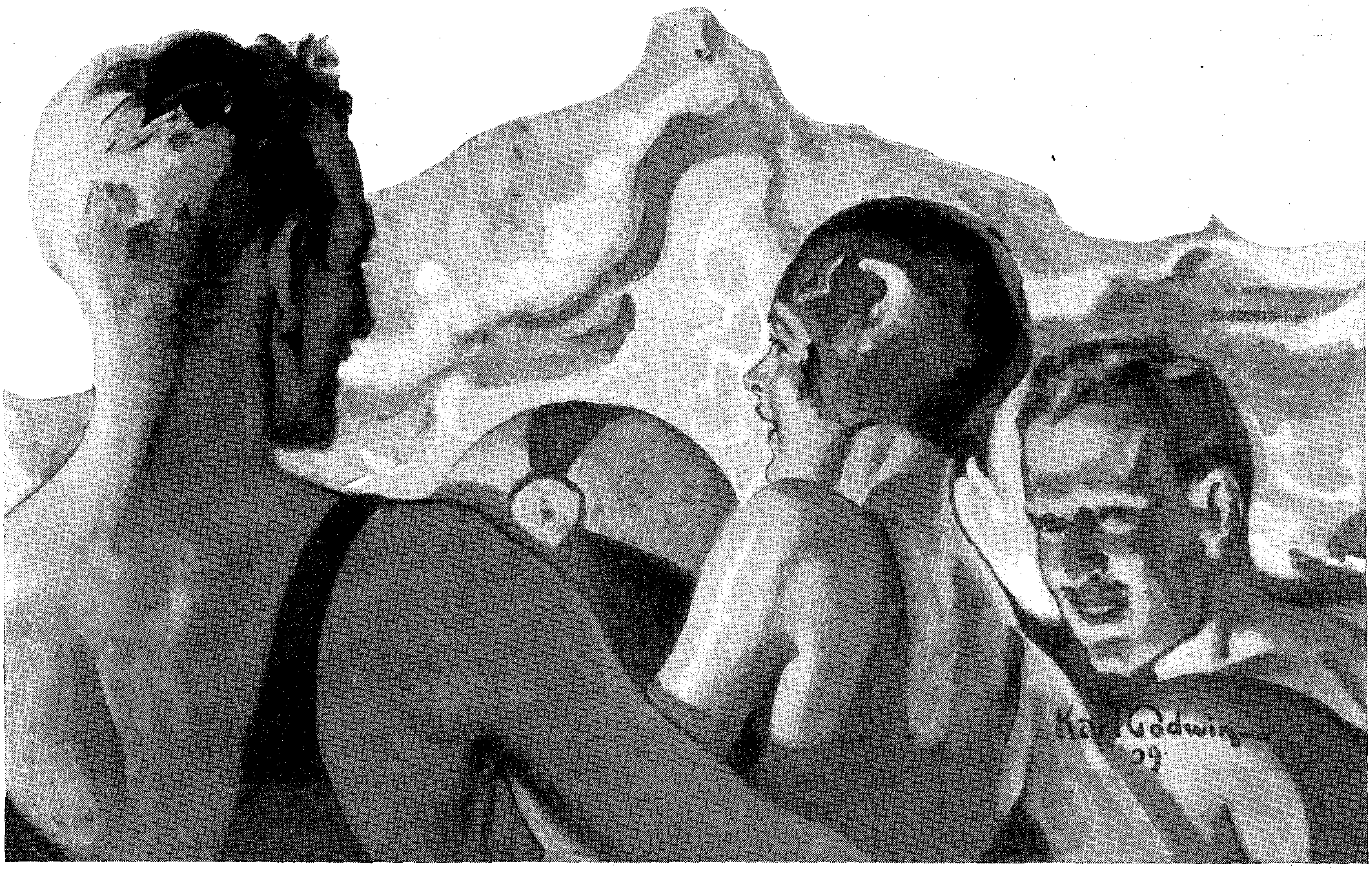
I think I shall not soon forget
When first I heard at early morn
That whirring tingle of strange bells,
And looking from my window saw
Immaculate, a flock of doves
In flight, bells tied beneath each wing,
Faster and faster toward their goal—
It was a soft yet powerful wind,
A rushing crescendo of song,
A winged Te Deum of sound
It lulled the ear with vibrancy.
Under pale wings the purr of bells
Clipped to each rosy leg a scroll:
"War Department—Official Business,"



THE GREATER



Five-Passenger Club Sedan



HUDSON

Wide Choice of Color at No Extra Cost

The Variety is So Great you have Almost Individual Selection

Personal choice of color, which has been a limited and costly luxury in car ownership, is now available, at no extra cost, in the 14 distinguished models of the Greater Hudson.

It gives to Hudson ownership the delight and privacy we have in self-chosen things, and the identity that makes your car your own. In the many thousands of Hudsons you see and pass countlessly, observe there is no monotony, but the refreshing interest of individual color expression.

It is a finishing detail in the brilliant program of value-giving, which has successively established—Performance Leadership, not excelled by costliest cars—Value Leadership with custom qualities produced in volume—and Style Leadership which is the pattern of the industry.

It is a factor, too, in making this the greatest year of Hudson's long and successful history—and in increasing ownership among women by tens of thousands.

* * *

Standard Equipment includes: *4 hydraulic two-way shock absorbers—electric gauge for gas and oil—radiator shutters—saddle lamps—windshield wiper—glare proof rear view mirror—electrolock—controls on steering wheel—all bright parts chromium plated.*

$1095 AND UP... AT FACTORY

PERSONAL ▾ GLIMPSES

PHILADELPHIA JUSTICE FOR CHICAGO'S AL CAPONE

THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE was ready, badges and all, on the station platform when the train from Chicago rolled into Los Angeles. And the welcome given the "distinguished" visitor exceeded any possible anticipations that might have been harbored by the pudgy-faced, thick-lipped man who stept from the train with two husky body-guards. Then the Los Angeles policemen showed exactly what they thought of the newcomer, who protested at the enthusiasm of the greeting. "We're tourists," he said indignantly, as the police escorted him and his companions to an east-bound train, and put them aboard with instructions never to come back to that city, Leonard Falkner tells us in the New York *Evening Post.* "I thought you people liked tourists," the unwelcome guest continued. "I have a lot of money to spend that I made in Chicago. Whoever heard of anybody being run out of Los Angeles that had money? I'm all burned up," he continued as the train started to move. "I'm telling you. But you can't keep me away, because I like the country; I'm coming back pretty soon." But he did not return, the writer assures us. The answer of Detective "Rough House" Brown, chairman of the "reception committee," explains why. "If you do," he warned, "we'll make it hot for you. We'll arrest you as an undesirable, and ride you out of town on a rail."

International Newsreel photograph

GANGLAND'S KING IN HIS FIRST POSED PICTURE

Capone is in the center. At the reader's left is Bill Cunningham, sports writer and former All-American football player. At the right is Jack Sharkey, the heavyweight bruiser.

Thus Los Angeles exprest its opinion of Al Capone, millionaire and generally reputed king of the gangsters and beer barons of Chicago, when he went there for a rest. Chicago had not been so successful in expressing effectively its views on one of its best-known citizens. Mr. Capone, despite his notoriety, has no police record in Chicago, and has never before, we read, "done time," thanks, say some, to political alliances. And now Philadelphia has succeeded in showing its views in some actions that speak far louder than words—by sending Capone to Holmesburg Prison for a year on a charge of carrying concealed weapons. To many commentators this charge seems ironically trivial, considering Capone's career. With him, for a like offense and term, went his body-guard, Frank Cline.

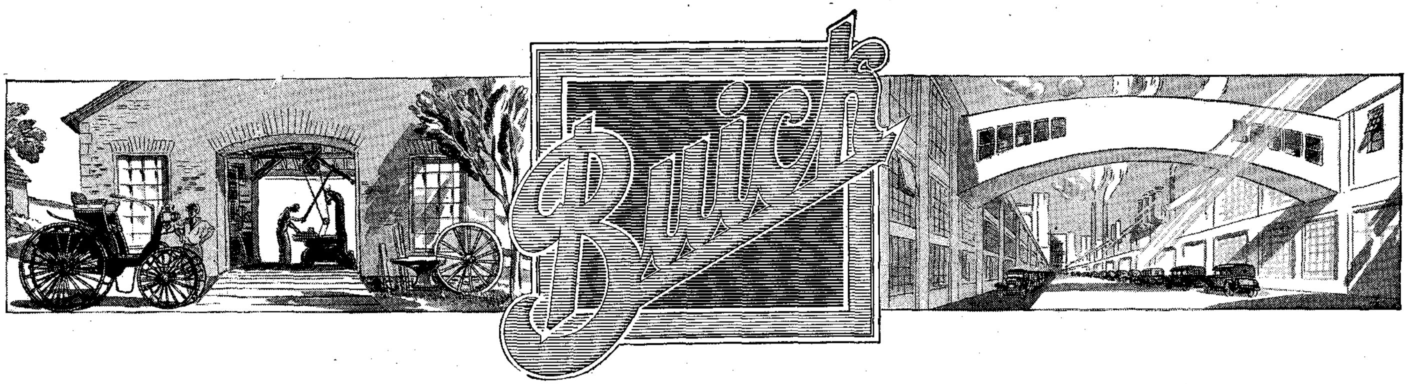
Capone, we judge from press accounts, must have regarded this as a "bad break," for, according to his own story, he was in Philadelphia only between trains, on the way to Chicago from Atlantic City, where he aided in so astounding a proceeding as a "peace conference" of Chicago gunmen. An agreement was reached, he revealed, that gang slayings in Chicago should cease. Yet he surprized every one by pleading guilty to the gun-carrying charge, giving rise to the report that he had courted imprisonment to avoid being killed by rival gangsters. He was serving his term less than twenty hours after he and Cline were arrested by detectives who recognized him, as they came out of a motion-picture theater.

When news of Capone's sentence reached Chicago, *The Evening Post* of that city, which spells his name "Caponi," broke into this editorial hymn of praise to the captors under the heading, "Our Thanks and Compliments to Philadelphia":

> Far from feeling any resentment over the manner of entertainment accorded to Mr. Al Caponi, of hereabouts, by the city of Philadelphia, we extend to that city our most hearty thanks and hand-embroidered compliments.
>
> We hope sincerely that Philadelphia proves capable of keeping Mr. Caponi for the full twelve months contemplated in its pressing invitation. If it kept him forever our happiness would be correspondingly augmented.
>
> Not, of course, that we have anything against Mr. Caponi. Inquiry made of our efficient Police Department by the Philadelphia authorities disclosed the fact, it is said, that the gentleman has a blameless record, so far as its official cognizance is concerned. The department has heard of him, no doubt. In fact, we think it probable that he is known by sight to many of its officers, and that he enjoys a friendly speaking acquaintance with some of them. But to Philadelphia the department had nothing to report in his disfavor.
>
> No, we have nothing against Mr. Caponi. We just feel happier to realize that he is unavoidably detained for a time in the city of fraternal affection. It may be a quite unreasonable prejudice which animates us, but we confess to being bored by his prominence as a more or less citizen of this community.

Meanwhile a new day seems about to dawn in Chicago's gangland. A "merger" has been agreed upon as a result of the Atlantic City conference, it appears; gunmen will have an executive council and a "czar," whose duties will presumably be analogous to those of Judge Landis and Will Hays in the domains of baseball and the movies. All this is revealed in a copyrighted United Press dispatch by Robert T. Loughran. Writing under a Chicago date line, Mr. Loughran says:

> All grievances are forgotten, according to the pact, the terms of which are as follows:
>
> 1. That all killings be abolished and that all controversies be settled by an executive committee; all machine-guns and small arms to be relinquished under pain of extreme punishment should gangsters fail to adhere to the disarmament ruling.
> 2. That Johnny Torrio rule as the king and chief arbiter of the new syndicate.
> 3. That Capone disband his gang and aid the new combination to break up smaller gangs.
> 4. That Capone relinquish his hold on three dog tracks, vice,



CRADLE OF THE INDUSTRY IN THE BEGINNING..
....STANDARD OF THE INDUSTRY TODAY

The past quarter-century, 1904-1929, has witnessed many changes in the motor world. Names have appeared—lived—and died. But the years—and the friends of those years—have brought steadily increasing prestige to Buick and its products.

There is an old saying which reads, "Every man has two countries: his own and—*France!*"

It is equally true that every motor car manufacturer honors two automotive institutions: his own and —*Buick!*

There exists in the motor world a respect for Buick and the new Marquette which transcends all bonds of partisanship, and extends to owners and non-owners and contemporary makers alike.

Buick was the cradle of the motor car industry. It nurtured faith and fostered craftsmanship in those early days when the motor car was young. It proved to motordom that it was possible to build a truly fine automobile for the millions. It pioneered many of the vitally important engineering features which are now standard equipment on quality cars.

Year after year, Buick has given to the world a greater automobile. Year after year, the world has given to Buick still higher favor.

And, just as Buick was the cradle of the industry in the beginning, so Buick remains the standard of the industry today.

Buick craftsmen—Buick plants and equipment—Buick standards of engineering and manufacturing —inspire universal admiration. And Buick products, by virtue of quality and value leadership, command enthusiastic public preference in their respective fields.

It is only natural that the builders of Buick and Marquette should appreciate and cherish this world-wide good will. And that they should seek to repay it by keeping Buick and Marquette motor cars always the standard of comparison.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Canadian Factories
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

Division of General Motors Corporation

Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM gambling, and beer throughout Cook County, including Chicago and Cicero.

5. Torrio, Aiello, Moran, and Capone to split all profits after deduction of expenses.

6. Torrio to handle all finances single-handed and to serve weekly notice on each of the "Big Four" of their earnings.

7. That a monthly audit be made with the "Big Four" sitting in and poring over the books to see that an equitable split has been made.

8. Joe Aiello to head the Chicago branch of the Unione Siciliano and its 6,000 members; Aiello to be responsible to Torrio.

9. Jack Guzick and Johnny Patton (boy Mayor of Burnham) to give up their holdings in the Capone organization and turn it into the new syndicate.

10. Capone to agree on a national head for the reorganized Unione Siciliano; Torrio to make the appointment.

11. Capone to turn over to the organization the "ship" in Cicero and other gaming houses still running, and to agree on locations for new gaming houses.

12. Every one to forget all past grievances, such as the St. Valentine's Day massacre, and hundreds of other gang violences of the past.

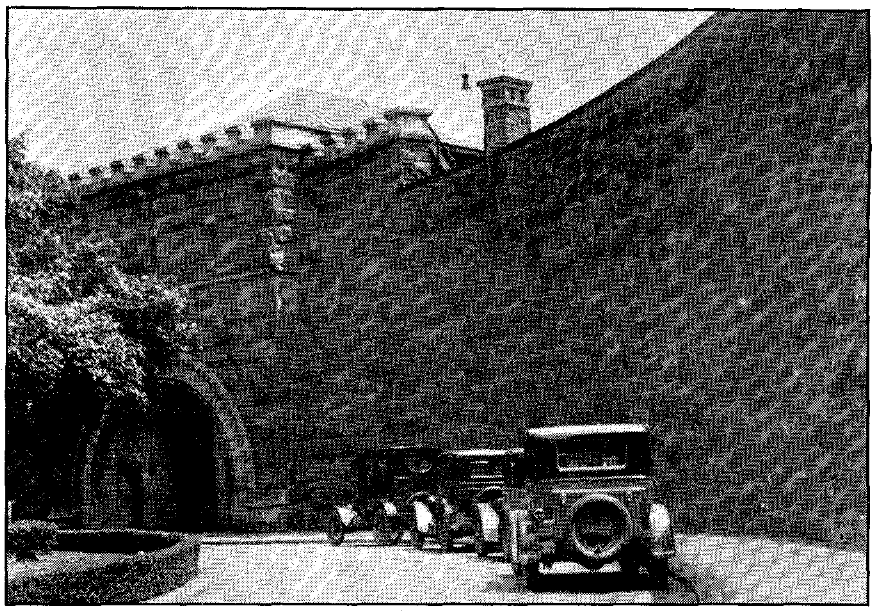
13. That all South Side and North Side gangs be amalgamated under Torrio's jurisdiction.

14. That the peace be permanent and binding, subject to the extreme measures of the executive board.

Torrio, as head of the new syndicate, will control single-handedly between $15,000,000 and $16,000,000 annually, reports estimate. He will collect annually from the following:

Hawthorne Dog Track	$1,000,000
Fairview Dog Track	1,000,000
Thornton Dog Track	1,000,000
Cicero gaming	3,600,000
Chicago gaming	3,000,000
Vice	2,000,000
Beer	3,000,000
Unione Siciliano	500,000

But, in spite of the financial possibilities just outlined, the way of the gangster is hard, according to no less an authority than Capone himself. Maj. Lemuel B. Schofield, Philadelphia's Director of Public Safety, had a long talk with the gangster after his arrest, and learned something of a racketeer's reactions to racketeering. Capone, with jail doors opening before him, felt secure for the first time in years, we learn. Liberty was peopled for him with threatening foes. Said Director Schofield of this interview, according to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:*


International Newsreel photograph

HE WENT IN HERE, AND HE WON'T BE OUT SOON

The gloomy and foreboding entrance to the Holmesburg prison where Capone feels fairly safe.

"I had a most interesting discussion with Capone shortly after his arrest on the racket in the United States. He was in a reminiscent mood and seemed to be at the point where he was anxious to be at peace, not only with gangsters, but the law. In a quiet, gentlemanly manner he told me he was on an errand of peace when Detectives Creeden and Malone grabbed him.

"His manner was a great contrast to the snarls of Cline, his body-guard, who insisted he would talk only when provided with a 'mouthpiece.' Capone quieted him and said: 'Listen, boy, you're my friend and have been a faithful pal, but I'll do the talking.'"

"I assured Capone he would get a square deal, and then he opened up. He said it was at his suggestion that the leaders of the Chicago gangs assembled at Atlantic City to discuss a peace pact."

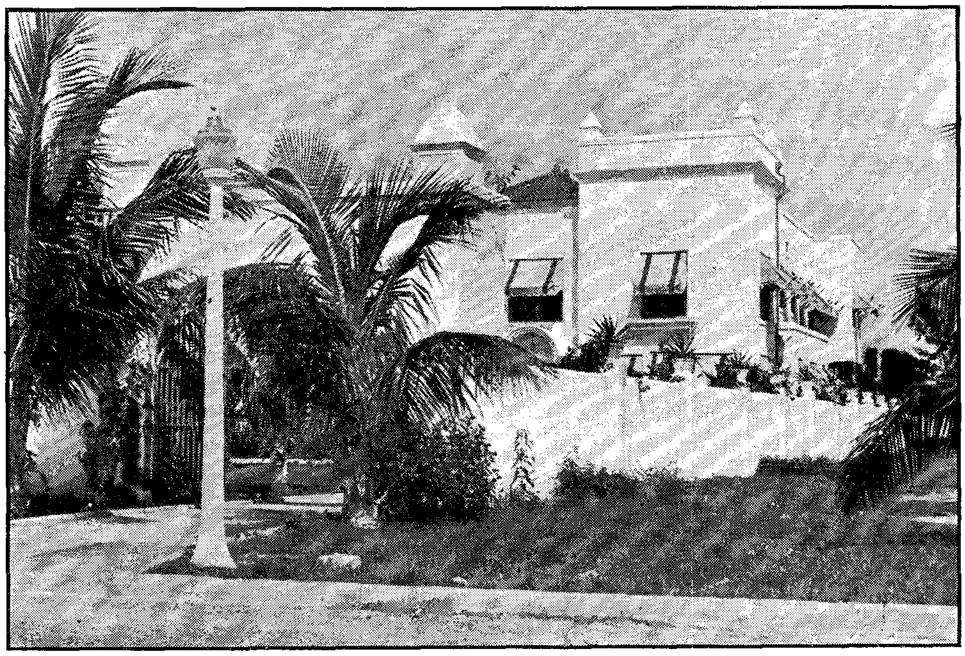
Mr. Schofield said Capone became philosophical at one point in their interview and declared:

"I'm like any other man. I've been in this racket long enough to realize that a man in my game must take the breaks, the fortunes of war. Three of my friends were killed in the last two weeks in Chicago. That certainly is not conducive to peace of mind.

"I haven't had peace of mind in years. Every minute I was in danger of death. Even when I'm on a peace errand we must hide from the rest of the racketeers, even to the point of concealing our identity under assumed names, in hotels and elsewhere. Why, when I went to Atlantic City I registered under a fictitious name."

Capone told the Director he had retired and was now living on the wealth accumulated in his various rackets. He is "reputed to be worth $2,000,000," and the account continues:

"He said he went into the racket in Chicago four and a half years ago, and during the last two years he had been trying to

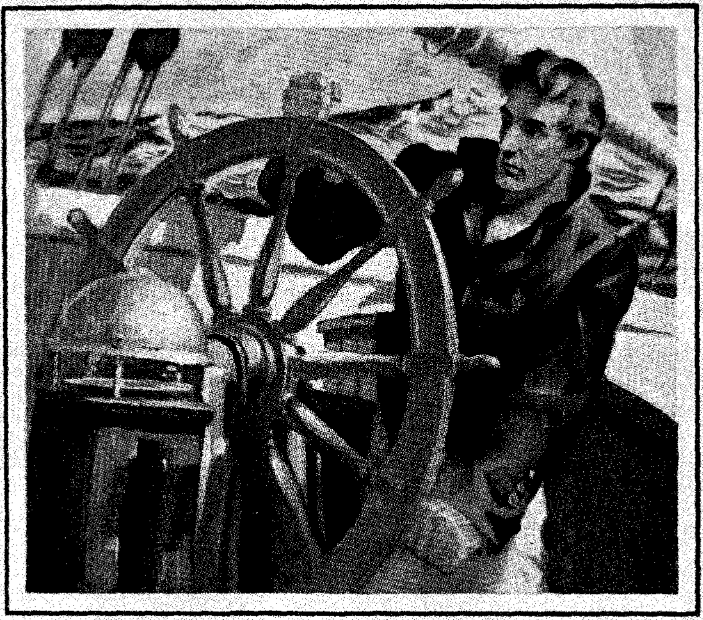

International Newsreel photograph

HERE THE CHICAGO RACKETEER PLAYED THE MONTE CRISTO

Capone's villa in Florida, where he spent the winter enjoying the companionship of the "élite" at the fashionable resorts. Knowing him, we are told, became "quite the thing."

(*Continued on page 39*)

PACKARD



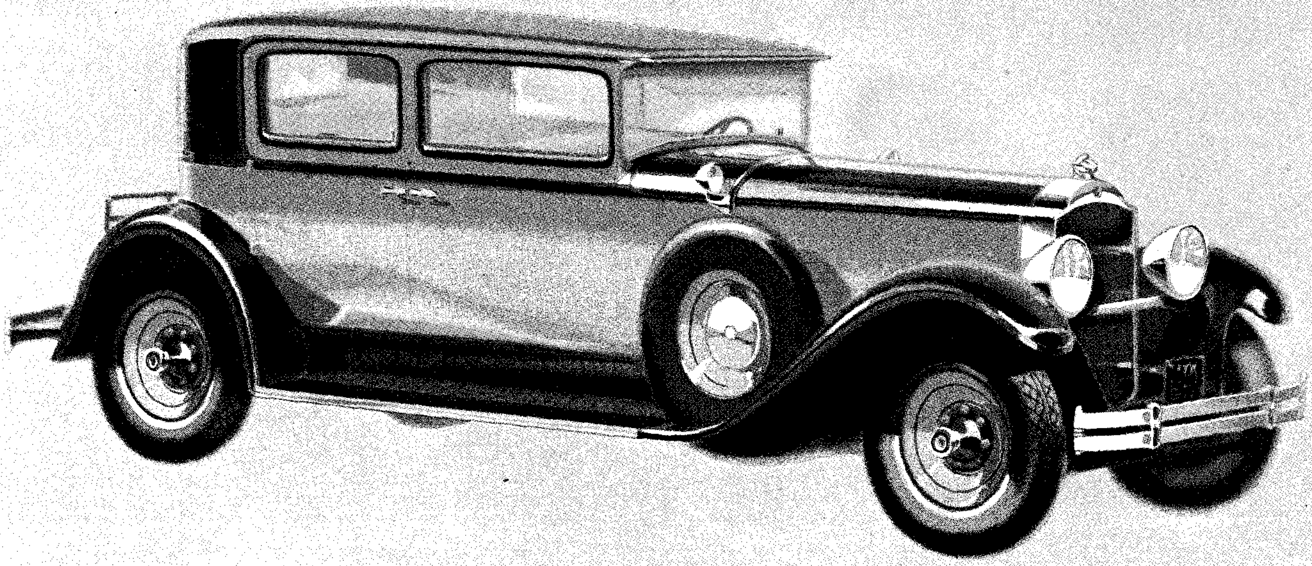
Over uncharted seas New England clipper ships sought and found a rich commerce —establishing permanent trade routes

The log of Packard achievement records the sailing of many uncharted waters—the marking of many new channels of progress for the guidance of an industry. Packard has most often found the way now generally followed.

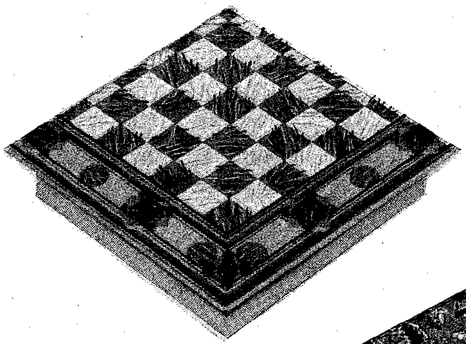
For thirty years a policy of creative research has contributed to Packard supremacy. The automatic spark advance, spiral bevel gears, four wheel brakes, instant chassis lubrication and now a unique and exclusive shock absorbing system—these are but a few of today's proven motor car features originated or sponsored by Packard.

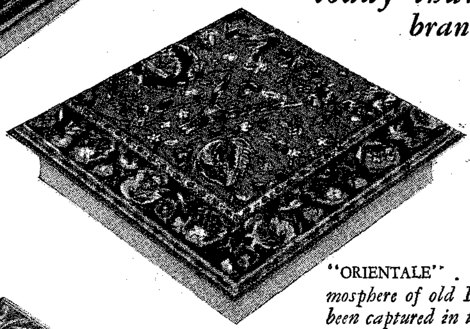
Packard's reputation for advanced engineering and design is firmly established—in the air and on the water as on the highway. Packard's intent is ever to excel—to build for a discriminating and growing clientele a motor car of acknowledged quality leadership, both mechanically and artistically. Those at the helm of Packard management will hold to no other course.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



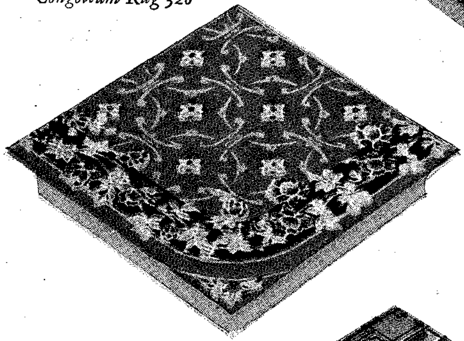
"ALCAZAR" . . . *refreshingly different is this new rug of Spanish motif. It is especially suitable for sun porches and kitchens. Congoleum Rug 601*

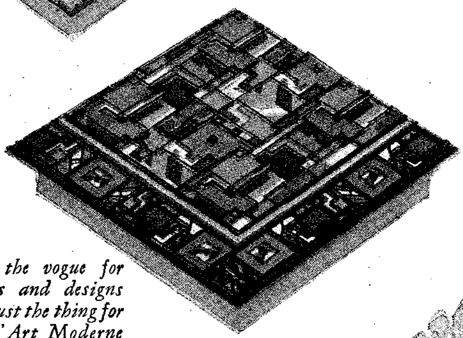




"DU BARRY" . . . *a fascinating old-world motif, enriched by a contrasting flower-strewn border of ebony black. Congoleum Rug 326*

"ORIENTALE" . . . *the atmosphere of old Persia has been captured in this richly colored but conservative rug. Congoleum Rug 608*





"AZTEC" . . . *the vogue for geometric figures and designs makes this rug just the thing for rooms where L'Art Moderne holds sway. Congoleum Rug 611*

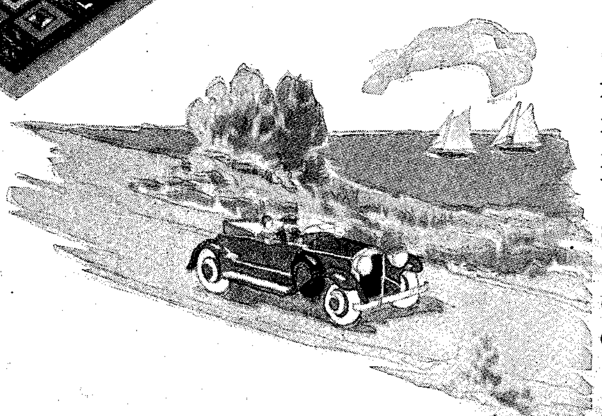
THIS IS A
CONGOLEUM
RUG
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH
WET CLOTH

More rugs bearing this Gold Seal are in use today than all other brands combined!

Indoor comfor
out on the

SUMMER is eager to add a
room to your house—an airy, l
ful outdoor room. And it's such a
matter—so inexpensive—to begu
most any porch into cozy hosp
Wicker chairs inviting rest . . . a
spreading a cool shade . . . perl
couch swing . . . and the whole ch
effect harmonized by a rich, co
easily-cleaned Congoleum Rug.

But make sure that you get a g
Congoleum Rug. See that the Go
Guarantee is on it when you buy!
you'll have a rug of beautiful patte
neither summer sun nor sudden s
nor tracked-in dirt, can harm. A r
lies flat in the face of a spanking br
rug that is waterproof and weather



Free ~ "COLOR . . . WHERE AND WHY"
by *Harriette Lea*

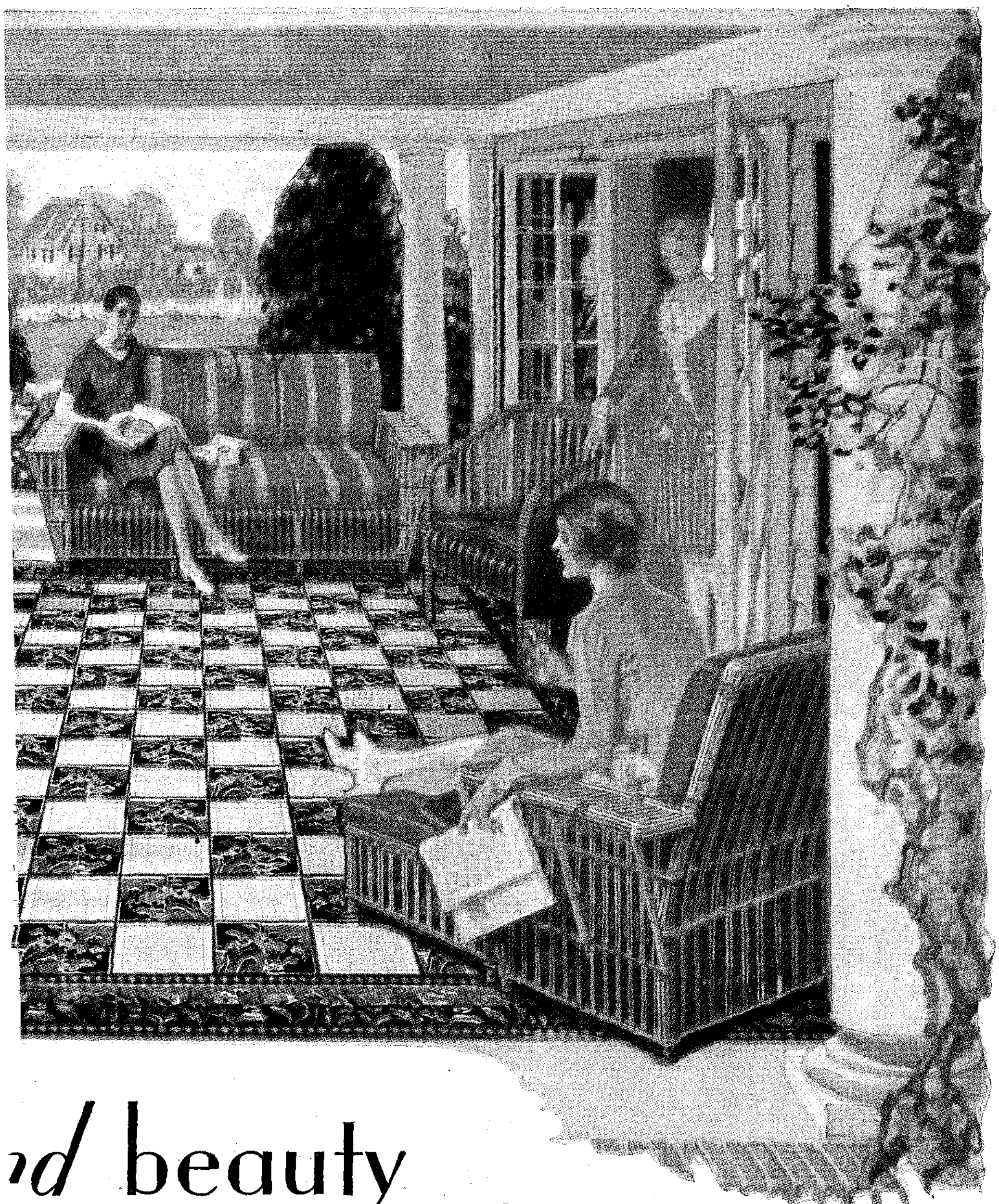
Here is a home-decoration handbook every home-maker should have. It contains a wealth of information and sensible suggestions, as well as a scientific chart of color harmony. Write us or mail this coupon to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., Kearny, N. J., for a free copy.
(Please print name and address clearly)

Name..

Address..

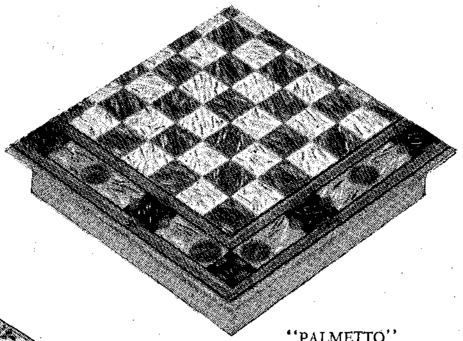
L. D. 18

COLOR
By Harriette Lea

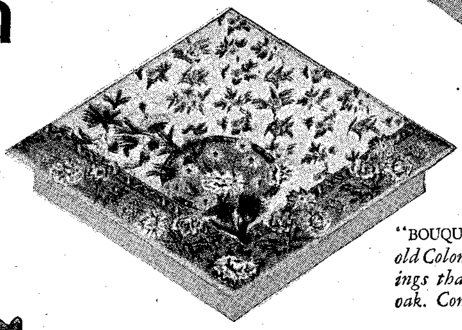


THE lovely rug shown on this inviting porch is "POPPY." *Its bright colorings bring the gaiety of nature right to your very door! Congoleum Rug 609*

d beauty eeze-cooled porch



"PALMETTO"... *a perfect pattern for the cheerful green kitchen now so much in vogue. Congoleum Rug 604*



"BOUQUET" . . . *a charming old Colonial design in soft colorings that will harmonize with oak. Congoleum Rug 324*

Indoors, Congoleum Rugs with their cheerful colors are a joy throughout the year. They bid "good-bye" to the drudgery of back-breaking sweeping. For they're cleaned in a wink with a damp mop.

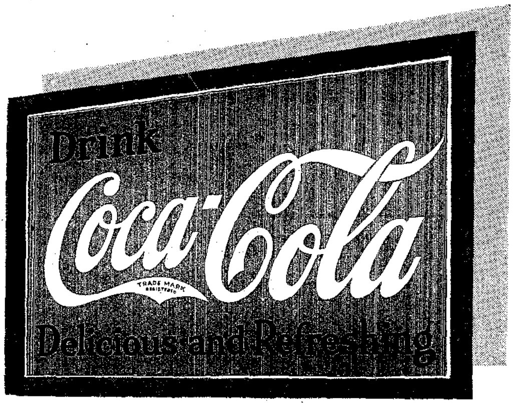
Only *genuine* Congoleum Rugs are made by the *Multicote Process*—the secret of their unequaled wearing qualities. Only *genuine* Congoleum Rugs offer so wide a range of distinctive designs.

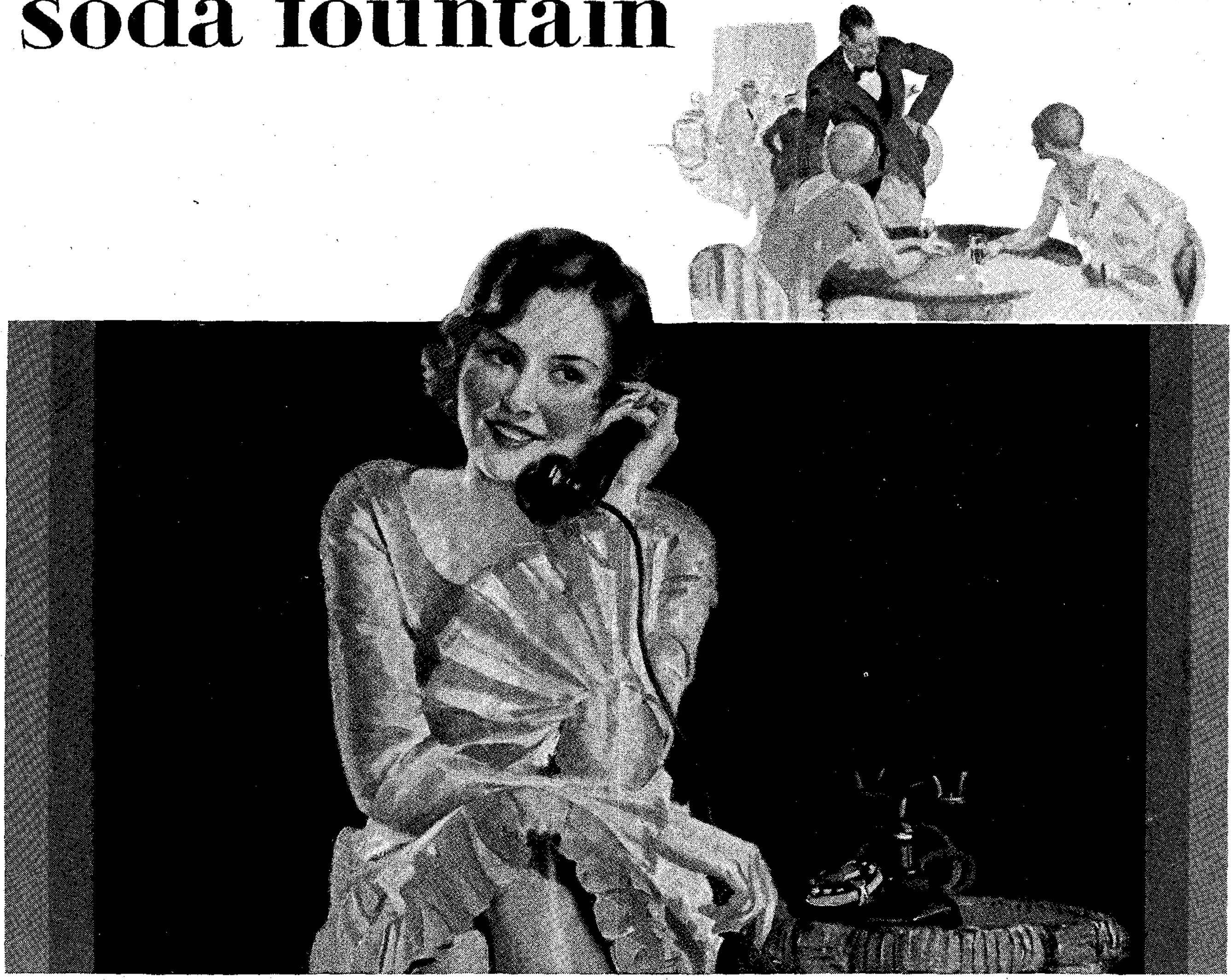
At the present-day low prices, why be satisfied with anything less than the beauty and durability which only *genuine* Congoleum Rugs provide? Insist that the Gold Seal appear on the rugs you buy!

CONGOLEUM
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
RUGS

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC., *Gen'l Office:* KEARNY, N. J.
New York Philadelphia Chicago Boston Pittsburgh San Francisco
Minneapolis Kansas City New Orleans Detroit Dallas Atlanta
Rio de Janeiro *In Canada*—Congoleum Canada Ltd., Montreal

"Meet me at the soda fountain"





The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

MUCH depends upon a good start. That's why women meet so often at a cool and cheerful soda fountain to begin shopping and marketing—to pause to join friends and be refreshed with an ice-cold Coca-Cola. This pause that refreshes puts all on good terms with themselves and with the world. There's a cheery top-of-the-morning feeling in a glass of ice-cold Coca-Cola. A tingling, delicious taste. A cool after-sense of refreshment. A perfect blend of many flavors, it has a flavor all its own.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

Served in its own thin, crystal-like glass. This glass insures the right proportions of Coca-Cola syrup and ice-cold carbonated water. The final touches are to add a little finely chipped ice and stir with a spoon until the sparkling bubbles bead at the brim.

OVER
8
MILLION
A DAY

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

(*Continued from page 34*)

get out," the Director asserted. "He told me: 'Once in the racket you're always in it, it seems. The parasites trail you, begging for money and favors, and you can never get away from them, no matter where you go.

"'I have a wife, and a boy, who is eleven—a lad I idolize, and a beautiful home at Palm Island, Florida. If I could go there and forget it all, I would be the happiest man in the world. I want peace, and I am willing to live and let live.

FOR THE ROGUE'S GALLERY

Here is a very special photograph of Al Capone, taken after his arrest. The Philadelphia officials wanted a little souvenir of their guest.

"'I'm tired of gang murders and gang shootings. I spent the week in Atlantic City trying to make peace among the various gang leaders of my city. I have the word of each of the men that there will be no more shootings.

"'I'm satisfied that the odds are in my favor, but it is a tough life to lead. You fear death every moment, and, worse than death, you fear the rats of the game, who would run around and tell the police if you didn't constantly satisfy them with money and favors. I never was able to leave my home without my body-guard, Cline. He has been with me constantly for the last two years.'"

Director Schofield said Capone told him the peace conference in Atlantic City lasted three days, and they all agreed to "bury the hatchet and forget enmities for the good of all concerned."

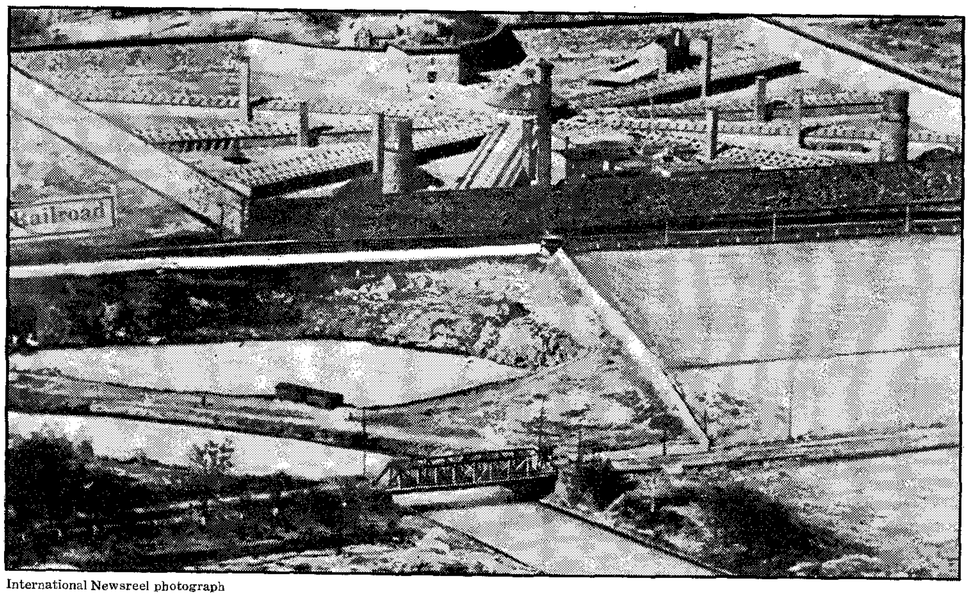
"I asked him if he knew Max Hoff, Sam Lazar, and Charlie Schwartz," the Director related. "He said he knew them intimately, and admitted there were connections between the liquor ring of Chicago and bootleggers here. He also asserted that conditions as revealed here by the special grand jury investigation were not nearly so bad as conditions in Chicago."

The question of Capone's courting arrest to avoid death does not down easily. The Philadelphia police deny this motive on Capone's part, altho it is "common gossip in the city's underworld," according to a copyrighted Philadelphia dispatch for the North American Newspaper Alliance. The Philadelphia authorities, says E. J. Hunter in this article, "assert that Capone and his body-guard were captured 'on the level,' that they had no 'deal' with them." Reading on:

> They contend that the sentencing of "Scarface" and his professional gunman protector is simply an exemplification of the "new order of things" in Philadelphia, following the long inquiry by a special grand jury, which resulted in ridding the police force of grafters and cutting off their alliance with racketeers.
>
> Those who suggest that Capone gave himself up find support in a statement made by Mayor Harry A. Mackey, after Capone had been sent to prison.
>
> "From reports I have received," Mr. Mackey said, "Capone was really running away from a gang which was out to kill him. If he hadn't been glad to go to jail, I think he would have fought the case to the last."
>
> For several days Capone and Cline were enjoying the ocean breezes at Atlantic City. "Scarface" says that while there he met other Chicago gang rulers, among them being "Bugs" Moran, leader of the North Side gang, seven of whose men were stood up against a wall and shot to death last St. Valentine's Day. Capone says that a peace pact was signed by these various gang powers at the seashore for what might be called the "limitation of armaments."
>
> He says they all "signed on the dotted line," that they were to stop all "gun play," that no gangster hereafter was to be "taken for a ride," or otherwise "bumped off," that machine-guns and other weapons of gang warfare were to be dumped in Lake Michigan, and that all were to join forces in a defensive alliance against the common enemies, the police and the flock of "stool-pigeons," who were suspected of informing on them.
>
> Here Capone's narrative became slightly mystifying. He explained that "Bugs" Moran and the other leaders had started post-haste for Chicago to notify their followers of the "peace pact" and to direct them to get rid of their "gats" and machine-guns.
>
> But Capone, according to his own talk, didn't hurry so much. He lingered at the seashore for a day after the others had left, then he started leisurely by motor-car for Philadelphia, where he expected to take a train for Chicago.

On the way up the White Horse Pike, about fifteen miles from Philadelphia, something happened to his automobile, and the man "who for years has always been able to overcome greater obstacles, was left helpless on the road." Quoting further:

> His motor-car wouldn't go, and despite the fact that there are scores of buses, taxis, trains, etc., in that general vicinity, he was unable to move an inch.
>
> The consequence was that he missed a train leaving North Philadelphia at 3 P. M., on which he had made reservations for Chicago. Having missed the train, the motor-car took on a new lease of life, and he was able to reach Philadelphia at 6:30 P. M., two and a half hours before he could get another fast train for Chicago.
>
> Having all this time to while away, he and Cline went to a movie at Nineteenth and Market streets, about four miles from the railroad station at North Philadelphia, from which he was scheduled to take the train.
>
> Half an hour before train time he came out of the movie with Cline. They ran right into the arms of two detectives, Creedon and Malone. Creedon says he once saw Capone at Miami Beach, at the time of the Sharkey-Stribling fight, and he remembered the Chicago gang-chief right off.
>
> What happened then is one of the queerest episodes that has been chronicled in racketeering annals.



International Newsreel photograph

CAPONE'S NEW "VILLA," SEEN FROM THE AIR

Holmesburg jail, at Holmesburg, Pennsylvania, where the fugitive from racketeer vengeance will be very much at home to those of his friends who can get in to see him during the next year.

> "You're Al Capone, aren't you?" said Malone.
>
> "Yes," said Capone genially, "who are you?"
>
> The detectives then, according to their stories, each showed Capone a police badge, "while keeping their free hands on their revolvers."
>
> "Oh, bulls, eh?" said Capone, still smiling, blandly. "All

(*Continued on page 42*)

CHRYSLER MOTORS · STANDARDIZED QUALITY

All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality

The Leader of Progress in the Automobile World

THE swift and striking growth of Chrysler Motors is the inevitable result of the rising, spreading tide of Chrysler prestige and popularity.

When Chrysler first appeared, five years ago, the whole industry needed a fresh viewpoint. Real progress in motor car designing and engineering had long been hampered and retarded by traditions—originality and initiative were at low ebb.

With Chrysler came the great awakening. Before the industry realized just what was happening, the whole world was talking Chrysler—Chrysler design, Chrysler engineering, Chrysler performance. Something *new*, something *different*, something *better* had arrived. The newcomer had become the pacemaker.

Time passed. Walter P. Chrysler and his associates strengthened their position of leadership. They rapidly built up vast manufacturing forces, perfected world-wide distribution channels and acquired additional well-established properties—all today united in Chrysler Motors. The realization of the Chrysler organization's pledge to provide a *better public service* is thus made possible.

CHRYSLER MOTORS

BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

·

CHRYSLER "75"

·

CHRYSLER "65"

·

DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR

·

DODGE BROTHERS SIX

·

DE SOTO SIX

·

PLYMOUTH

·

DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES

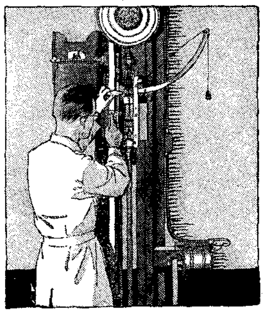
·

FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS

·

CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

All Products of Chrysler Motors

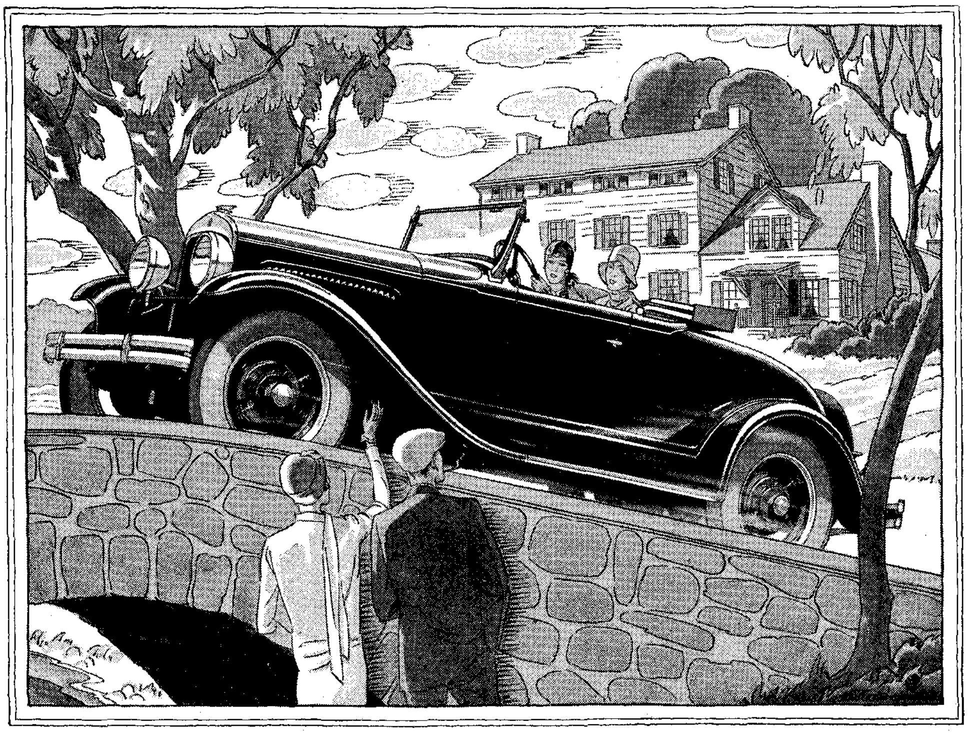


This Chrysler Motors engineer is testing the tensile strength of a sample of rubber. Tires, rubber engine mountings and even rubber floor mats must all pass exhaustive tests for strength, resiliency, purity and long life before being accepted for any Chrysler Motors car

FULL SIZE

PLYMOUTH

PLYMOUTH—product of Chrysler engineering and craftsmanship—has been so named because its endurance and strength, ruggedness and freedom from limitations so accurately typify that stalwart Pilgrim band who were the first settlers of Plymouth and among the first American Colonists.



THE FULL-SIZE ROADSTER (*with rumble seat*), $675

It has the Quality characteristics *of* far *higher* price

$655 *and upwards f. o. b. factory*

THE improved Chrysler-built Plymouth is one of America's low-priced motor cars—but in no sense does it look or behave like one. Everywhere, today, the Chrysler-built Plymouth is giving motorists the impression of a much higher-priced motor car.

Plymouth's distinction is by no means confined merely to the smartness and richness of its design.

The impression of a higher-priced car is heightened when you ride in a Plymouth—when you enjoy its fine comfort and experience its smooth, flexible performance.

In today's Plymouth the Chrysler engineers have increased the stroke and piston displacement of its superb "Silver-Dome" type engine; have given it a much heavier crankshaft; have enlarged the main bearings and connecting rods; have designed a new system of full-pressure lubrication—and in many other ways have made a great power plant greater than ever—and more economical.

In addition to its eager responsiveness to the throttle, Plymouth handles with the lightest touch on the wheel—and has the safe, positive, easy control of Chrysler weatherproof internal-expanding four-wheel hydraulic brakes.

Also, Plymouth is unquestionably the leader of its class in all phases of economy, including the cost of upkeep.

* * *

Coupe, $655; Roadster (with rumble seat), $675; 2-Door Sedan, $675; Touring, $695; De Luxe Coupe (with rumble seat), $695; 4-Door Sedan, $695. All prices f. o. b. factory. Plymouth dealers extend the convenience of time payments.

PLYMOUTH

AMERICA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

(*Continued from page 39*)

right, then, here's my gun," and he handed over a 38-caliber pistol.

Cline, who was some paces behind Capone, came up, and when he was assured by his chief that they were "bulls," he, too, pulled out a pistol and politely presented the weapon to the detectives.

Somehow, the Capone legal battery didn't function according to expectations, we read. His lawyers know all about writs and processes, but somehow "they couldn't get started," Mr. Hunter continues:

They ran around in the midnight air, making a lot of futile noise, while Capone sat in the detective bureau, and discoursed at great length for the benefit of Director Schofield and other police chiefs on the trials and tribulations of a gang leader's life. And then came the final smash to the "dope" of those who expected Capone to walk out a free man.

There was a hurriedly returned indictment, charging him with carrying concealed deadly weapons—that is, the pistol he had handed over to the detectives.

He was immediately taken into the criminal branch of the Municipal Court before Judge John E. Walsh. A jury was drawn—and then Capone and Cline wound up the show by entering pleas of guilty, before a word of evidence could be produced.

Chicago, according to John Fay, writing from that city to the New York *World*, believes that Capone's day of power there is at an end. As Mr. Fay continues, he shows that he doubts whether Torrio, who is mentioned above, will rule Chicago gangs:

Capone will never again be a sinister figure in the Chicago liquor traffic. The avengers were close on his trail when he went to Los Angeles. The police and the acquaintances of Al Capone assert that he is sincere when he says he desires to give up all the old rackets. He knows that Death is dogging his steps if he remains in Chicago. Who are the destroyers?

They are traced from the day that Dion O'Bannion was assassinated among his flowers. That day was November 10, 1924. He was dropt by three Italians. His followers said nothing, but took up a hunt for John Torrio, the chief of the Italian syndicate operating in Cicero. He had come from Brooklyn in 1903, and was Jim Colisimo's right-hand man in conducting vice resorts.

Colisimo met a mysterious death in 1920, and Torrio succeeded him as the chief of the underworld. Al Capone, another Brooklyn product, was brought to Chicago by Torrio.

There is no evidence that Torrio will return here. He is another marked man. One close call was enough for him. As they say of a fighter, "he can dish it out, but he can't take it." On January 24, 1925, Torrio, stepping from his automobile in front of his home, No. 7011 Clyde Avenue, was mowed down by a burst of shotgun fire. Two men in another car did the shooting.

Peter Veesart, a seventeen-year-old boy, saw the gunmen. Torrio had four slugs in the jaw and neck and one in the shoulder. He was taken to the Jackson Park Hospital, where he was close to death for two weeks. As soon as he regained his mental poise he ordered two guards to be posted at his door in the hospital day and night. He was out on bail on an appeal from a government sentence of nine months for operating a brewery. The appeal was withdrawn. He accepted sentence, and was secretly removed to the Lake County Jail at Waukegan. There he had bullet-proof screens put on his cell window.

When his sentence was completed he secretly left Chicago. That was the last seen of Torrio. "He is not coming back to start anything now." Reading on:

The boy Veesart picked out the police picture of George "Bugs" Moran as the man who shot Torrio. Moran was arrested, and in a show-up with many others was again picked out by the boy. Moran was held in $5,000 bonds, which he promptly gave. Torrio never uttered his name, and refused to appear against him.

Capone inherited the Torrio field and expanded it. Several attempts were made to kill him, but he escaped without a scratch. Tony Genna, another man supposed to be involved in the O'Bannion "out," was shot and killed a few months after Torrio was a shotgun target.

Capone is a native New Yorker and, in the two-edged phrase of Mr. Falkner, from whose *Evening Post* article we have already quoted, he is "another East Side boy who made good." Says Mr. Falkner, describing Al's latter-day troubles in finding a city that would tolerate him:

His name became equally well known on Broadway, Michigan Boulevard, and a thousand Main Streets.

One day he decided to travel. He boarded a train for Los Angeles. The word sped before him. A large delegation gathered at the station. They took him roughly by the collar, led him to another train, a fast limited, eastward bound, and told him to "get t' hell outta here."

In Joliet, on the way back, he was met by another delegation, searched, thrown into jail, released after a day, and warned never to come back.

Subsequently he cast longing eyes at New York, New Orleans, Atlantic City, St. Petersburg, Nassau. And each time, as the word spread, it was met by dark warnings from the taxpayers, threats, sinister promises.

His own city turned on him. He became a man without a home, a modern version of the Wandering Jew.

It got under Capone's skin, finally. Chicago's best-known man decided—at least, so he said—to shake its dust from his feet forever. He would go to St. Petersburg, Florida, and settle down there. He even issued a swan song to the effect that he never would be back in the bootlegging and gambling business.

"I wish all my friends and enemies a merry Christmas"—it was early in December—"and a happy New Year. That's all they'll get from me this year. I hope I don't spoil anybody's Christmas by not sticking around."

Here Capone's voice took on a plaintive tone as he continued:

"I have never been convicted of a crime," he said. "Never. Nor have I ever directed any one else to commit a crime. I don't pose as a plaster saint, but I never killed any one.

"Now I am known all over the world as a millionaire gorilla. A woman in England wrote to ask me to come over there and kill some of her enemies, and I am constantly besieged for funds."

Whereupon he swallowed the lump in his throat, snapt shut his bags, and started for the train.

But he didn't stay long in St. Petersburg. Before he ever reached the city the word had gone out to all owners of real estate that under no circumstances was he to be permitted to lease or buy property. And when he arrived the police camped so assiduously on his trail that he soon found it even more uncomfortable than Chicago.

His next stop was Miami. To his surprize, there was no hostile delegation at the station to meet him. The chief of police even said, "If he's here for a good time and behaves himself, he can stay as long as he likes."

It was too much for "Scarface Al." He wept big tears of joy and hurried over to Miami Beach to rent a bungalow.

But within two weeks Florida officials had a change of heart. Women's clubs, hotels, prominent citizens, protested so loudly against the presence in their midst of so notorious a personage that the Mayor and City Manager had Capone brought before them, and suggested that he pack up and leave promptly.

To their surprize, he agreed.

Where was he going? Steps were taken to bar him, it seemed, wherever rumor had him settling. Thus:

Nassau heard that he had decided to purchase a home in the Bahamas, and shouted protests that could be heard across the water. The Government barred him as an undesirable, and all the real-estate owners refused to deal with him.

Then New Orleans heard he was coming there. Loud warnings were issued. He'd better not.

Capone said nothing, and did a lot. Through adroit subterfuge he managed to purchase a villa on Palm Island. When the deal had been completed, he returned and quietly moved in. Then he notified the chief of police that he was back, and expected to stay.

The estate was beyond the police chief's jurisdiction, but he notified the Solicitor of Dade County, and the Solicitor hurriedly got busy. He summoned Capone before him.

"The big majority of the people in Dade County," he said, "do not want you to live here and, to avoid trouble for yourself and others, I want you to leave Miami and stay away."

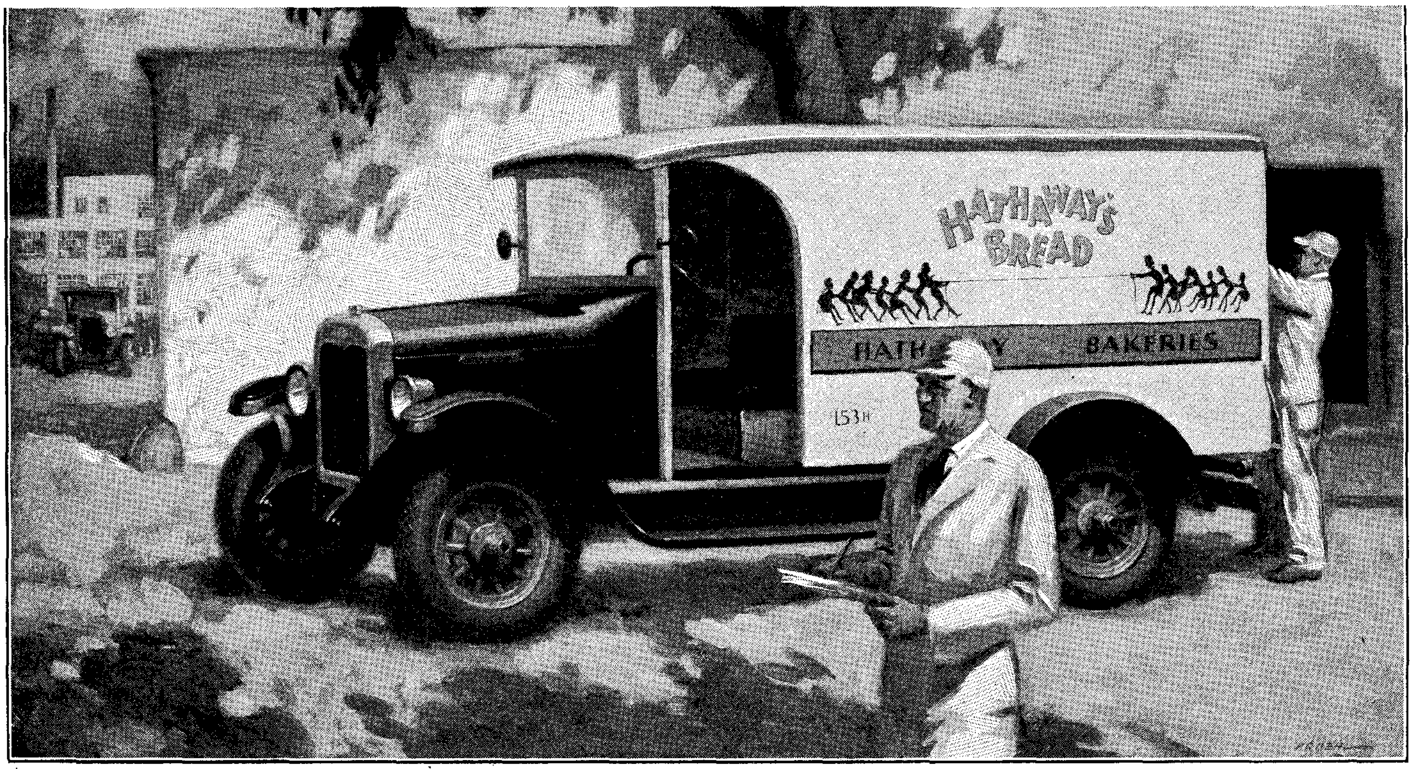
But Capone was now a property owner. His previous meekness was gone. He was "in Miami, intending to stay," he answered, "and he would go to the Supreme Court of the United States before he would be run out; he had done nothing wrong, intended doing nothing wrong, and had no intention whatever of leaving."

The authorities soon discovered that he meant what he'd said. As a property owner he had rights which they couldn't transgress. So long as he violated none of the laws, they couldn't very well do anything to him.

So Al Capone remained. At his elaborate villa he entertained to the king's taste. It became "the thing" in the colony to go to his parties. The Social Register and gangdom were equally represented at his table, on his golf course, in his ballroom.

INTERNATIONAL

EXPERIENCE SPEAKS



"By reducing our hauling costs to exceptionally low figures International Trucks have an important bearing on our profits"

This unsolicited testimonial, based on the costs sheets of a great business, gives the facts about International Trucks and International Service in a nut shell.

This endorsement comes from the Hathaway Bakeries, Inc., whose headquarters are in Boston. In New York and New England they operate 196 International Trucks, and experience speaks when they say:

> "We have found the International Harvester Company a splendid organization with which to do business, and further, that our great fleet of International Harvester Trucks, by reducing our hauling costs to exceptionally low figures, has effected economies which have an important bearing on the profits of our business."

We could tell you of the years of manufacturing experience that goes into every International—of the punishment given to experimental models on our testing grounds—of the improvements that are constantly being made in the line—but the proof of it all is in the profits these trucks are producing for their owners.

So go to an International Branch or dealer—there is one near you—select the International that meets your requirements—there is one for every hauling need. Try out the truck on your own job and you be the judge. There is no obligation.

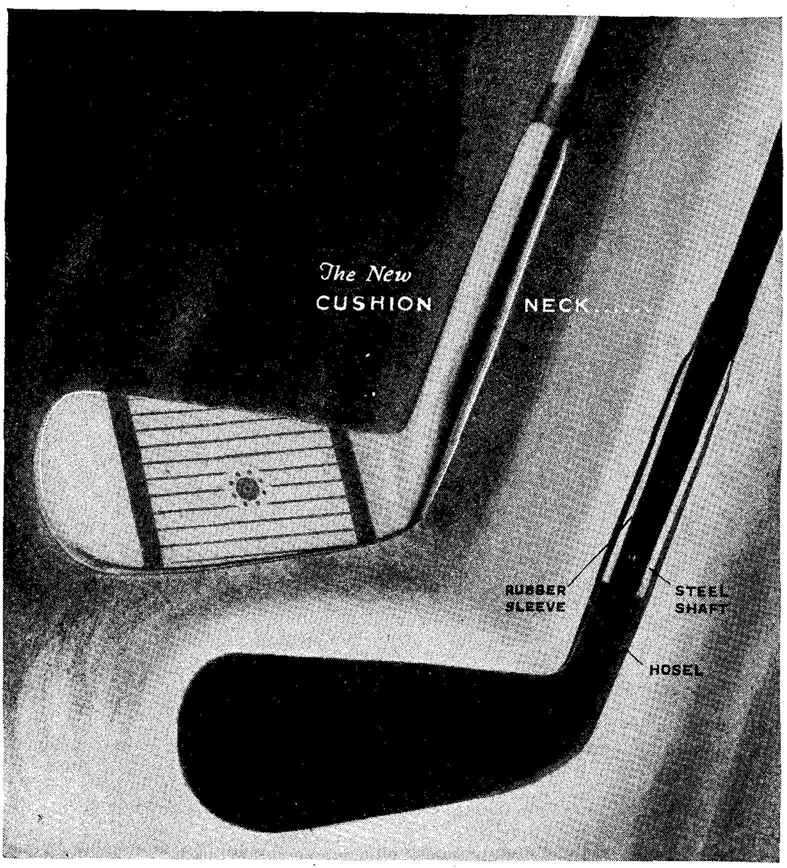
The International line includes the Special Delivery for loads up to ¾-ton; the 1-ton Six-Speed Special; 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks of 1¼, 1½ and 2-ton sizes; Heavy-Duty Trucks ranging from 2½-ton to 5-ton sizes; Motor Coaches, and McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractors. Sold and Serviced by 172 Company-owned Branches in the United States and Canada, and dealers everywhere.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 SO. MICHIGAN AVE. OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED) CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

Spalding
HAS TAMED THE STEEL SHAFT

now, IT HAS NO VIBRATION
now, IT'S A GREAT SHAFT FOR IRONS
now, IT HAS THE SWEET FEEL OF THE FINEST HICKORY



The steel shaft was the Jekyl and Hyde of golf. In wood clubs, it felt very sweet. But in irons, it felt very sour. In woods, thousands of golfers found that it gave them straighter shots. In irons, it brought them nothing but disappointment.

Spalding realized that in irons, the metal-to-metal contact of steel shaft and steel head was the root of the evil. It formed a perfect conductor that carried the shock and vibration of every shot up the shaft and into the fingers, destroying all sweetness of feel.

So Spalding worked out the exclusive new "Cushion-Neck" that insulates club head from shaft—completely eliminating all vibration—giving you the first steel-shafted irons to have the sweet feel of the finest hickory.

At no place in these remarkable new irons does the steel shaft come in contact with the steel head. For before the shaft is fitted into the hosel of the club, it is enclosed in a cushioning sleeve of lively rubber. Vibrations can no more pass through this rubber sleeve than can electric current pass through the rubber insulation on a wire.

Then the rim of the hosel is crimped around the rubber, sealing out the air forever—retaining the liveliness of the rubber for the life of the club.

The "Cushion-neck" is the latest of a long line of Spalding contributions to golf. Try it as soon as you can get your hands on it. Lay into a ball with it, and ten to one you'll get one of the greatest thrills you ever got out of a golf club.

In the world's most perfectly matched clubs

The new "Cushion-neck" construction comes in Kro-Flite Registered Irons and Kro-Flite Related Irons. These clubs are so perfectly related in pitch, lie, weight, balance and feel, that, when swung through the arc of a stroke, they all feel exactly alike. With your eyes closed it is impossible to tell which club you are swinging, from driving iron to mashie-niblick. So, instead of struggling to perfect six to nine different swings, you need perfect only one. And that one is right for every Kro-Flite iron in the set.

TWO WAYS TO BUY THEM

You can buy a set of these New Spalding Irons complete, or you can build up a perfectly matched set by buying one or two clubs at a time.

Kro-Flite Registered *Irons are sold only in sets—never separately. Spalding keeps a complete record of every club in these sets. Should a club be lost or broken, it can be replaced with an exact duplicate at any time.*

Kro-Flite Registered Irons come in sets of six or nine. The set of six, with "Cushion-neck" steel shafts, costs $60. With hickory shafts, $50. The set of nine, with "Cushion-neck" steel shafts, costs $90. With hickory shafts, $75. The six-club set can be increased to nine at any time.

Kro-Flite Related *Irons come in two swinging weights indexed by one ( ) and two ( ) crows. You can buy them in sets, or you can build up a perfectly matched set by buying one or two clubs at a time.*

Kro-Flite Related Irons with "Cushion-neck" steel shafts are $8 each. With hickory shafts, $6.50 each.

The Registered Wood Set, hickory or steel shafted, consisting of twin Driver and Brassie, is $30. Spoon to match is $15.

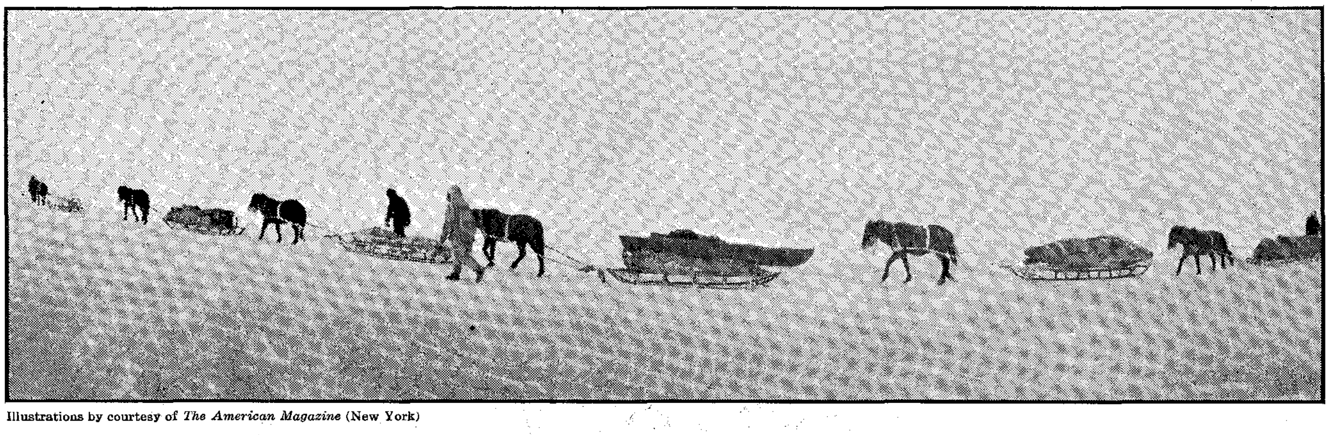
Let your Professional advise you and outfit you. Spalding Stores and Spalding Dealers can also supply you.

© 1929, A. G. S. & B.

Spalding
KRO-FLITE
GOLF CLUBS

Registered Sets—
Sold in sets only.

Related Clubs—
Sold one at a time.



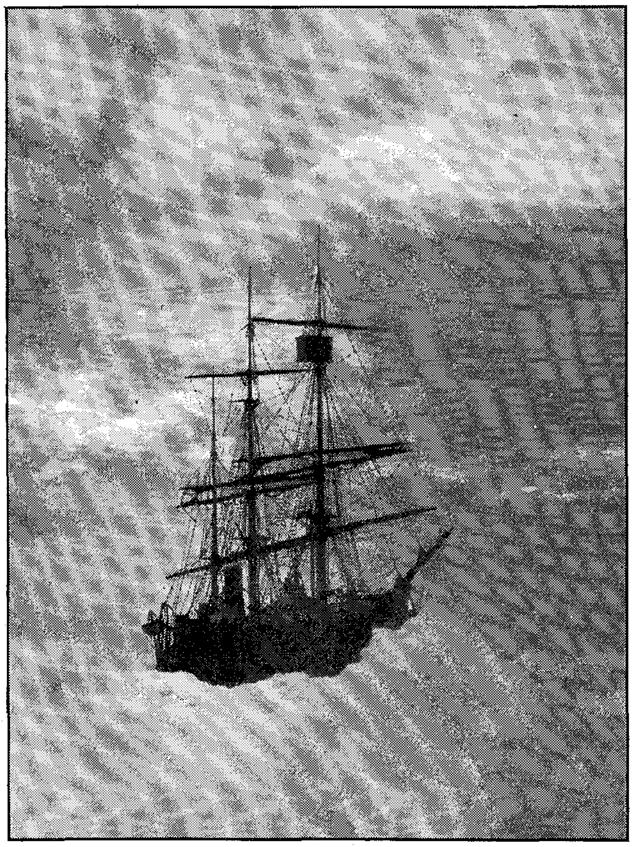
Illustrations by courtesy of *The American Magazine* (New York)

FOLLOWING A LONG, LONG TRAIL INTO THE FROZEN NORTH, WITH PONIES AS WELL AS DOGS

BATTLING ARCTIC BLIZZARDS AND ICE WITH FIALA

HE AWOKE IN A DARK PIT. His nose was touching something "hard and black and horribly cold." Behind was something equally hard and cold. He was wedged by the breast between the two walls, with his left arm bent over his chest. Arm, breast, ribs, and back were in sharp pain, but his legs hung free. He kicked backward and forward and sideways, and could not touch anything. Evidently the walls that held him did not extend below. Then the trapt leader of the stranded expedition to the North Pole began to remember. He remembered the glacier that was supposed to be safe, the patch of snow hiding the crevice into which he had fallen, at first catching the edge with hands and hanging; the companion who had come to help him, but whose weight had broken off the ice, causing both of them to be hurled into the chasm. The companion lay below him now, and called out, "What's the good of the North Pole if we have to die in this pit?" But they did not have to die so. A rope with a frayed spot that might have caused it to break was used by other members of the party in the rescue, we learn from George W. Gray in *The American Magazine*. One might think that such an experience would give Major Anthony Fiala, explorer, and outfitter of explorers, enough of the Arctic, but it did not. He would like to go back. "When the Arctic gets a man," he told his interviewer, as he described this incident of the Fiala-Ziegler expedition of 1903-1905, "it never turns him loose." And perhaps that goes for all frozen regions, and explains why Commander Byrd and Capt. Sir George Hubert Wilkins return year after year to bitterly cold parts of the earth. To-day, writes Mr. Gray:

> Explorers everywhere know Fiala as an authority on the polar regions and the tropics. He has lived and adventured in both. Big-game hunters, prospectors, surveyors, explorers, and adventurers of all kinds come to him for advice and help in outfitting their expeditions. Col. Theodore Roosevelt called on Fiala to equip his Brazilian expedition in 1913, and then took him along to make moving-pictures in the great Amazonian wilderness. He has designed rifles, is an expert on firearms and explosives, and during the World War the Army authorities put him in charge of testing machine-guns and ammunition for the A. E. F. But in all these interests and adventures, says Major Fiala, the Arctic comes first.



"AS IDLE AS A PAINTED SHIP"

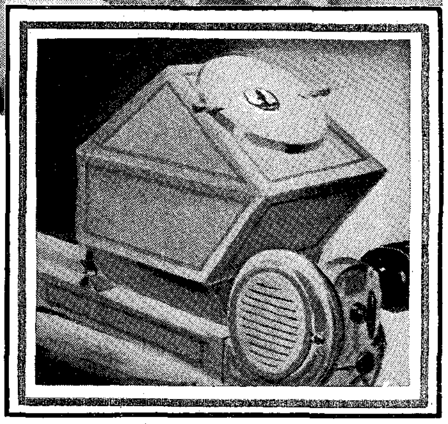
Not exactly on a painted ocean, but on a badly frozen one.

Major Fiala had accompanied a previous Ziegler Arctic expedition as photographer. His services during that arduous journey led to his selection as commander of the one, which set out in 1903. The Arctic night ended in March during that trip, and by July the ice broke up, freeing the *America*, the expedition's ship, from nine months' imprisonment. Then, writes Mr. Gray:

> The *America* began to steam south, down a lead of open water that threaded the vast, drifting ice-fields. With luck, Norway might be reached in eight days, and after that it seemed only a step across the Atlantic to New York, and home.
>
> But the Arctic has ways of saying "No." There came a shift in the wind, and the current quickened. The propeller rang like a bell as it struck the crowding ice. Up in the crow's nest, seventy feet above deck, eyes strained anxiously through the thick Arctic mist, looking for the lead ahead that was fast closing. The pack-ice snapt and crunched, like ferocious jaws, impatient for their prey.
>
> The temperature dropt; the floes drove closer together; the vessel groaned and trembled. Another squeeze wrenched the rudder and drove the ship hard over to starboard in a sharp list. There she froze in—a dark, leaning shadow in the cold gray immensity of ice and fog.
>
> "Blast a way out," ordered the commander, and men got busy with explosives. But after two days a few blackened dents were all the difference that guncotton had made in the ten-foot ice around the ship. The pack consolidated into a cake about two miles across, a floating island in which was imbedded the helpless *America*.
>
> One evening the photographer of the expedition [Fiala] followed the commander up to his cabin.
>
> "Don't you think that bight on the southeast side of this ice-cake has possibilities?" he suggested. "It notches in toward the ship for a couple of hundred feet."

(*Continued on page 48*)

The IRON



Happy is the home that has waited for Iron Fireman DE LUXE

EXACTLY the degree of warmth you like best in every corner of your home—you can enjoy it every day now, without the bother of constant furnace tending!

The Iron Fireman *De Luxe* brings this luxurious comfort of *automatic heat* to your home. It uses the fuel you like best—safe, dependable coal.

But wait! There is another, greater thrill ahead! You will make the happy discovery that the Iron Fireman not only brings you automatic heat with convenience, but with *economy* as well.

The Iron Fireman works tirelessly . . . gives you new home comfort. Before you awaken in the morning, a thermostat wakes up the furnace and starts the heat. All day long the rooms are kept at *just the temperature you like best.*

Save Trips to Basement

The Iron Fireman requires only a minimum of attention. Your furnace room is no longer dirty, for the Iron Fireman, in addition to being a faithful mechanical servant, is a clean one as well.

The Iron Fireman is absolutely safe... extremely easy to operate. You merely fill the hopper with coal occasionally. That's all! No more early morning fire kindling...no more hourly attention on cold days. Iron Fireman does all the hard work for you.

Burns Cheaper Coal

Your fuel bill is reduced because Iron Fireman's principle of "*Forced Underfiring*" burns coal the scientific way—from below. It burns the smaller, less expensive sizes of coal. Burns it all! No heat-giving gases are wasted as smoke. Iron Fireman has proved this by reducing fuel bills for hotels, apartments, office buildings, schools, factories and industries of every kind.

Here is a combination of advantages which makes the Iron Fireman known as "*one of the outstanding mechanical developments of the age.*" Here is a perfected mechanical device that makes coal a safe, automatic fuel . . . reduces labor . . . produces evenly regulated heat . . . increases home comfort...and actually cuts fuel costs.

Small wonder that thousands of Iron Fireman automatic coal burners are in use throughout America!

The Iron Fireman *De Luxe* is a home model of the same Iron Fireman which for years has been creating substantial savings for industry. It is designed and finished in the smart modern manner...a home automatic heating unit produced by Iron Fireman engineers after long, exacting factory and home tests.

The Iron Fireman can be quickly installed in either new or old furnaces, with practically no interruption in heating service. Your local Iron Fireman organization will be glad to give you further details. Send for illustrated booklet in color, "*Luxurious, Automatic Coal Heating.*" Use coupon on opposite page.

MAKES COAL AN

FIREMAN

◂ AUTOMATIC COAL BURNER ▸

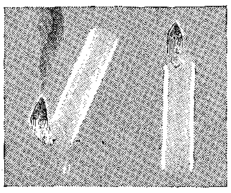
. . . One of the outstanding mechanical developments of the age

WHY have thousands of far-seeing business men installed the Iron Fireman?

Chiefly for this reason—*it salvages a handsome profit out of overhead that formerly was wasted!* It cuts power and heating costs.

So notable is its record of substantial fuel savings that Iron Fireman is called "*one of the outstanding mechanical developments of the age.*"

It has merited this tribute by saving literally millions of dollars for its users! Here is what owners say... "We were using four boilers, hand-fired. Now using two 125 h. p. boilers with your stokers, and saving 25% in tonnage and the labor of one man."—*from a Boston bank.* "We have saved in coal and labor approximately $2500."—*from a Pittsburgh manufacturer.* "From September 15, 1927, to February 29, 1928, we have made an actual saving of $4496.30 over oil. This amount is 49% of our total oil bill last year."—*from an apartment house owner in Detroit.* "We have made a saving of $675 or almost 50% in our fuel bill."—*from a school board in South Dakota.* "A net saving of $22.80 a week, or 33%."—*from a laundry in St. Paul.* "We are saving 40% of our heating cost, about 25% in tonnage and 15% in fuel cost."—*from a manufacturer in Montreal.*


WASTEFUL SCIENTIFIC

Fuel fed from above results in smoky flame and poor combustion. Fuel fed from below gives a bright, clear flame—*no waste.*

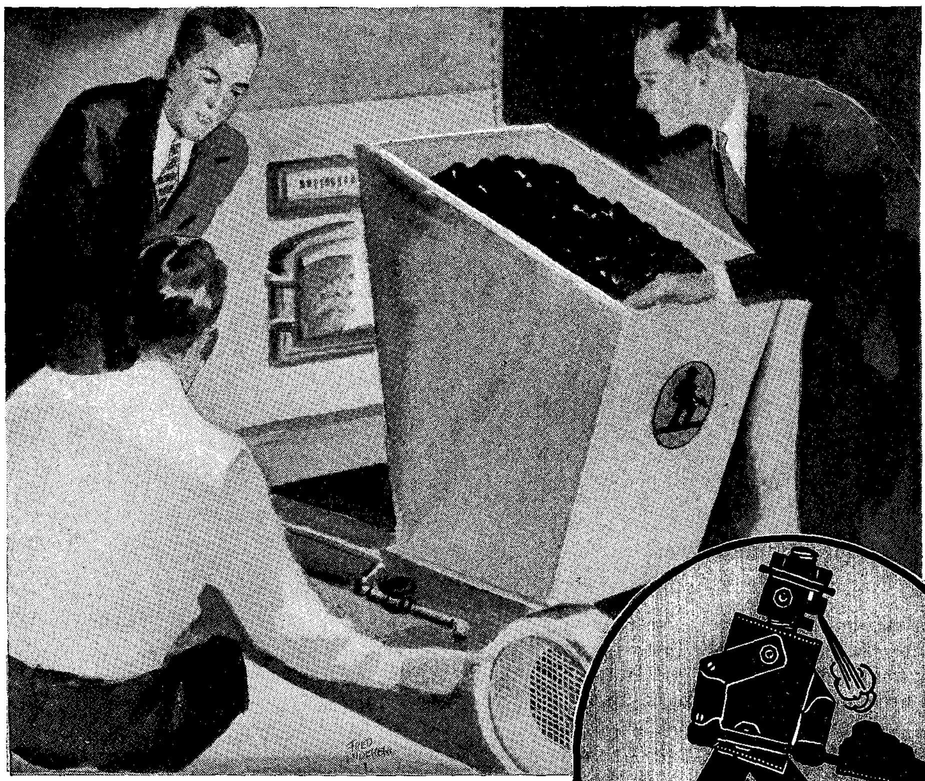
IRON FIREMAN has startled industry with its accomplishments!

It actually
- *—saves labor costs*
- *—burns lower priced coal*
- *—gives steady, even pressure and heat*
- *—operates automatically*
- *—eliminates smoke*
- *—saves 25% to 50% of its cost each year*
- *—increases plant efficiency*

So Iron Fireman popularity has swept America. Thousands are in use.

If you have a boiler from 5 to 200 boiler horsepower, investigate Iron Fireman now.

A nation-wide engineering and sales organization makes Iron Fireman service available everywhere. Ask your nearest Iron Fireman dealer to check your plant and present to you a report and recommendation. If it looks good, buy an Iron Fireman. If not, there is no obligation. Catalog and descriptive literature mailed on request. Iron Fireman Manufacturing Co., Portland · Cleveland · St. Louis.



"*Forced Underfiring,*" Iron Fireman's scientific principle of operation, obtains complete combustion from cheaper, smaller-size coals. It produces a firebox temperature 500 to 1000 degrees hotter than can be obtained with hand-firing.

IRON FIREMAN MFG. CO.,
Portland, Oregon
☐ Send catalog about Iron Fireman automatic "*Forced Underfiring*" for the type of installation checked below:
Industrial_________h. p. Type of building_________.
☐ Send booklet, "*Luxurious Automatic Coal Heating,*" which tells about Iron Fireman *De Luxe* for homes.
Our furnace is:
Residential: Hot Water_________,
Warm Air_____, Vapor System_____,
Other_________.
*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
L.D. 6-15

THE IRON FIREMAN
TRADE MARK
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF
© 1929
I.F.M. CO.

AUTOMATIC FUEL

(*Continued from page 45*)

"But we're a mile in from that," retorted the commander.

"Yes, but it's a chance, Commander. Let me take a few mines of guncotton down there and see if we can't blast a crack by working from the edge in toward the ship."

For answer the commander picked up the key to the powder magazine and threw it to the young man.

An hour later a deep boom told that the experiment was under way. And in three days a narrow channel half a mile long had been blasted into the ice-cake; another day or two ought to free the ship. Men were busily engaged in this campaign when suddenly the fog that had shrouded everything for days lifted.

"Look!" cried the ship's doctor in a voice of horror.

The whole southern sea, dazzling in the sunlight, was one invincible front of icebergs, pinnacles, huge shapes like turrets and castles, all compacted into a massive floe that stretched into the horizon as far as the eye could reach. While the men watched, they saw the water that separated their ice island from this oncoming continent grow narrower.

The crash came in half an hour. One of the men who was on the ship said it sounded—and felt—as if a mountain had collapsed. The *America* lurched violently, rocked starboard to port and back, again and again, then floated on even keel. From the deck sounded broken hysterical shouts, "We're saved! Saved!"

The blow had split the ice in two, and the split followed precisely the line of the ship's keel. Through the widening lane between the two halves, the *America* escaped to open water. And during the next two weeks, by dodging icebergs, skirting huge floes, and pushing through the maze of leads, she navigated three hundred miles of pack-ice, and by degrees worked back to green ocean, and land, and home.

This was the return, in August, 1902, of the expedition sent out by Mr. Ziegler, the American millionaire. When he prepared for sending out another exploring party to the North Pole he spent four months picking a leader, we read. Some of the biggest names in Arctic exploration were considered. Members of the preceding expedition were called in, Fiala among them. He suggested one well-known name. "But my choice is you," said the sponsor. So the Fiala-Ziegler party made its plans and set out, as the writer tells us:

The expedition sailed in June, 1903—thirty-nine men, two hundred and eight dogs, and thirty Siberian ponies. Their last port of call was a tiny fishing village near the upper tip of Norway. There they stowed the last ton of coal that could be crammed aboard, and on July 10 Fiala turned his ship's prow toward the midnight sun. With all sails spread, riding gaily on a spanking breeze, the *America* disappeared over the rim of the earth.

She was last seen by a Norwegian fishing-schooner steaming along the frozen front of Barents Sea. She had been riding thus for a week, burning precious coal, trying to find an opening. It was the fisherman's opinion that she would not get through—no vessel, he said, could possibly live in those murderous floes.

When July of 1904 came, Mr. Ziegler sent a relief ship on a search north. This vessel patrolled Barents Sea for two months, but was unable to break through the ice, and returned in the fall without news of the explorers.

A second year passed; still no word. Newspapers began to talk of another Arctic disaster. A larger ship was chartered, and in late July, 1905, she succeeded in smashing through to desolate Franz Josef Land.

There the rescuers found Fiala and thirty-seven companions encamped on two frozen islands. One man had died the second summer, a victim of that strange Arctic anemia that fells even the huskiest when the cold and gloom of the six-months' night eat into his blood and the gray desolation of ice and mists gets on his nerves.

And what a story they brought back!—of shipwreck, forced marches through the Arctic darkness, encounters with blizzards and polar hurricanes, sledges splintered by monster pressure ridges, a retreat in the fog as the sea ice was breaking up under their very tents.

"Our plan," explained Major Fiala, "was to establish a base on Rudolf Island, the topmost land of the Franz Josef archipelago, and to start from there in the early spring on a dash for the Pole.

"We reached Rudolf Island after battling for forty-nine days through five hundred miles of ice. Such of it as was not covered by ice was black basaltic rock. There was not a tree, not a shrub, not the least suggestion of a growing thing on it—nothing but the ruins of a camp that had been built there five years before by the Duke of the Abruzzi and his band of explorers.

"We pitched camp on a rocky ridge that rose thirty-five feet above the level of Teplitz Bay. With lumber brought from Norway we built a hut with bunks for fifteen men, a shelter for the animals, and three observing stations for our scientific instruments. These buildings were completed during September. Then we settled down for the winter.

"A thick ice foot projected all along our shore into the bay, and we moored the ship to this natural wharf, about a mile from the hut. By mid-October the sun disappeared for the winter. The darkness brought storms; the winds increased daily; and a week after night set in came our first blizzard—a snow-storm riding on a hurricane that registered seventy-two miles an hour on our wind gage.

"The sharp Arctic snow burnt like sparks of fire when it hit the face. I had to lean against the wind to keep my balance. All of us rushed to shelter, the ship's officers and crew to the ship, members of the field department and I to our quarters in the hut.

"At 9 P.M. our little hut shook to the very iron that anchored it to the rock. Suddenly the light went out. It was an arc light, connected by wire with the ship and fed by the ship's dynamo. Our first thought in the darkness was that the hut was being carried away. But in a few moments, finding ourselves still right side down, we wondered what had happened to the ship.

"The wind was screaming now, and high above the screams were deep booms like artillery fire. One look into that shrieking biting, blinding fury was enough. We could only wait until the storm quieted."

"We waited twenty hours," Major Fiala continued. "Then at the first lull, two of us ran down to the bay. No ship! The place where she had been moored was now a wild, choppy sea." The party was aghast, as the narrative shows:

"We ran up and down flashing our lanterns, but not a gleam answered out of the thick darkness. Then the storm swooped down again and drove us home.

"From the hut we continued to flash signal lights. But the rising storm obliterated all seeing, and the howling blizzard raged without let-up for three more days.

"By the fourth day the storm spent itself, and in the twilight of noon the *America* came riding home from the ocean. She was covered with ice from water-line to topmast, had lost an anchor and seventy fathoms of chain, but otherwise seemed no worse for her four days' battle. The men, tho, were haggard. Scarcely one had had an hour's sleep.

"On the first night, when the ship broke loose, the mooring lines caught in the propeller blades. And while the ship was dancing to the frenzied tune of the hurricane, men went down into the propeller well to cut loose the tangled, frozen mass.

"The temperature was below zero, the sea repeatedly drenched them, they had to be lowered on a line and relieved at frequent intervals, but they freed the propeller. This was one of many harrowing tales of that wild drift in the darkness.

"I felt that I ought to be with the ship in any future trouble," said Fiala, "so I now transferred from the hut back to my old cabin on the *America*.

"The frozen but restless ocean soon began to push and crowd. There were days when the ship creaked and trembled for hours under the pressure of the ice. We were anxious. We slept by fits and starts. One night I was awakened by a weight on my breast, and jumped up as the ship gave a violent lurch. When I snapt on the light it was to see the Captain's dog Moses, with his forepaws up on my bed, his great black eyes beseeching me to arise.

"I hurried on deck. The whole field of ice to seaward was tumbling, heaving, billowing. And this ice was five to ten feet thick. In the ghostly light I could see it move, furrowing in enormous folds which cracked like gunfire as they broke and tossed up great blocks.

"There sounded from below a terrible shriek of breaking timbers. 'He's got his teeth in us at last,' growled Captain Coffin.

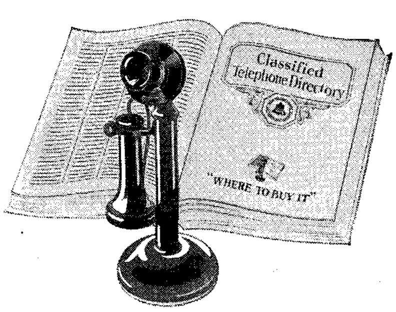
"'Call all hands,' I ordered, and the engineer touched the electric switch which signaled the hut. The second officer fired three rockets in rapid succession.

"In the rockets' glare," said Fiala, "we saw more plainly what was preparing for us. A great pressure ridge, where the unbending crust broke and burst into splinters and blocks of ice, was still rising just off our bow. Another was upheaving a hundred feet astern, with fearful crunching, cracking, and sharp reports like cannonading. And all the time, from starboard, the folds of ice were pushing on toward the ship like the undulations of a slow earthquake, thrusting ahead of them the broken blocks.

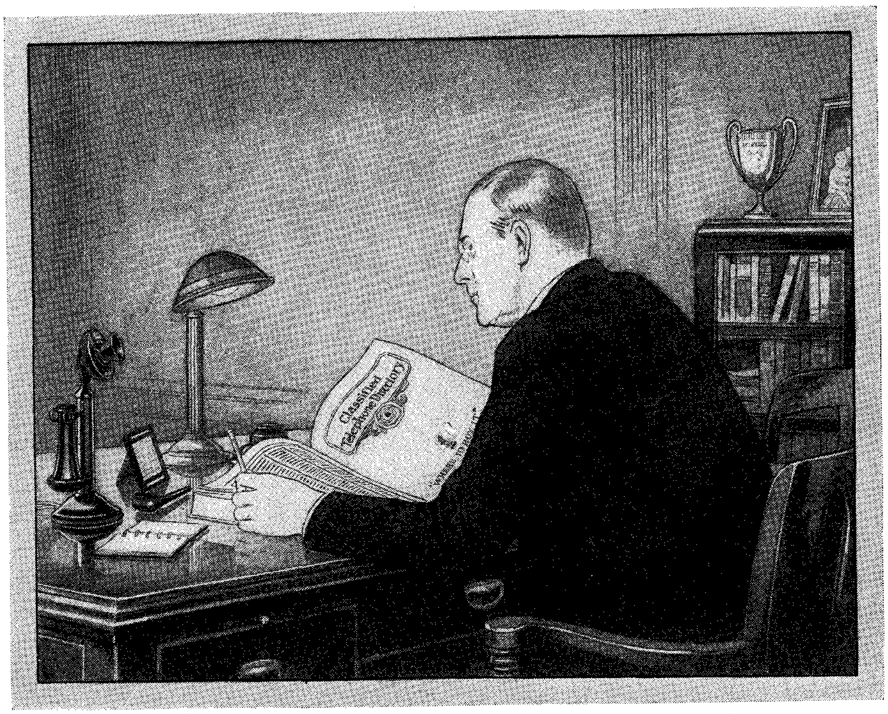
"We were busy unloading when there was a frightful splintering of wood on the starboard, and we turned to see one of these ice boulders crowding onto the ship. The heavy oak rail was no better than matchwood in the path of that slow-pushing ram. Deck beams upheaved like the ribs of an umbrella, the masts leaned, the frozen rigging sagged.

"There followed a period of utter silence. All that I could hear was the labored throb of the pumps. It sounded like the

Now you can easily find where advertised goods are sold



Articles . . . trade marks . . . dealers . . . are listed in Bell System Classified Telephone Directories for your convenient reference



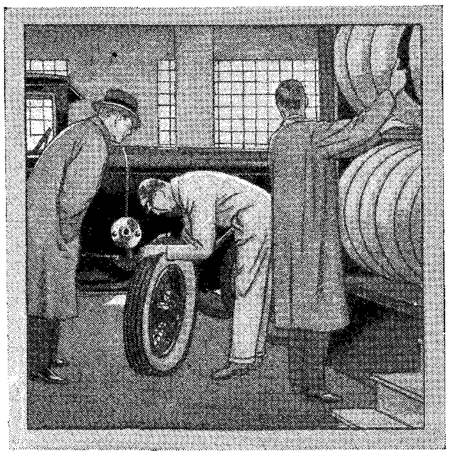
The quick, new way of finding where the articles you want to buy are sold: Look in your classified telephone directory.

Busy men nowadays have little time or inclination to hunt around for the articles and services they need. They want to know *where* they are available—so they can telephone, or go there, without waste of time and effort.

A new feature has been added to Bell System classified telephone directories to help you locate stores and service stations handling the exact things you want.

It may be that you would like to buy a certain make of tire you have seen advertised . . . a battery or a typewriter . . . or you may need service for your automobile, your vacuum cleaner, or furnace.

Just look in the classified telephone directory for the name of the thing you want. Many advertised articles and services now appear there, listed alphabetically. With each is its readily recognized trade mark, to aid you in identifying quickly and easily the things you want to buy. Beneath the trade mark is a "Where to Buy It" list of dealers in your locality, their addresses and telephone numbers.



For your constant and convenient reference, dealers are listed under the name and trade mark of the product they sell.

The "Where to Buy It" feature is growing rapidly. Being new, it is still somewhat incomplete, but manufacturers and business men are welcoming it as an effective way to let you know where their products and services are sold. Additional articles are being entered as new editions of the telephone books are issued.

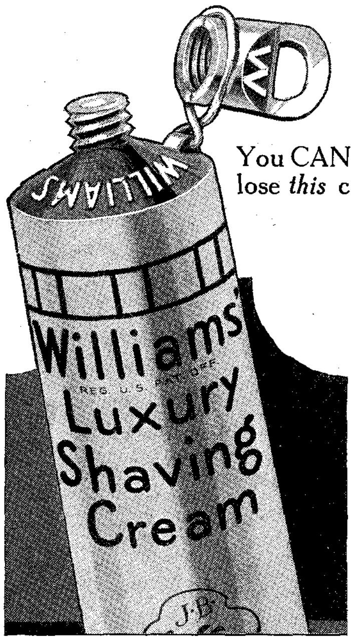
Your telephone directory still groups the listings (attorneys, locksmiths, electricians, clergymen, coal dealers, etc.) which have proved so valuable in the past. With the new "Where to Buy It" feature added, it becomes an even better guide to whatever is sold in your community.

In all your buying, your classified telephone directory will save you time and effort. Those in your home will find it helpful, too, in many ways. It is always handy and easy to use. Consult it freely.

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

THE NEW SERVICE IN YOUR
CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

"Just notice the fine skins of the men who use *WILLIAMS*"



You CAN'T lose *this* cap

The Cream that *leaves* FACES FIT!

. . . . . *and it's the way it leaves your face that makes you like it!*

Select your shaving cream with two thoughts in mind.

. . . . . how it works.

. . . . . how it leaves your skin.

The Williams lather is quick, thick, of grateful coolness. Mild as cream.

Saturated with moisture, too. Ten per cent more of it, by authentic test, than in any other we know of.

So it softens beards. So it lubricates the skin. So it helps to keep blades sharp. So it helps to keep tempers sweet.

A Williams shave is close and speedy. An all day shave.

And when the shave is done, the Face in the Mirror is a Face that's Fit!

❦ ❦ ❦

"Oh, yes," the drug clerk says, "sometimes they change . . . . *but they all come back to Williams!*"

Next time say

"Williams Shaving Cream *please!*"

Complete the shave with a dash of AQUA VELVA. Made *just* for that!

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY,
GLASTONBURY, CONN.,—MONTREAL, CANADA

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

pulse of some dying creature. And I felt that it was time to go. The electric light had faded to a dull red; the pump gave one feeble beat, and died as the steam failed. As I passed down the companionway I saw Hartt draping an American flag over the engine. It had been his pet for two voyages North, and he was much affected.

"Scarcely had we landed when there came another squeeze. This time the ice thrust under the ship, lifted her bow, and with the vessel in that posture, the water-hole quickly froze."

For two months the wreck stuck there, a gaunt reminder which the huge snow-drifts could never cover up. The men revisited it many times, and dismantled it of cooking-stove, doors, bunks, and other parts that could be used in enlarging the overcrowded hut. Then, in January, another hurricane swooped down on Rudolf Island, raging for three days, and when it was over the *America* had disappeared.

"We were then in the depth of winter," recalled Fiala. "The thermometer dropt to 52 degrees below zero, but with plenty of food and fuel we were snug in our little hut, and busy with preparations for our polar trip in the spring.

"The sun reappeared at noon on March 3, and that was our signal. Next day we dragged out the loaded sledges, lasht on the top loads, and tried the dogs. High winds delayed us until March 7. That morning we started over the glacier, headed for the north shore of the island, from where we proposed to sledge northward over the ocean to the Pole. We were twenty-six men, with sixteen ponies and twelve dog-teams."

But the Arctic had said "No," and the frustrated men turned southward and back to camp after suffering agonies and injury and stark disappointment.

"But I just couldn't give up," said Fiala. "I vowed to make at least one more attempt, and called for volunteers. Thirteen men volunteered to stay with me. Twenty-five voted to go home, and I felt it my responsibility as leader to see that they got safely to the ship."

Cape Flora is almost the southern tip of Franz Josef Land. To get there from Rudolf Island required a journey of one hundred and sixty miles over melting ice. Fiala and his party made it successfully in sixteen days' sledging.

Fiala stayed at Cape Flora until late September, when it was plain that no ship could get through that year. Then the men who wanted to go home could only wait, and they settled down to spend the winter at Cape Flora. They were established in two huts, with stores of food and fuel. Fiala appointed a leader to each hut and assigned ammunition for the winter's hunting. Then he and six of his volunteers loaded their sledges for the journey back north to Rudolf Island, to rejoin the other volunteers who were already preparing for the final dash north in the spring.

The remainder of the winter was spent in preparation for the spring dash north. It was begun on March 16, as the Major told Mr. Gray, saying:

"Our trail north that trip led over mountainous pressure ridges that splintered and thundered as we attempted to surmount them," related Fiala. "Then we would come to a lead of open water, and it was either wait for the ice to drift together, or ferry across on an ice-cake, or build an ice-bridge. Any process was laborious and time-consuming, and often brought heartbreaking disappointment. As we advanced, the ice seemed to grow worse, more confused and broken. I stopt the sledges, and all hands went forward with ice-picks and axes. It took three hours to cut a trail a hundred feet. But again and again we had to do this.

"I climbed a giant pressure ridge. I could see the ocean northward for miles—an unending wilderness of sharp ridges, overturned blocks, and rippling water lanes steaming with vapor. The thermometer was rising rapidly, it reached 34 degrees that day and, in consequence, the ice was melting and breaking up.

"We camped that evening for supper and rest on the only flat block in sight. It broke in two within a few feet of our camp an hour later, and while we were sleeping, a crack appeared, with a loud report, right under one of the tents."

Next morning the little band turned southward. The ice had won. The Arctic again had said "No."

The explorers sledged back to Rudolf Island, broke camp there, and sledged on to the south of the archipelago. They had reached Cape Dillon when the relief ship, which had already rescued the men at Cape Flora, picked them up on July 30.

Fiala's chance to see the Tropics came in 1913 when Col. Theodore Roosevelt invited him to go to Brazil with him.

"How did you like it?" I asked.

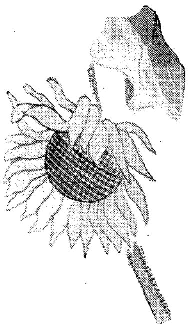
"I wouldn't swap the Arctic for the Tropics," he answered. "There is something straightforward about nature in the North that I missed in the Tropics."

DA VINCI, FATHER OF THE WHEEL-BARROW

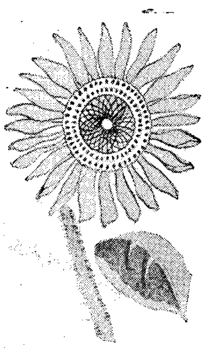
"DA VINCI did it first" is a maxim that every ambitious inventor might paste in his hat. The man who painted "Mona Lisa," "The Last Supper," and "La Belle Ferronière," over which a legal battle has recently been waged, was also the inventor of such useful, everyday things as the wheelbarrow, the rotating smokestack that turns with the wind, and the flexible roller chain used on bicycle sprockets, according to Edwin W. Teale, who writes in *Popular Science Monthly*. He is even credited by Mr. Teale with the plus and minus signs used in arithmetic. The plans of Da Vinci, who lived in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, for an airplane are well known. Of the other devices he conceived, Mr. Teale tells us:

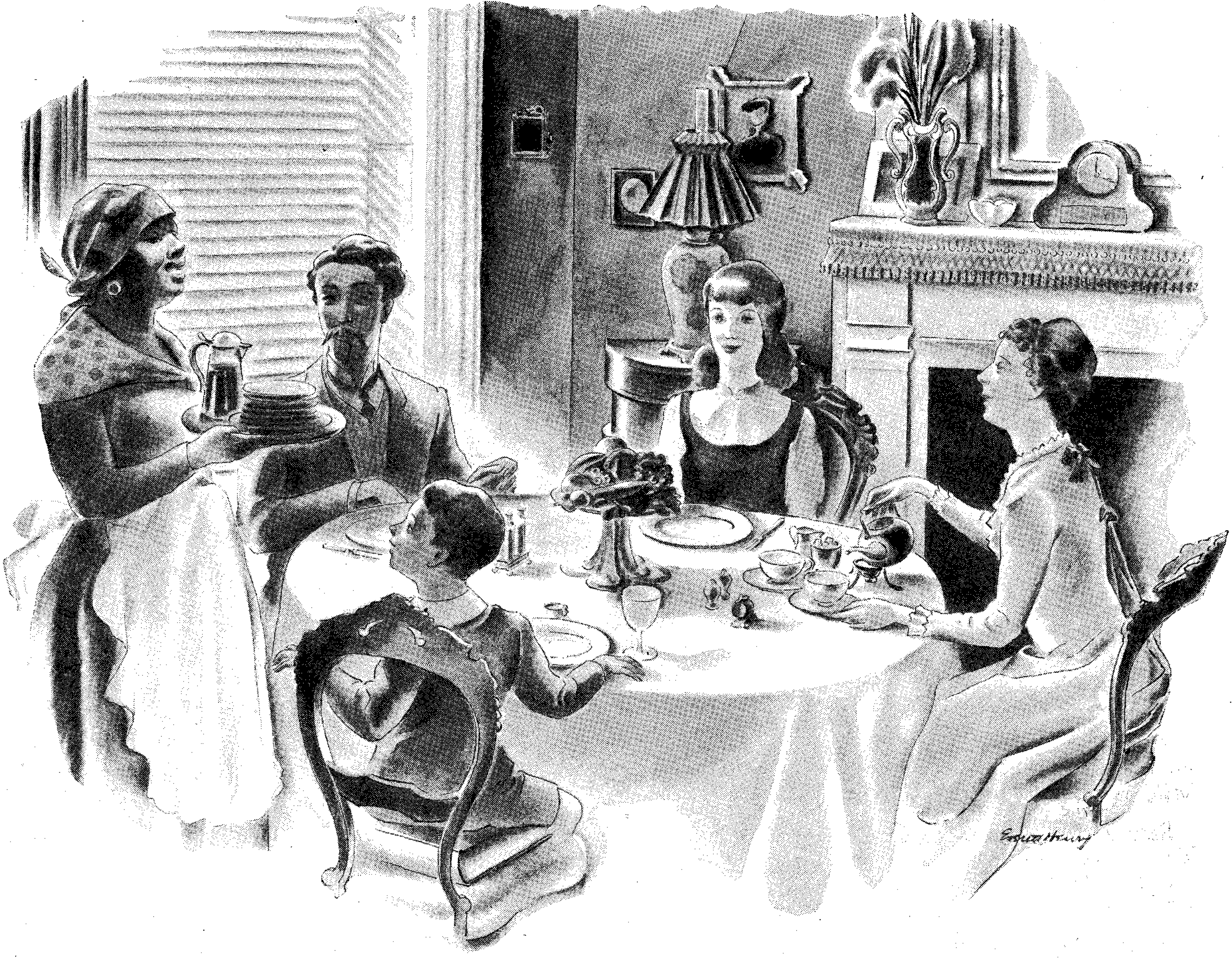
Leonardo was invited to the court of Milan to play the harp and sing his own compositions. While there, as a further tribute to his versatility, Cæsar Borgia made him military engineer, in charge of canals and waterways. In this capacity, he formulated some of the earliest laws relating to hydraulics. He planned a canal from Pisa to Florence, diverting the waters of the Arno. Two hundred years after his death it was constructed exactly as he had projected it.

To speed the work of canal construction, he designed a unique "ox-shovel." At one end of a rope over a pulley on the framework of the machine was attached a huge



SOUTHERN COOKING





Batter cakes drenched in syrup. Hot corn bread. Fried chicken! (always cooked in crisp jackets of flour.) Creole rice and succotash. . . . How long ago was it that you used to bring back hungry memories from any trip below the Maryland line!

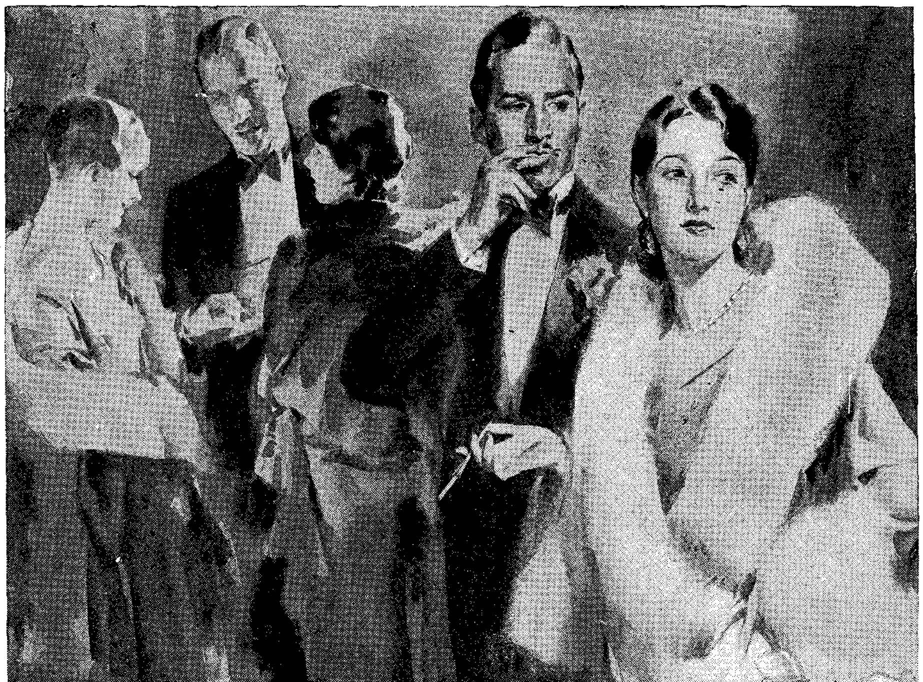
But the South was generous and has shared with the whole country the secrets of her art. Cherished recipes have been published far and wide. Food advertising, literally, has swept away the old geographical boundaries of diet. Preferences have been exchanged, menus have broadened, appetites have become national, until through the power of the printed page there has been developed a nation-wide food market with an amazing variety of products.

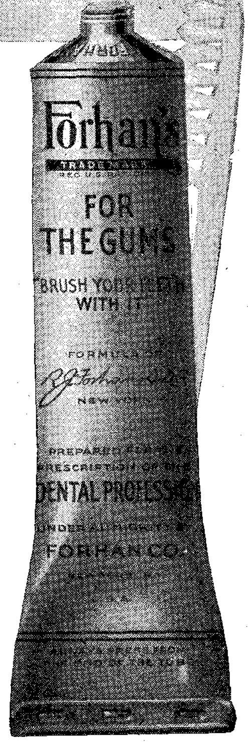
Every morning, before dawn, trainloads of produce roll into the city markets. Vegetables and fruits. Poultry and meats. Cereals and sea food. Staples and specialty products from every corner of the land.

For the American housewife has been educated to food by advertising. Thousands of thriving industries cater to her standards of living. Millions of manufacturing capital are dedicated to her whims. She supports research departments, test kitchens, dieticians. She elects to feed her family well, season in and out; and she knows how—thanks to food advertising and food publicity. She clips recipes from the newspapers and magazines. She mails coupons for informative booklets. She is alert for new dishes, new ideas, new fashions in the preparation and serving of food.

That is why the business of serving her is one of the most interesting in the world and the art of appealing to her in print is a stimulating occupation. Add to this a truth upon which many great businesses have been founded: There is no other market that rewards the progressive manufacturer and skilful advertiser with the same generosity as the American table.

N. W. Ayer & Son, Incorporated, Washington Square, Philadelphia. New York, Boston, Chicago and San Francisco.





Are White Teeth Impostors?

4 out of 5 say, "yes!"

Though too few of us realize it, teeth of gleaming whiteness do not signify immunity from diseases that take high toll in health from 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

NO favorites are played. Pyorrhea and other gum diseases treat everybody alike. They ignore teeth and attack gums. And unless forestalled they ravage beauty and youth. They hurry the destruction of health and teeth. If contracted, only dental treatment of long duration can stem their advance.

But modern dentistry brings you protection. If you will let him, your dentist can preserve the health of teeth and gums. See him at least once every six months. And between visits brush teeth and gums vigorously, every morning and every night. Of course, to obtain the best result, you should use a dentifrice that is good for both teeth and gums.

Forhan's is such a dentifrice. After using it for a few weeks you will note a distinct improvement in the appearance of teeth and gums. For it cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay. In addition, it helps to firm gums and keep them sound. As you know, such diseases as Pyorrhea seldom attack healthy gums.

If you agree that prevention is better than cure, add the daily use of Forhan's and a semi-annual visit to your dentist to the routine of life. It is economy. Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist, today. Two sizes, 35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York City.

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

New... Forhan's Antiseptic Refreshant

It's the Perfect Mouthwash. ***It sweetens breath and taste and refreshes mouth. It is good for sore throat. It is a safe, pleasant antiseptic mouthwash, that has no telltale odor. Try it.***

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

basket; on the other end a platform. The basket was lowered into the excavation, the platform rising to the level of the canal bank. When the basket was full of earth, an ox was led on the platform. As it sunk under his weight, the basket rose and was swung out and dumped on the canal bank, much as a modern steam-shovel operates. The ox walked up an incline to repeat the process.

As military engineer, Leonardo's original mind planned a huge armored car similar to the modern tank, and suggested placing vanes at the rear of projectiles as is done with aircraft bombs of the present. His design for a steam cannon, in which the ball was to be ejected by a piston operating in a cylinder, was the direct forerunner of James Watt's steam-engine.

Mechanics he called the "paradise of sciences." Tired from his painting, he continually found relaxation in his tools and in devising new machines. One of his most ingenious inventions was a spit for roasting meat before a fire. A fan mechanism that turned the spit was moved by the hot air rushing up the chimney. Thus the spit automatically turned rapidly when the fire was hot and the meat in danger of burning, and more slowly when the heat died down.

No human being could carry out all the designs of Leonardo's untiring brain. He planned much that he never had opportunity to try. But time has revealed that invariably his ideas were steps in the right direction.

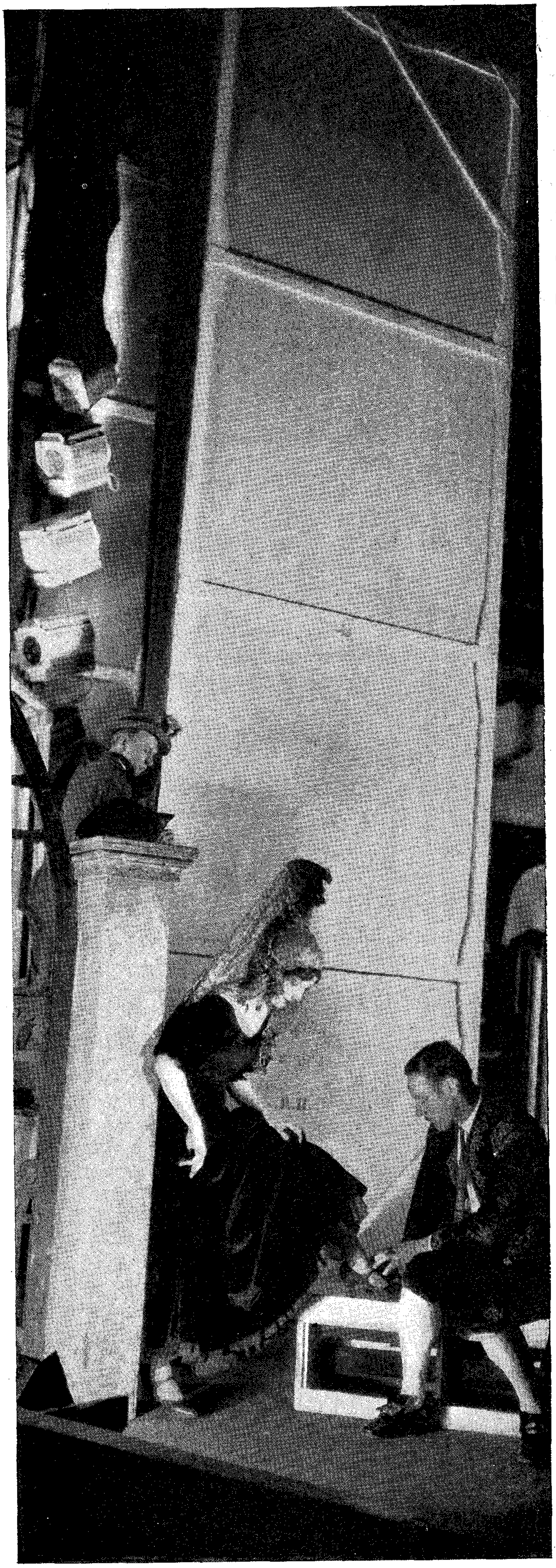
One of his drawings shows a proposed automobile which was to be run by a spring motor. Another reveals a diving-suit in which air was to be supplied to the occupant by a tube, as in modern suits. He designed a life-belt, which could be inflated in an instant in case of shipwreck. Wire rope was suggested by him, and he thought of using jewels for bearings. His "camera-obscura" mechanism forms the basis of all cameras.

Early in the sixteenth century he drew a map of the globe, said to be the first to include America, and also showing an Antarctic Continent. It was this type of map that was used by Magellan and other early navigators. Even before Columbus sailed from Spain, Leonardo not only maintained that the earth was round but calculated its diameter to be more than 7,000 miles. The actual diameter, as now accepted, is roughly 7,900 miles!

Leonardo had more exact knowledge about the human body than any other man of his day, we are told, and this is how he acquired it:

In preparation for his paintings, he dissected bodies and plumbed the secrets of the human organs until he was able to write clear dissertations on the theory of nutrition, on nerve cells, on blood-vessels, and on hardening of the arteries. Before Harvey, he understood about the circulation of the blood, altho he did not know how it was accomplished.

Before Copernicus, Leonardo wrote: "The sun does not move!" and proclaimed that the earth rotates about it. A century before Galileo, he proposed a telescope, making a note on his manuscript: "Construct glasses to see the moon magnified."



Bravo, Toreador!

"Carmen" at the Metropolitan Opera House. Back-stage between acts, Escamilio, dauntless bull-fighter, arranges a golf game for the next morning, then retires to one of the sound-proof rooms where the great singers keep their voices limber for the act to come. Each room contains a piano. Each piano is a Knabe.

When you hear its magnificent tone, you will understand why the Knabe is the choice not only of the Metropolitan Opera Company, but of countless musicians, society folk, clubs, hotels, and typical American homes. You will realize how incomparably satisfying is the majestic grandeur of piano music, its sensuous sweetness, its appeal to our finest instincts, its mystic ability to "tell us old forgotten secrets about ourselves." A luxurious Knabe will provide relaxation for the whole family, give your children that added grace and poise that good music helps impart, add a beautiful piece of furniture to the living room.

See the new models at your local dealer or write for catalogue to Wm. Knabe & Co., Baltimore, Md. $875 and up, plus transportation.

KNABE

Official Piano of the Metropolitan Opera Company

With the Ampico, the Knabe allows you to hear the world's great pianists interpret the lyric loveliness of "Carmen," the fire and dash of Liszt, the fascinating gaiety of Mozart, the moving laments of Beethoven. Your favorite music played upon your own piano by hundreds of the most talented pianists that have ever lived, such noted concert artists as Rachmaninoff, Schmitz, Lhévinne, Moiseiwitsch, Samaroff, Leginska, Godowsky, Arden, Lopez, Youmans, Carroll, etc. By exclusive patented devices the Ampico preserves the exact touch, the exact shading of the master pianist; it is the only instrument which can do this. Classical music, intricate sonatas, simple folk songs, difficult concertos, sparkling jazz—all these become yours to make home evenings delightful. In the Knabe, the Ampico is $2595 and up, plus transportation.

CONVENIENT TERMS MAY BE ARRANGED

SPORTS · AND · ATHLETICS

International Newsreel photograph

WAITING TO CONGRATULATE *LE CHAMPION PROFESSIONNEL DU GOLF DE FRANCE*—FROM JOPLIN, MISSOURI

The golf course at St. Cloud, and the gallery trailing Horton Smith, when he completed the seventy-two holes that made him French open champion.

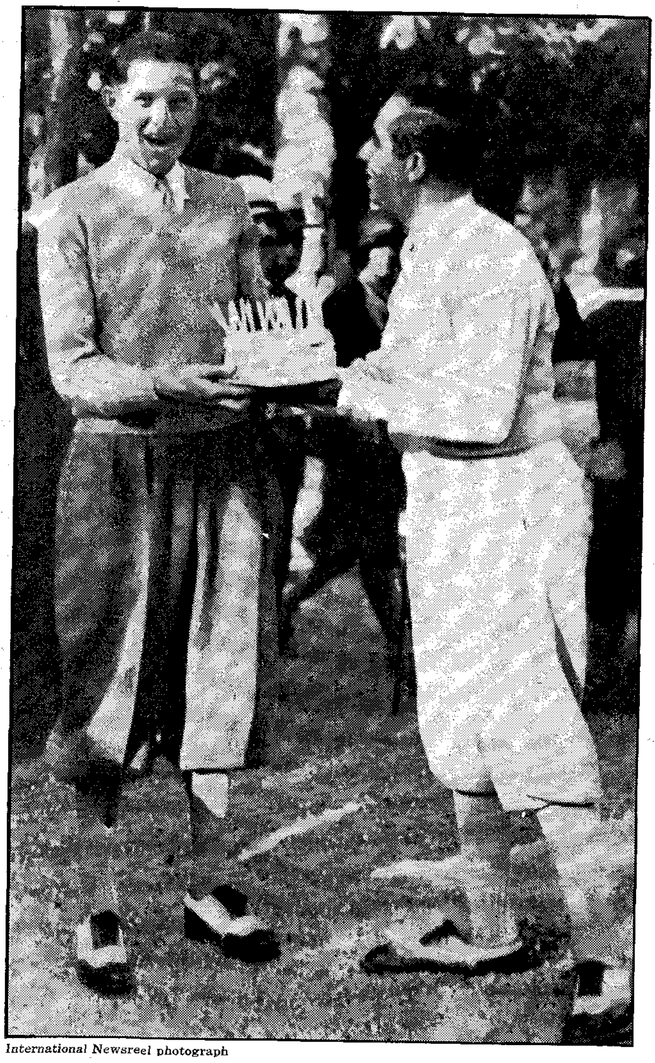
HOW SMITH OF MISSOURI SHOWED THE FRENCH

THE FAMOUS NINETEENTH HOLE had nothing to do with the end of this golf match. This time the refreshments waited on the eighteenth green of the course, the last in the seventy-two-hole competition. And the refreshments were solid, instead of liquid. At this eighteenth green, as the tall, rangy young American played onto it, waited a birthday cake, gay with twenty-one candles. The young golfer was surprized and delighted as his friends gathered around him with shouts of "Congratulations!" and "Many happy returns of the day!" and one of their number presented the confection to him with appropriate remarks. For Horton Smith of Joplin, Missouri, the young golfer who has stept into the limelight during the past winter, had on the same day attained his majority and won the French open golf championship. This latter feat brought him the resounding title of *le champion professionnel du golf de France.* "What a title for a great big boy from Missouri to win on his twenty-first birthday!" exclaims Walter Hagen, who has just won again the British open title, as he describes the incident in a copyrighted North American Newspaper Alliance article quoted here from the New York *Evening World.* Says "Sir Walter," further describing the event:

"It doesn't seem possible, but that is what Horton Smith did with this remarkable score: 66—66—70—71, totaling 273.

"What finesse the French have! When Horton came to the last green there awaited him a birthday cake with twenty-one candles. A committee from the French Golf Association asked me to present the cake to Horton, and what a lot of fun I had doing so!

"Before Horton started the final round, Miss Glenna Collett, our woman champion, gave Horton a new cravat. He wore it for good luck in the final round."



International Newsreel photograph

MANY HAPPY RETURNS AT THE EIGHTEENTH HOLE

It was on his twenty-first birthday that Smith won the French title, and when he came onto the final green a becandled cake was waiting for him. Walter Hagen presented it, to the obvious joy of all concerned.

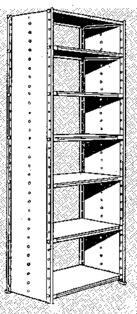
Young Smith's march to fame during the winter golf season just past included, before he went abroad, the winning of seven major championships, the last four of them consecutively. Among them was the $15,000 Le Gorce purse, professional golf's highest stake. This "young Merlin from Missouri," says James M. Neville in the New York *Herald Tribune* Magazine, "and his set of magic clubs traveled 13,000 miles, played on greens of every type—and his average for the eighty or more rounds of golf that he played was approximately 72. Only once did his score for eighteen holes go over 80." And as a result of this performance, he has been freely compared to the great Harry Vardon of England. A certain real-estate transaction in Springfield, Missouri, where Smith lived in 1920, had a direct bearing on his career on the links, as Hal Sharkey tells us in *The American Golfer,* continuing:

LYON also provides *Storage Conveniences*

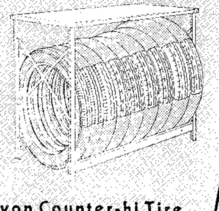
FOR YOUR OFFICE

Placed next to your desk a Lyon Desk-hi Cabinet keeps safe, clean and right at your finger tips the records you most often need. . . . Li-flat, a sectional, shallow drawer cabinet, files in flat, orderly form your valuable maps, drawings, blue prints . . . Won-dor, in wardrobe style, is a convenient cabinet in which to hang your coat and hat—and those of your visitors. These three cabinets indicate the broad usefulness and specific application of Lyon Cabinets . . . In the eight styles, fifteen sizes and six finishes, mahogany, oak, walnut, ivory gray, white and Lyon green, you will find exactly the kind of cabinets needed for private and general offices, for schools, hotels, hospitals, clubs, stores and homes . . . Lyon Steel Cabinets and other Lyon Steel Storage and Display Equipment that saves time and money in the storing, handling and display of goods is interestingly described in a booklet "Cutting Costs with Steel Storage Equipment." Write for it.

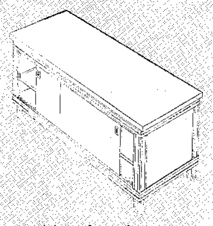
LYON METAL PRODUCTS, INCORPORATED, *Aurora, Illinois*



Lyon Steel Shelving for factories, public utilities and warehouses



Lyon Counter-hi Tire Rack for automotive dealers



Lyon Merchandising Tables for retail stores

MARKETS SERVED by LYON METAL PRODUCTS

INDUSTRIES, UTILITIES AND SCHOOLS

Engineering Sales Offices — in all principal cities — offer a complete storage plan service on Lyon Steel Shelving, Lockers, and General Steel Storage and Display Equipment.

OFFICES

Office Equipment and Stationery Dealers sell Lyon Stationery Cabinets, Wardrobes, Blueprint Cabinets, Office Tables, etc.

AUTO DEALERS ACCESSORY STORES AND SERVICE STATIONS

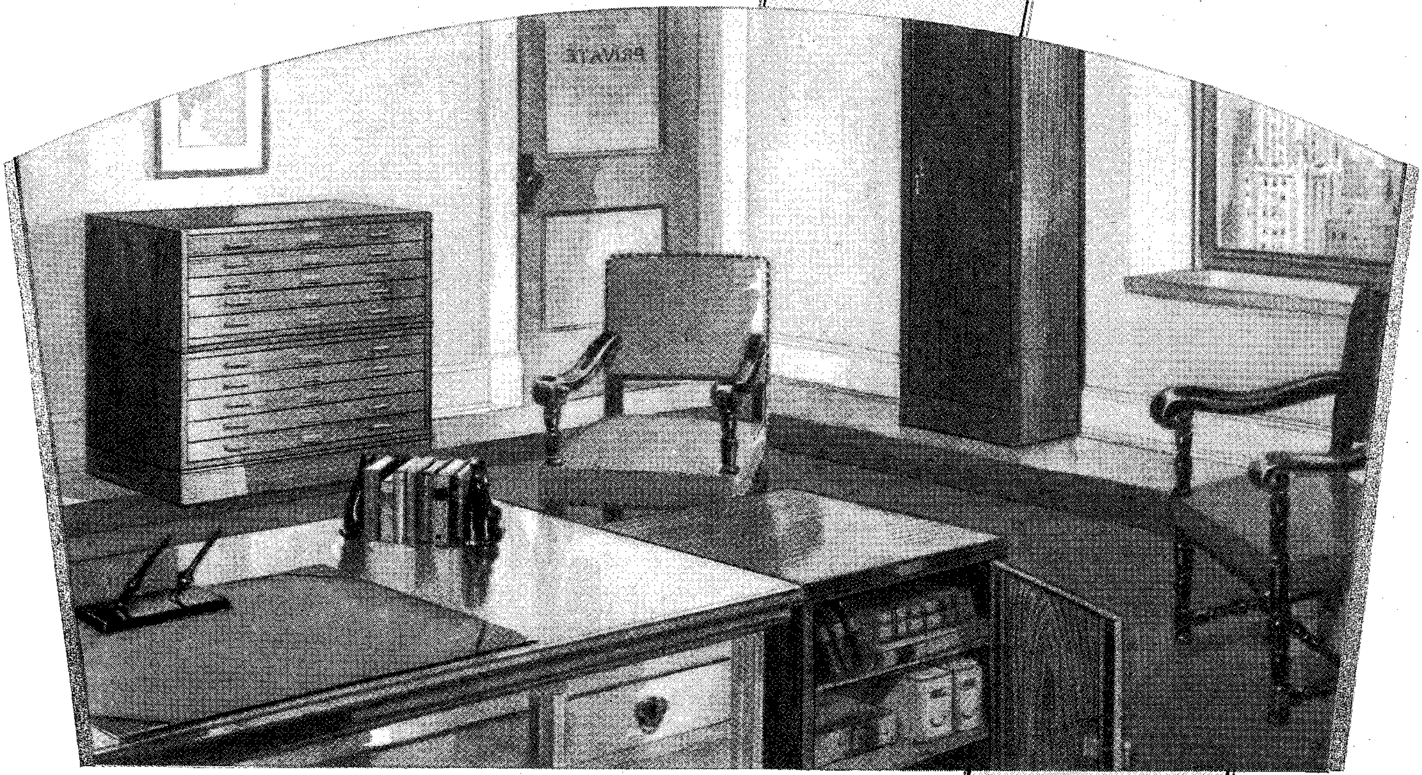
Automotive Jobbers distribute Lyon Steel Parts Bins, Accessory Shelving, Counters, Display Cases, Lockers and Shop Equipment.

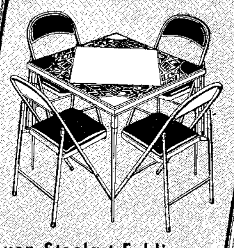
RETAIL STORES

Lyon Engineers, Specializing in Store Furniture and Fixtures, located at Aurora, plan modern stores with Lyon Steel Display Shelving, Display Tables, Counters, Showcases and Steel Store Fixtures.

HOMES

Department Stores, Furniture Stores and Gift Shops retail Lyon Steelart Furniture, Folding Tables and Chairs, etc.





Lyon Steelart Folding Tables and Chairs for homes and clubs

LYON

STEEL STORAGE *and* DISPLAY EQUIPMENT

Overheard

IN the green and white dressing room of one of the exclusive country clubs, two golfers were repairing the ravages of wind and sun.

"That '3 times a day in the dishpan' look is nothing compared to the '18 holes of golf' look that my hands have," remarked the girl in brown.

The girl in green laughed as she reached for the jar of "Vaseline" Jelly on the shelf.

"I started using this first for blisters on my hands after riding and golf. And I found it was simply marvelous for keeping my hands from getting rough and cracked."

LOOK on the dressing tables of smart clubs and you'll find "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly there among the beauty preparations. For simple and homely as this product is, its usefulness is so well recognized that it holds its own alongside of cosmetics with fancy names.

For softening hands—If the hands are rough and chapped, or too dry, or sunburned, or the cuticle is rough and inclined to form hangnails, massage them with a generous amount of "Vaseline" Jelly before retiring, and wear soft cotton or silk gloves.

For sunburn—The first sunburn of the spring is often the most painful. Cover the affected area with "Vaseline" Jelly and continue applications till the soreness goes.

Remember, when you buy, that the trademark Vaseline on the package is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

© 1929 Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.

Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

Continued

It was about that time that Horton's father bought a thirty-acre place, about three miles out of town. The purchase was for the purpose of investment, but the family moved to their new home, and Horton, then twelve years of age, and his brother Ren, who was a year and a half older, found themselves living across the street from the Springfield Country Club. In a short time Dad Smith held a family membership in the club, tho he never played the game much, and the two boys were playing as junior members.

The course being so close by, it was inevitable golf came to claim a big part in the daily play of the two Smith boys. They were either playing or caddying almost all the time they weren't at school. The frequent trips back and forth between the club and home always consisted of four holes of golf—two holes each way.

In such circumstances rapid improvement was not surprizing, but for the first two years the boys' competitive activities were confined to opponents of their own age. When Horton was thirteen he played for the junior championship of the club, at medal play, and finished second to Ren, 88 to 91. The following year it was match play, and Horton beat Ren in the final.

All this time young Horton was playing golf and more golf, and when he wasn't playing he was reading about the game or studying the form of professionals. The only interruption came when he was in school, at Teachers College, where he was taking a general course. But in spite of his application he did not seem to do well in tournaments, and in spite of this failure he wanted to become a professional himself. So he went to the office of his father, a substantial business man, for a talk, reported thus by Mr. Neville in *The Herald Tribune* Magazine:

"But there's no future, no money, nothing in golf," reasoned Smith, senior.

"It'll have a future if I'm any good and make it pay," countered Smith, junior. "There's just as much money in professional golf as there is in law, or business, or anything, if you're good at it."

"Well, son, do whatever you like," said the father. "But convince me as soon as you can that there's a future in it."

And Horton Smith did. He quit Teachers College and got a job as the professional at the Joplin Country Club.

There was more than mere hope in Smith's reasoning that his game would improve could he devote his entire time to golf. In his first year as a professional he qualified for the national open at Oakmont. And later that same year he finished two shots behind the winner, Leo Diegel, in the San Diego open.

Last summer he finished fourth in the Western open and the Chicago open, and reached the semi-finals in the Professional Golf Association tournament.

And then last November came the opening of the annual winter tournaments—and Horton Smith began his 13,000-mile march to glory—a march that brought him close to $20,000 in prizes and a place on the Ryder Cup team. He got off to an auspicious start by winning the Oklahoma City tournament—defeating such stars as Ed Dudley, Tommy Armour, Bill Mehlhorn, and Al Espinosa, all of whom played in the British open against him. Two thousand miles across the country he traveled to Portland, Oregon. That tournament was played in a dense fog. Smith finished eighth. Another 2,000-mile trip to Hawaii for the Honolulu open. There he finished one shot behind Bill Mehlhorn and Fred Morrison, who tied for first.

Up to this time Smith had received scant attention in the press. The golfing fans hardly knew his name. Even when he began defeating the greatest of the professionals, the experts predicted that the terrific pace of championship play would burn him out. The physical part of tournament golf isn't so hard; it's the nerve strain that gets you. Any number of professionals can set a fast pace for a few tournaments, but then they start slipping.

Even those two old masters of tournament golf, Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, "were worn to a frazzle at the end of their two-month tour of this country in 1913." On the last day Ray's score was over 80. "My eyes are tired," he is reported to have said, "and I never want to see a golf ball again." But Horton Smith didn't slip, we are assured as we read on:

His game got better and better. He bowled over Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen, Leo Diegel, and Johnny Farrell—and the public began to sit up and cock its ears. "Just watch this fellow Smith," advised the wise ones. And when the twenty-year-old phenomenon defeated Walter Hagen, he tasted the first inconvenience of fame—the autograph seekers.

It was at Catalina, California, that Smith took Walter Hagen's measure, defeating the British open champion by one shot over the short, hilly, nine-hole course.

In the Los Angeles open he tied George Von Elm for the $10,000 purse, and kept up the dizzy pace by finishing in a triple tie for first in the South Central open at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

On to Florida went the 13,000-mile march to fame. There he won his first tournament in that State, the Pensacola open, from a field that included Gene Sarazen. Smith finished ten under par.

The youngster's sensational work had won him a place on the Ryder Cup team, and, to prepare for the International matches, he switched from steel shaft clubs to hickory shafts, as required by the English. The switch threw him off his game, and the Belleair open was the only tournament in Florida he failed to win. That defeat was followed by four straight victories that turned his march to fame into a runaway.

The first was the Fort Myers open. Two 67s on the final day gave him a tie for first place. He won the play-off from Densmore Shute by playing eleven straight holes in par or better.

The second of that string of victories was in the Timuquana and Florida Country Club tournament at Jacksonville. He finished two strokes in front of Johnny Farrell, the national open champion, with whom he played the final thirty-six holes.

But his greatest victory of the whole winter was at Miami Beach, when he turned back a field of the most impressive professionals in the country, and walked off with the $15,000 Le Gorce purse—professional golf's highest stake.

Thus Horton showed his father that there

Have Dustless Roads~

SOME communities stifle in road dust all summer. Other communities have moist, dustless roads. The dustless roads cost less.

A dusty road is a decaying road—a road crumbling and blowing away—an expensive road to keep. A dusty road is a dangerous, shifty road—a poor road to drive on—a spreader of germs and discomfort, yet it costs more in taxes.

FLAKE CALCIUM CHLORIDE Controls Dust

Surface material stays moisture-bound on a road treated with Calcium Chloride. Upkeep is easier and less costly. Motorists drive in comfort through clear air. Residents are not annoyed by dust even on detours. What better move for public spirited citizen or club than to induce local officials to try a carload of Flake Calcium Chloride? Pull your community out of the dust and save money, too. Ask for Booklet F.

CALCIUM CHLORIDE PUBLICITY COMMITTEE
Operating under U. S. Patent No. 1,527,121
THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY *Midland, Michigan*
SOLVAY SALES CORPORATION *40 Rector Street, New York City*
COLUMBIA CHEMICAL DIVISION
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., Barberton, O.

This is not a hard surfaced road—just a gravel highway moistened with Flake Calcium Chloride

NOW—only 63

hours to Seattle from Chicago

THE new 63-hour train schedule to Seattle (*a saving of 5 hours*) fairly whisks you to the center of the "Charmed Land." No time lost anywhere — every possible precious moment of that glorious vacation which you will enjoy in the "Charmed Land" is saved by this speedy service. No extra fare.

Seattle is exceptionally proud of her four transcontinental railroads—the *Great Northern; Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific; Northern Pacific* and *Union Pacific*. They operate without exception the finest, most modern passenger trains in the world.

Anticipating Seattle's future development these railroads are spending many millions in the Pacific Northwest improving their facilities, increasing their capacities and speeding up their entire systems to the modern tempo!

Yet the railroad fares to Seattle are lower than on railroads in any country in the world. Ask any railway agent about the special reduced round-trip excursion fares in effect to September 30; return limit October 31.

Seattle is the gateway to Alaska, Hawaii and the Orient.

Seattle
Center of the
"CHARMED LAND"

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE,
Room 103, Seattle, Washington
Please mail me, FREE, your illustrated booklet.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

is money in golf, it would seem, and we continue:

There was no party, no celebration of any kind, when he received the check for the prize money. He merely mailed it home to his father to put in bank for him. It was a mute but impressive answer to his father's argument.

And then, to show that success hadn't affected his game, he went to Pinehurst and swept his way to victory in the North and South open—for his fourth victory in as many tournaments.

His double-time march to fame hasn't changed him at all. He is still the typical boy from the provinces. Raised on a farm, he never drinks anything stronger than a cold glass of milk. He lives simply, and realizes the value of money. His whole existence, his entire ambition in life, is golf.

When the writer saw him the night before he sailed for England, Horton Smith was seeing New York for the first time. In his enthusiasm about New York and his European adventure, he was like a college sophomore starting out on his first trip with a varsity team. But everything was secondary to his throbbing interest in golf.

When his manager, Bob Harlow, was showing him the endless panorama of Manhattan from the roof of the New York Athletic Club, Smith was as excited as any other youth of twenty would have been. But interest lagged when he spotted a freak niblick brought along by one of the party.

Smith immediately appropriated the niblick and began playing imaginary shots with it.

"And down there is the Woolworth tower," Harlow chattered on. Then, glancing at Smith, trying new shots, "Say, what—"

"Ever see a niblick like this?" asked Smith, totally oblivious of the magic splendor unfolded before him.

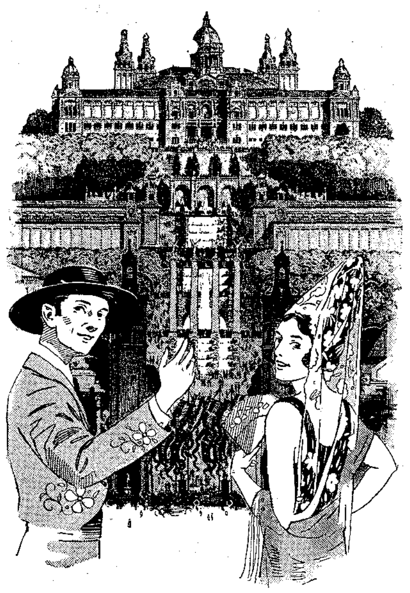
Then he went abroad with the Ryder Cup team and did well, as we shall see, in the Ryder matches. He did not do so well, but far from badly, in the British open; and then he won the French open. But despite his victory at St. Cloud, another player performed in a sensational manner, as Mr. Hagen tells us in his North American Newspaper Alliance article:

While Horton Smith won the championship, we must not forget Aubrey Boomer, who in the third round made a new record for eighteen holes in a seventy-two-hole first-class open competition. He covered the single circuit of his home club at St. Cloud in sixty-one strokes.

While there have been several lower scores for eighteen holes on Continental links in years past, the generally accepted mark to shoot at has been the 62 I made in a seventy-two-hole competition at Belleair, Florida, several years ago. Last year, in Miami, Johnny Farrell did 63, but Boomer's 61 beats both Farrell and me.

Boomer played the final nine holes in twenty-eight strokes, one over even threes. He told me afterward that he seemed to be putting up a gully. He never missed a thing from twenty-five feet to three.

Altho Boomer has been a professional at St. Cloud for many years, his best score



Little Journeys in Spain

COMES the dawn, in the kingdom of enchantment . . . playtime approaches . . . the joyous wayfarer sets forth on a wondrous journey of romance . . . adventures—into the land of Don Quixote—into Barcelona, city of ancient galleon days — picturesque — fascinating and rich in culture . . . modern by all measures—fast transportation service—superb motoring—hotels of continental perfection . . . The Great International Exposition of Barcelona will be the "high spot" in your 1929 travels.

Apply to any Tourist Bureau
or write to M. Ventura,
Steinway Hall, 113 West
57th Street, New York City.

INTERNATIONAL
EXPOSITION OF
BARCELONA

May to December
1929

until now was 68. When he finished, he turned to me and said:

"Imagine me doing a 61 to-day!"

So Aubrey and Horton share honors. They were watched and appreciated by one of the smartest audiences I have ever seen on a golf course. Among those present were two women champions, both young and beautiful—Miss Glenna Collett of America and Mademoiselle Simone de la Chaume of France.

Smith was determined to win this title on his twenty-first birthday, and at the Ritz we gave him a party. He was the least interested member of those who attended. Horton simply does not fall for Paris, even if he did win the French championship.

The French have been very gracious. They agreed to pay a certain sum for the entrance of the complete Ryder Cup team for this championship, and when four of our boys had to return we were willing to revise the figures, but the French officers insisted on giving us all they had named at first, besides the prize money our boys won.

Horton played a 70 and 71 in order to hold his place in front. Boomer was second with 278, and Gene Sarazen third with 285. Farrell was fourth, Boyer from Lucerne fifth, Henry Cotton and I tied for sixth place, Turnesa was seventh, and Ed Dudley tied for the tenth—so that all of our six Ryder Cup players finished in the first ten.

Horton Smith has had his ups and downs both at home and abroad. But in the opinion of William Abbott, writing in the New York *Evening World*, no other American professional has done so well in his first invasion of foreign links. And Mr. Abbott offers this evidence to back up his view:

> Walter Hagen, who has won the English open crown four times, miscued badly on his first trip abroad, in 1920, and so did Gene Sarazen, Leo Diegel, and numerous others, including little Johnny McDermott, who eighteen years ago was the Hagen of his time.
>
> With the golf world's gaze focused upon him, young Smith began his foreign invasion with a victory in the singles of the Ryder Cup series at Moortown, he and Diegel being the only Americans who managed to emerge victoriously in that day of upheavals that gave the international trophy back to England.
>
> Then came the English open classic at Muirfield, with perhaps the strongest field that ever participated in the fixture, and the lanky youth from the mountainous country of Missouri was far from being disgraced when he finished eleven strokes from Hagen, who won the silver cup for the second consecutive time.
>
> Becoming better acquainted with strange conditions, Smith crossed the Channel, and finally broke into the winning column when he won the French open tournament at St. Cloud.
>
> After performing under various conditions abroad, Smith imprest foreign critics as favorably as he did the home experts.
>
> George Duncan, former English champion and one of the finest stylists in the game, predicts that within a short time Horton will develop into one of the game's greatest stars. The veteran Arnaud Massey, another former holder of the English professional crown, thinks that in about two years the Joplin youth will be duplicating Hagen's feats.
>
> Before going over as a member of the American Ryder Cup team, which in itself was a signal honor, Horton Smith was the

BELLEVUE—$25

OBSERVATORY TIME FROM YOUR ELECTRIC OUTLET

JUST think! The same electricity which lights your home, browns your toast, and does so many other wonderful things for you also brings Observatory Time with a Telechron! But—this remarkable service can be yours only with a Telechron, due to an entirely new principle of timekeeping—the greatest improvement since 1700 and exclusively Telechron!

Telechron, unlike ordinary clocks, has no springs or escapements and, therefore, never needs winding, oiling, regulating or cleaning. The hands are directly driven by a tiny electric motor which assures an accuracy and dependability of time which ordinary clocks cannot approach. Simply plug your Telechron into an electric outlet, set the hands correct, and your clock duties and worries are over.

The coupon will bring you full information.

Telechron

The SPRINGLESS ELECTRIC CLOCK

ACCURATELY REGULATED FROM THE POWER STATION

Available with chime and strike features, if desired

Priced from $14 to $1100

WARREN TELECHRON CO., Ashland, Mass.

In Canada, Canadian General Electric Co., Toronto, Ont.

WARREN TELECHRON COMPANY, 606 MAIN STREET, ASHLAND, MASS.

Please send me, without obligation, your new illustrated booklet explaining how Telechron Electric Clocks give Observatory Time

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

AROUND THE WORLD

ON THE CUNARD SUPER-CRUISING STEAMER

FRANCONIA

SAILING FROM NEW YORK JANUARY 11 NEXT

The thrill of striking contrasts

The urge to see more . . . to know more . . . the great thrill of world conquest. The pride, the enchantment of discovery; to roam the bazaars and the fairs of strange exotic lands and capture their gay wares for your very own. Tiger-skins in India . . . star-sapphires in Ceylon . . . gold and silver thread sarongs in Java . . . in China, mandarin coats . . . precious jades in Korea . . . exquisite cloisonné in Japan.

A complete world panorama in 138 glorious, pleasure-packed days; a prodigious itinerary presenting a route of endless interest, including ports never before visited by any World Cruise . . . Amoy, Malacca, Pasuruan, Surabaya. Perfection of detail for comfort, luxury and pleasure on land and sea made possible by the combining of two such world-famed travel exponents with their 177 years of experience.

Literature and full information from your local agent or

CUNARD LINE

or

THOS. COOK & SON

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

victim of too much lurid ballyhoo that pictured the tall youth from the interior strolling off with an armful of foreign trophies.

Showing an old head on young shoulders, Smith was not deceived by his assignment, and while determined to play his best was not overconfident about cleaning up on the other side.

"I'm going to play my best golf and fight my hardest in England and the Continent," explained the suddenly famous youth to the writer.

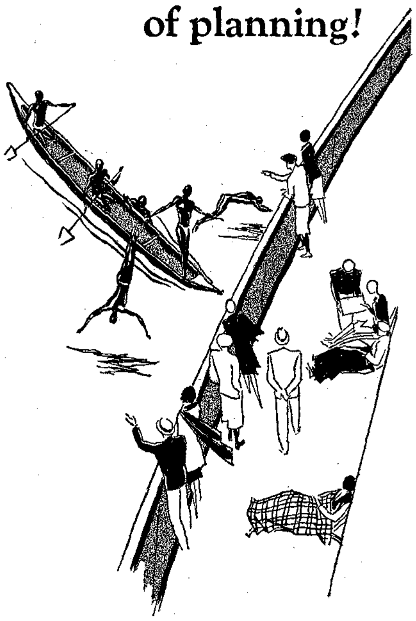
"Upon returning home I will take part in the American open, and if my general showing isn't satisfactory, it will be back to oblivion for me." But judged solely on his record abroad, young Horton need not concern himself with the need of returning to the sticks.

THE "UNEQUALED" THRILLS OF *LE JEU DE LA CROSSE*

A SOLEMN dance to the thumping of tom-toms preceded the game. Then the ball was tossed into the air, both sides rushed in to catch it, and the game was in full swing. The sport of lacrosse, as described by Donald W. White in *The Sportsman*, Boston, was almost a religious rite among the American Indians, we are told. But the game did not die out when the white men took the country. Last summer, at the Olympic Games in Amsterdam, ruddy Dutch faces "lighted with slow, expansive smiles" when the Hollanders saw this game for the first time, played by the United States, Canada, and England. The diversion went on to the accompaniment of cries of "Come on, you United States lacrosse team!" from the American stands, and "Move about a bit, Lord Algy; move about!" from the English. But the smiles of the Dutch and other nationalities unfamiliar with this sport were entirely friendly, Mr. White tells us as he proceeds:

> That contest was one of the series of three lacrosse games among England, Canada, and the United States played as part of an Olympic program in determining whether or not lacrosse should be placed on the regular schedule of international games. While there was a triple tie in games won by each country, the United States, represented by the Johns Hopkins University team, emerged champions on points scored. The sentiment of those spectators seeing the game played for the first time may best be summed up by an extract from the *Algemeen Handelsblad* (Amsterdam):
>
> "Lacrosse, as it was demonstrated, gives the impression of being an interesting, stimulating, exciting, and very fast game. It demands great speed, quick decision, initiative on the part of the individual, a world of backbone, and a firm hand."
>
> It is a far cry from the civilization of the early North American Indians to that civilization represented at modern Olympic Games, but the interval has been bridged by lacrosse. After all, the motives that prompted the whoops and yells of squaws and braves watching, or participating in,

WHAT A MARVEL of planning!



ROUND-THE-WORLD CRUISE

AFTER seven years of World Cruises . . . this World Cruise!

Alluring odd corners . . . Bangkok, Sumatra, Formosa. The Java stay stretched to include the Boroboedoer. 5½ days allotted to Peking and Great Wall region. A week in Japan.

Bethlehem for Christmas Eve . . . Cairo for New Year's Eve. Up-country India . . . Delhi . . . Agra . . . Fatehpur-Sikri in cool January.

The cruise unfolds, in progressive panorama, the five great world-epochs of Italy, Greece, Egypt, India, China.

The ship again is the Empress of Australia, 21,850 gross tons. Marble bath suites. Commodious single cabins. From New York, Dec. 2, for 137 days.

OTHER WINTER CRUISES

South America-Africa . . . Jan. 21
Mediterranean . . . Feb. 3 . . . 13
West Indies, Dec. 23, Jan. 10, Feb. 11

The alluring details are in booklets. If you have a good travel-agent, ask him. Information also from any Canadian Pacific office. New York, 344 Madison Ave. . . . Chicago, 71 E. Jackson Blvd. . . . Montreal, 201 St. James St., West . . . and 30 other cities in U. S. and Canada.

Canadian Pacific

World's Greatest Travel System

an ancient game of lacrosse were the same as those which stirred the young Oxonian at Amsterdam to yell, "Move about a bit!"

The first records of the Indian sport come to us from the writings of French missionaries, explorers and colonists in Canada. The Frenchman, Charlevoix, is "credited with first giving to the sport the name that persists to-day," and in this manner, as we read:

> It is written that when he was ascending the St. Lawrence, at some point between Quebec and Three Rivers, he saw the game played by the Algonquins with a stick resembling the one used at the present time. His imagination likened it to a bishop's crosier, which suggested the name "la crosse."
>
> The game was originally woven into the Indian religious fabric to such an extent that it took the form of a ceremonial in training and initiating young bucks for the war-path. Elaborate preparations were made prior to the games between tribes, wherein the players subjected themselves to severe rites. These frequently included days of fasting, and in one of the ceremonies the backs of the braves were slashed by the medicine man, who then supervised their plunging into the ice-cold waters of the near-by river.
>
> There were few rules for this primitive game, and the number of players was only limited by the warriors eligible in each tribe. The explorer-historian Catlin reported having seen from six hundred to one thousand playing, and described "the Olympic beauty as beyond all praise." Changes in the game as played by the Indians seem to have been concerned mainly with the stick, one recorded being similar to a butterfly net, having a very deep pocket in which the ball was placed and wrapped securely. In games played with this stick, one man carried the ball and attempted to work or fight his way through the lines of his opponents to the goal of some rock or tree. If success attended his efforts he was elevated to the station of a hero in his tribe, a position exceeded only by heroism in actual combat.

Later two sticks were used, one in each hand. These sticks had small rawhide nets on frames about the size of squash racquets, but with longer handles, and the ball had to be scooped or "spooned" up and carried between the two racquets. Finally, there were evolved the forked-stick and bent-stick types of racquet laced across with rawhide. The ball used by the Indians was of hide stuffed with hair, bark, or the knot of a tree.

White men, we read, took up the game in an organized way in 1840, when a lacrosse club was formed in Montreal, altho "it is certain that unorganized groups played long before that time," Mr. White observes, continuing:

> After 1840 the game gained tremendously in popularity in Canada until, in 1861, two games, between the Montreal and Beaver clubs and the Caughnawaga and St. Regis Indians, were played before King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales. Each team was composed of twenty-five players, and it was reported that the Prince enjoyed the exhibitions. In 1867 practical rules for lacrosse were formulated and the sport was

Go—where you will on the water

MODELS 1, 2 and 3
Chris-Craft 22 and 24 foot All-Mahogany Runabouts, 30 to 35 miles per hour
$2235 to $2750

WITH a Chris-Craft at your landing, every body of water—every river, lake, bay, oceanside, becomes a highway—a never-ending road on which you may travel speedily and comfortably to any waterside destination.

At the speed of a motor car your Chris-Craft will carry you to and from your downtown office—your home—your summer place—your clubs—your fishing haunts—or favorite outing spots—and do it with perfect safety to yourself and your guests.

There's a Chris-Craft merchant near you who will introduce you to this newest and most fashionable form of travel. Let him arrange a Chris-Craft guest ride for you and your family—without obligation.

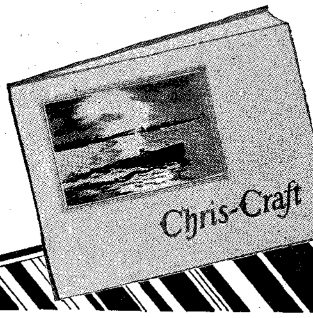
A confidential Deferred Payment Plan is available. You can now buy a Chris-Craft out of income just as you buy a motor car. Write for the new Chris-Craft catalog.

CHRIS SMITH & SONS BOAT COMPANY
806 Detroit Road, Algonac, Michigan
New York Factory Branch: 1 West 52nd St. at 5th Ave.

Runabouts • Sedans • Commuters • Cruisers
18 Models 22 to 38 feet 30 to 45 Miles an hour
82 to 225 Horsepower 8 to 26 Passengers
$2235 to $15,000

Chris-Craft
World's Largest Builders of All-Mahogany Motor Boats

The handsome new Chris-Craft Catalog describes all models, giving sizes, speeds, passenger capacity and equipment. Send for this Catalog now and learn why more Chris-Craft are sold, many times over, than all other high grade motor boats combined.



Albuquerque offers the greatest Indian Spectacle in the World

THE First American Indian Show at Albuquerque, this year August 21, 22, 23 and 24 is the great native spectacle of America!

In a wondrous natural setting under the starry canopy of a New Mexican night with the towering Sandia mountains as a majestic and mysterious background, thousands of Pueblo, Navajo and Apache Indians enact the drama of their race with the perfection of color, rhythm and mass movement which is the despair of artists the world over. In these four days you can see more Indian life, color and ritual, more brilliant Spanish and Old West atmosphere than would be possible in months of travel.

If you have the time, visit New Mexico at your leisure. If your time is limited, see the stupendous Indian panorama of the First American at Albuquerque. There is nothing like it in all the world. The soul stirring Navajo Night Chant (given last year for the first time off the reservation); the Devil Dance of the Apaches; the Taos hoop dance; the rain dances and war dances of the Pueblos have attracted visitors from the ends of the earth. You can see them all now at the First American!

New Mexico itself is the last stand of the Old West. Albuquerque, a cosmopolitan small city with accommodations for your comfort, is headquarters for this historic and scenic state. Plan your western trip to include New Mexico and Albuquerque no matter when you are taking it, and arrange to be here the four days of the First American.

Please write or wire for accommodations.

These booklets are free—
Send for them

ALBUQUERQUE CIVIC COUNCIL
1008 First Natl. Bank Bldg.,
Albuquerque, New Mexico

Please send me your booklet—
"The First American" ( )
"Tourist New Mexico" ( )
"Albuquerque for Health" ( )

Name ____________________
Address ____________________

EUROPE CRUISE June 29
ss. "LANCASTRIA"
CUNARD LINE, 52 days, $600 to $1300
Mediterranean, Norway, Berlin (Paris, London)
Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N.Y.

Spend Summer at a Delightfully Different Resort This Year

YOUR vacation's foremost purpose is to provide a change from the monotony of a hum-drum, work-a-day life. This year's trip will be better spent if it provides both a change from the menu of daily life—and also the usual vacation!

Come to Wilmington—"Playground of the South" a delightful playground, just overnight from New York. Surf and still water bathing, motor and sail boating, fishing, beautiful bridle trails, golf in the Coolness of Ocean breezes—many things to keep you busy having a good time all day long. Average summer temperature *only* 78°. Write for illustrated descriptive booklet.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
WILMINGTON, N.C.

SPORTS AND ATHLETICS
Continued

accepted as the Canadian national game. That same year an English lacrosse association was formed. Time was needed for development of popularity in England, but a match between the north and south has been played annually since 1882. Last year it was estimated that England had about six thousand players of the game, twenty-five hundred being women.

The invasion of the United States by lacrosse has followed about the same chronological order. At the present time there are thirty-six colleges, twelve clubs, and twenty-one preparatory schools playing the game here. It has been an organized college game since 1881.

For some time, starting in the early 'nineties, the popularity of lacrosse suffered in Canada from the effects of professionalism, and was reestablished only after years of effort on the part of enthusiasts.

The modern game has adopted some refinements primarily for increasing speed and safety. There are no involved technical rules to bother the spectator, and the penalties for fouls, both personal and technical, are few in number and easy to understand. The total number of rules is less than those used either in football or baseball. This combination of action and simplicity tends not only to make the game more interesting to the spectator, but has an added appeal for the player. Extensive study of lengthy regulations is unnecessary, and it is one of the few college sports in which the drudgery of training is eliminated. The newcomer is introduced to the game by being handed a stick, with a few rudimentary instructions, and immediately starts learning by playing.

Changes in the style of play have come primarily from the various stick lengths used. Expediency demands two different sizes for offensive and defensive play, altho there is no specified size. The small, short-handled attack stick came into vogue about the beginning of the present century, bringing with it short, fast passes in the place of "barn door" swinging passes that gave great distance, but little speed or accuracy.

Some people, witnessing lacrosse for the first time, comment on its apparent roughness, seemingly magnified by the use of sticks adaptable as weapons. Strange as it may seem, however, there has never been a fatality in the playing of lacrosse due to "roughing." Accidental bumps and spills are bound to occur from the very speed with which it is played, but there is no excuse for any one ever being hit with a racquet in a contest between experienced teams.

Nowhere can be found a more beautiful display of action than in a well-played lacrosse game between two evenly matched teams. There are no deadening pauses between plays and no let-down in the continuous movement during the four fifteen-minute periods. The ball is faced off between the sticks of the kneeling centers.

A tense moment while the referee steps back, and then the whistle. There is "a flexing of muscles, a quick flip, and the ball is caught in the racquet of a near-by player." Reading on of the swift action of the sport:

He is blocked and passes to a team mate, who starts at top speed for the opponent's

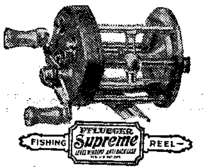
PFLUEGER
FISHING TACKLE

Get Out Your Tackle Box and Read This Book

It's more exciting to a fisherman than a mystery story.

With this book the evening will be the shortest you ever spent. It tells you a lot about your favorite sport and it will start you sorting out your tackle.

Write for Pflueger Pocket Catalog No. 148 and we will gladly mail you a copy *free.*



Level wind
Anti-back-lash $25.00

THE ENTERPRISE MFG. COMPANY
Dept. LD-6 Akron, O. E. A. PFLUEGER, *President*

PFLUEGER
PRONOUNCED "FLEW-GER"
FISHING TACKLE
Leaders Since 1864

STOPS AUTO SICKNESS

Journey by Sea, Train, Auto or Air in health and comfort. Mothersill's promptly ends the faintness and nausea of Travel Sickness. 34

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct

The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Montreal
Paris London

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

EXTRA MONEY

FOR YOU. SELL BEAUTIFUL HERTEL Personal Made-to-Order Christmas Cards to friends, neighbors, business and professional men. Weekly pay—monthly bonus. Full or spare time. Typist made $1000 in lunch hours. Housewife $800 spare time. $10.00 samples FREE!

HERTEL CO., Dept. 615-C, 318 Washington, Chicago

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C.P.A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 652-HA, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then **become a foot correctionist**, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. *Address*

Stephenson Laboratory, 3 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

Insure against Skin Troubles
by daily use of
Cuticura Soap
Assisted by Cuticura Ointment
Sold Everywhere 25c. each

CREATIVE WRITING
A Guide For Those Who Aspire To Authorship
By William Webster Ellsworth

The former president of the Century Company tells what his long experience as a publisher taught him about the things that make for success in literary work. He analyzes the success of more than ninety authors; covers the question of college training and the occupations that help toward authorship; etc.

"A text-book for the would-be writer, a fascinating collection of facts about writers for the man who has no notion of becoming a writer, and a valuable book for anybody's reading."—*Boston Globe.*

Cloth. $2.00; by mail, $2.14.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354 Fourth Ave., New York

goal. Faster! A man is on his heels. He is forced to side-step and pass the ball. An opposing defense man dashes out, blocks the pass, and the ball is scooped up by another defense man running full tilt for it. As he cradles the ball in his stick he makes another burst of speed to get to the other end of the 110-yard field. He is blocked, forced to pass, and the play is in another section.

Running, stopping, dodging, passing, catching, body-checking, always moving, always playing as a team depending on every man at any time—that is lacrosse. The spectator is kept on the alert watching the ever-moving ball; kept tense by the ever-changing action.

There is the flash of ice hockey, the beauty of track athletics, and the physical contact of football all rolled in one. Combine these things with a glorious, blue-and-white spring day, with an enthusiastic crowd, splashes of gay color against gray stands and a vivid green playing field, and there is to be found a pleasure that sends thrills up and down your spine. But there is another factor not to be disregarded. That is the spirit of true sportsmanship that pervades lacrosse playing. A subtle undertone that any one knowing the game will concede. It is comparable to that sporting spirit expected on the tennis court. Perhaps the polish of details is sometimes lacking; but seldom, if ever, does a lacrosse coach send a team out with such words as, "Go out and beat them to a pulp," and seldom does a good lacrosse player leave the field without a friendly handclasp for the man who has played opposite him.

A pertinent remark is that made by a veteran coach to his teams, saying, "Lacrosse is a gentleman's game, and I want each of you to remember that every minute you are on the field."

That was all. "A gentleman's game"—a game for those who enjoy speed, thrills, power, keen competition, solid impact, courage, precision, endurance, and fair play.

When Husbands Speak at Last.—An epitaph has given many a henpecked husband the opportunity of having the last word, and some of them have made the most of it. No conventional respect for the dead stopt the man who had this epitaph carved on his wife's tomb:—

"*Here lies my wife, poor Molly: let her lie,*
She finds repose at last, and so do I."

It was a Cornish husband who found it in his heart to inscribe upon a tombstone:—

"*My wife is dead, and here she lies,*
No man laughs, and no man cries,
Where she's gone, or how she fares,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares."

Here is another:—

"*Beneath this stone a lump of clay*
Lies Arabella Young
Who on the twenty-fourth of May
Began to hold her tongue."
—*Everybody's Weekly* (*London*).

March of Culture.—First Lady—"You rotund, decangular, eolithic, ferruginous, neuropathic, cassowary, you—!"

Second Lady—"Would you listen to the languidge of 'er since she's been doin' crossword puzzles?"—*Penn State Froth.*

Soft Pedal.—"James, call up my dentist and see if he can give me an appointment."

"Yes, sir."

"And—er—James, don't press him."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

NORTH COAST LIMITED
— BRINGS THE WEST NEARER!

ONLY 63 hours from Chicago to Seattle, Tacoma and Portland now! The "North Coast Limited's" new schedule cuts off 5 hours.

Another precedent set by the "First of the Northern Transcontinentals" between Chicago and the Northern Pacific Coast—caps 28 years of leadership.

An all-Pullman train as fast as it is fine. No coaches, no tourist cars, no crowded diners. "Famously good" meals and service. Magnificent scenery. Wide sight-seeing windows. Observation platform. 28 ranges of mountains —1,406 miles of rivers. *And no extra fare!*

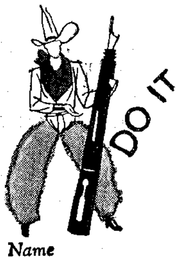
Triple Daily Transcontinental
Northern Pacific Service

North Coast Limited	The Comet	Pacific Express
From Chicago	*From Chicago*	*From St. Paul*
Lv. 9:00 P.M.	10:45 A.M.	10:30 A.M.

For Western Travel Information MAIL THIS COUPON to
E. E. Nelson, Passenger Traffic Manager,
116 Northern Pacific Building, St. Paul, Minnesota

NORTHERN PACIFIC
YELLOWSTONE PARK LINE

WESTERN VACATIONS



DO IT NOW!

Burlington Escorted Tours *All expense from Chicago*

	Tour	Fare
☐	Yellowstone Park	$140.04
☐	Pacific Northwest	234.78
☐	Alaska	317.93
☐	Colorado-Yellowstone	205.61
☐	Yellowstone-Glacier	210.84

Round Trip Railroad Fare from Chicago

☐ $90.30 Pacific Northwest, Seattle - Tacoma, Puget Sound, Portland, Columbia River
☐ $59.35 Colorado, Yellowstone Park, Montana Rockies
☐ $59.35 Yellowstone Park, Minnesota Lakes, Montana Rockies
☐ $108.30 California, Pacific Northwest, Rainier Park, Mt. Baker Forest
☐ $121.34 Yellowstone Park, Colorado, Grand Canyon, California, Pacific Northwest
☐ $94.22 Canadian Rockies, Yellowstone Park, Pacific Northwest

Name ....
Address ....
My telephone No. is .... *If student, state grade* 334-D

Northern Pacific Railway
"First of the Northern Transcontinentals"

EXECUTIVES
Who Have Found Themselves

The great promise, and the safest assurance, of increasing success in any business lies in *sound organization*—which is simply that balance of control which harmonizes the work of executives who have found themselves.

In knowing the principal and necessary functions of their business, and each with that specific knowledge and personal aptitude which makes him supremely fit, such men find, in their organized work together, not only themselves but an ever-growing success.

Through its wise and experienced counsel, and in the application of its tried practices in the building of *sound organizations,* Modern Accountancy contributes one of its most valuable services to modern business. *Organization* is both the cause and the result of executives who have found themselves.

ERNST & ERNST
ACCOUNTANTS AND AUDITORS
SYSTEM SERVICE

Offices In 51 Principal Cities

AKRON
ATLANTA
BALTIMORE
BOSTON
BUFFALO
CANTON
CHICAGO
CINCINNATI
CLEVELAND
COLUMBUS
DALLAS
DAVENPORT
DAYTON
DENVER
DETROIT
ERIE
FORT WAYNE
FORT WORTH
GRAND RAPIDS
HOUSTON
HUNTINGTON
INDIANAPOLIS
JACKSON
KALAMAZOO
KANSAS CITY
LOS ANGELES
LOUISVILLE
MEMPHIS
MIAMI
MILWAUKEE
MINNEAPOLIS
NEW ORLEANS
NEW YORK
OMAHA
PHILADELPHIA
PITTSBURGH
PROVIDENCE
RICHMOND
ROCHESTER
ST. LOUIS
ST. PAUL
SAN ANTONIO
SAN FRANCISCO
SEATTLE
TAMPA
TOLEDO
WACO
WASHINGTON
WHEELING
WINSTON-SALEM
YOUNGSTOWN

INVESTMENTS ▼ AND ▼ FINANCE

THE UNIVERSAL GASOLINE TAX

IT HAS taken just ten years for all the States of the Union to follow Oregon's example and adopt a gasoline tax. With New York and Illinois and Massachusetts coming into line this year, and Ohio jumping her gasoline tax from three to four cents, this form of revenue-raising is now much in the public prints. Last year in forty-six States $300,000,000 was collected in gasoline taxes and there are estimates that this year the collections will run toward half a billion. A result of all this is the Petroleum Institute's campaign to impress upon motorists what these taxes are costing them and to protest against increasing gasoline-tax rates, as well as against the use of the funds thus raised for miscellaneous public expenditures.

And aside from the debate a number of interesting facts are coming out. Since last year, gasoline-tax laws have become effective in Massachusetts (January 1) and New York (May 1) carrying a two-cent rate. The Illinois law, which was held invalid by the courts last year, has been superseded by a new law with a three-cent rate, effective August 1, which is expected to be court-proof. With all of our States now levying or preparing to levy a gas tax it seems to the New York *World* that a question of comparative rates is timely, especially as no State, having once passed a gas-tax law, has ever repealed it; most States have increased their rates. In an article based on information given out by the Bureau of Public Roads of the Department of Agriculture, *The Manufacturer's Record* (Baltimore) points out that:

> Changes in the rate of taxation were effected in four States during 1928. The New Hampshire tax was increased from 3 to 4 cents a gallon on the first day of the year. Virginia added a half-cent on March 19, 1928, making the new rate 5 cents a gallon. The Texas rate was reduced on September 1 from 3 to 2 cents a gallon; and Mississippi raised its rate from 4 to 5 cents a gallon on December 1 last.
>
> The average rate per gallon in 1928 was 3 cents; the highest was 5, and the lowest was 2 cents. At the close of the year the rate in effect was 5 cents in seven States, 4 cents in eleven States, 3½ cents in one State, 3 cents in fourteen States, and 2 cents in twelve States and the District of Columbia.
>
> After deduction of the costs of collection the entire net revenue was used for rural-road purposes in thirty-five States. In the remaining thirteen States and the District of Columbia a total of $18,491,754 was devoted to other purposes.

Altogether, we read on, $305,233,842 was collected last year in forty-six States and the District of Columbia on 10,178,344,771 gallons of gasoline. The largest collections were California's $29,566,769; Ohio's $24,885,699, and Pennsylvania's $21,998,064.

The reasons for the popularity of the gasoline tax are not far to seek, in the opinion of the New York *Times:*

> The gasoline tax makes it possible to distribute the burden of highway construction and maintenance roughly in accordance with the use actually made of the highway. It has a broad base, can be easily administered and is productive of considerable revenue.

In connection with the recent increase in Ohio's gas-tax rate from three to four cents, *The Ohio Farmer* (Cleveland) says:

> The gas tax is the most equitable of all forms of taxes. It makes folks pay for roads in proportion to the way they use them. No driver can evade it. It is not painful, and few realize its existence.

"Probably a reasonable gasoline tax, strictly devoted to highway improvement, would be cheerfully met by motorists," but, says *The Wall Street Journal,* note should be taken "of the disposition in many States, after the tax is once imposed, to begin increasing it and carrying it beyond all reason, in some cases to divert a considerable portion of the funds collected to other than highway uses."

"The growth of gasoline taxes outdoes the proverbial rolling snowball," reflects *The Lamp,* published by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey:

> In 1927 the public paid $259,000,000 to the States with their purchases of gasoline. In 1928 the total ran well above $300,000,000, and for the current year indications are that collections will exceed $400,000,000.
>
> This means that in the three years ending December 31 next motorists will have paid nearly a billion dollars into State treasuries for the privilege of buying gasoline. Last year this item amounted to $15 per automobile in the taxing States.
>
> It is not the character nor the theory of the gasoline levy that is of concern to students of taxation, but the ease with which it lends itself to abuse. Just as soon as legislators found they had a new and convenient way open to them to increase State revenues, they began to raise the tax. The result is that to-day the rate has been advanced in many States until it is far out of proportion to the sales price of the article taxed. If the present tendency continues it will be only a question of time until the public revolts.

The directors of the American Petroleum Institute recently adopted this resolution:

> That we do not oppose the levying of a gasoline tax where all the revenue derived therefrom is used solely for highway construction and maintenance purposes; but we oppose the fixing of a rate per gallon tax beyond reasonable bounds, or where the rate the consumer must pay is out of equitable proportion to the price of the gasoline.

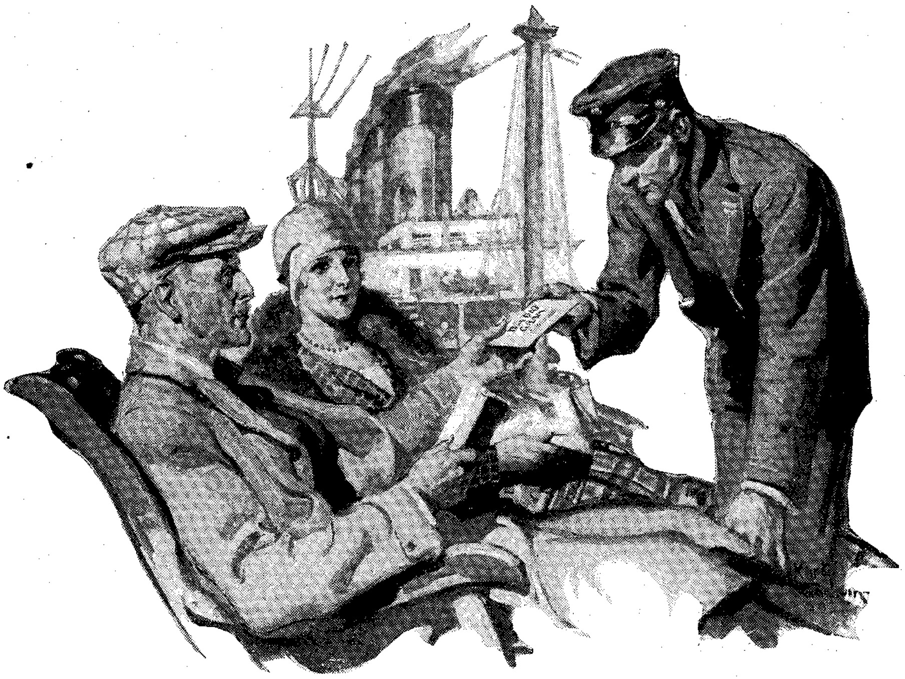
FORD WAGES FOR EUROPE

SOMETHING like an economic and social revolution is foreseen by a number of our editors as a consequence of the request of a Ford representative for information from the League of Nations on the cost of living in various European cities. It is assumed that Mr. Ford's purpose is to establish the same scale of "real" wages for all Ford employees, no matter where they work. "Eight dollars a day in Cork or Cadiz, where the Ford Company has branches, may mean a very different wage in Manchester or London," remarks the New York *World.* And then, if Ford means to put his European employees on the same scale of living as those in America, it may mean the carrying to Europe, as several editors suggest, of the theory that prosperity depends upon mass consumption made possible by high wage-levels. Europe has lagged behind us in this development, notes the New York *Evening Post*—

> It has not raised its standard of living or increased its demand for luxury goods to the extent that we have, and consequently mass production is not so applicable to European countries as it is to the United States. Yet Europe is to a greater and greater extent following in our footsteps and the effect of any increase in the wages of Ford employees will simply be to accelerate this movement. If the other American firms which are establishing factories abroad to escape high-tariff barriers follow suit, the impetus to higher wages may prove so pronounced that foreign manufacturers will have to fall in line.

Certain questions occur to the editor of the New York *Times:*

> Will Mr. Ford be content, when he has found out the cost of boiled beef, bread, potatoes, shoes, and rent in Berlin and Lyons, to pay the weekly number of marks and francs sufficient to buy the supply of commodities and goods to which the workers of Germany and France are accustomed? Or will he undertake to fix a standard of living in accordance with his own ideas? It is said to be his desire to establish the same scale of "real" wages for his workmen everywhere. Does it mean that a small automobile will soon be reckoned as a "necessity" in the budget of the Continental skilled worker? An answer in the affirmative is taken for granted by Mr. Filene, who has contributed the funds for the preliminary statistical study. If that is the case, then Europe is on the eve of an Americanization process compared with which progress hitherto has been trifling. A taste for American ice-cream soda or jazz or dentistry may leave the soul unconverted. But when the European worker is taught to expand his budget of "necessities," the real process of Americanization begins.
>
> Of that process a high standard of living is one phase. The other, parallel phase, is a high standard of productivity. In human nature it is not inconceivable that Mr. Ford can educate the European workman to automobiles, electric light, radio, and vacuum-cleaners. But even Mr. Ford should find it more difficult to raise the daily output of European labor to the American level. The reasons for our notably superior labor efficiency are partly to be found in the human factors, partly in



This investment service saves time and worry even in your absence

Business has a long arm these days. Not even in mid-ocean is a busy man free from its clamor for his attention. Because of these constantly increasing demands for your time you seek new ways of saving moments here and there. In making your investments, for example, there are hours to be saved if you are still selecting securities by a personal study of investment markets.

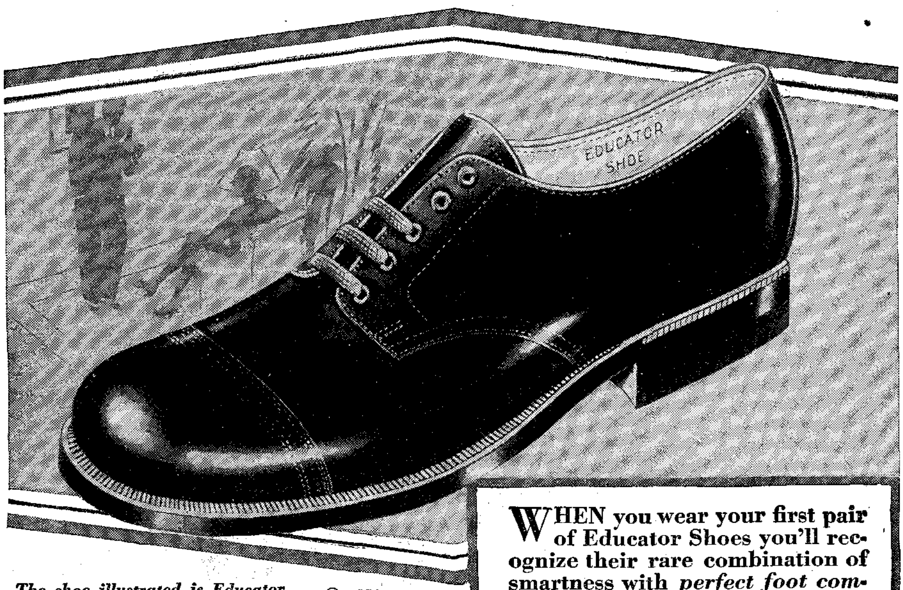
Most busy men nowadays rely on one or two nationally-known investment houses to give them investment advice. The National City Company makes a specialty of this time-and-worry-saving service to investors by maintaining branch offices in 50 American cities. Just telephone the nearest office—one of our investment advisors will gladly help you select new issues from widely diversified lists of carefully investigated securities. Abroad you will find the same service.

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING NEW YORK

The National City Company
National City Bank Building, New York

OFFICES IN 50 AMERICAN CITIES. INTERCONNECTED BY 11,000 MILES OF PRIVATE WIRES. INTERNATIONAL BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS

Foot Freedom and Buoyancy!



The shoe illustrated is Educator Model 7826—made in all leathers

© ESCORP, 1929

EDUCATOR SHOES

Men's sizes $8.50 to $10.00

WHEN you wear your first pair of Educator Shoes you'll recognize their rare combination of smartness with *perfect foot comfort*—the result of these 5 Famous Educator Principles:

1. Foot conforming arch
2. Snug fitting heel
3. Tailored instep
4. Scientific modeling
5. Flexibility

Write for our beautiful free booklet "Laying the Ghost."

EDUCATOR SHOE CORP. OF AMERICA
Dept. LD 6, 225 W. 34th St., New York City

How To Make Yourself WORTH MORE

ANOTHER MAN started even with you in life, no richer, no more talented, no more ambitious. But in the years that have passed he has somehow managed to move far ahead. What is the secret of it? Why should he, apparently, have the power to get so easily the things he wants while you must work so hard for all that comes to you?

Another woman, madam, no more able than yourself, has the good gifts of life fairly thrust into her hands. You have compared yourself to her and questioned what there is in her character and talents that you somehow lack.

Learn the Reason from Science

Human intelligence acts and reacts according to certain laws known as the Laws of Psychology—"organized common sense." Either by instinct or by study some individuals master these laws. To them the minds of their associates become like fine instruments on which they can play at will. They have but to set the train of circumstances moving and await results. In other words—*they apply Psychology.*

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Please send me by mail, descriptive material on "The Basic Course of Reading in Applied Psychology." Dept. 1225

Name..

Street Address..................................

City....................*State*..................

No Longer the Dream of Theorists

To-day we see Psychology studied by the business man and its principles applied to the management of factory and office. We see men in every profession, as well as those in many lines of industry and business, applying Psychology to their personal occupations, and from the benefits derived from it greatly increasing their incomes, enlarging the scope of their activities, rising to higher positions of responsibility, influence and power.

APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY
Direct Method to Attain Success

Recognizing the need for a popular understanding of its priceless truths, Mr. Warren Hilton in consultation with famous specialists coordinated the principles of Psychology as applied to everyday life and incorporated them into a set of twelve volumes entitled "The Basic Course of Reading in Applied Psychology." Among the well-known men who have contributed to the Course through its supplementary booklets are George Van Ness Dearborn, M.D., Ph.D.; Smith Ely Jelliffe, M.D., Ph.D.; Mark E. Penney, Ph.D., and others.

Because of the very great value of this Basic Course of Reading to the average man and woman the Funk & Wagnalls Company is cooperating to bring it within the means of every earnest seeker for self-betterment.

FREE LARGE ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR

This circular is packed with information on such topics as: Psychology Reduced to Easy Simple Language; How to Apply Psychology in Salesmanship; in Public Speaking; in Retail Selling—Psychology Applied by the Professional Man—Your Undiscovered Resources—Source of Will Power—How to Avoid Worry—How Ideas are Created—The Ability to Read Men, etc. Sign and mail coupon and you will also receive full particulars.

INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

nature, partly in machine development. The facts are that the output of an American bituminous miner is 5 tons per day, against 1 1-5 tons in Great Britain, ¾ ton in Belgium, 4-5 ton in France. More than twenty years ago the annual output of bricks per worker was 180,000 in New York State and only one-third that number in Germany. Before the war the production of pig-iron was about 40 tons per person in Great Britain and 85 tons in the United States, and for steel the figures were 25 tons and 77 tons respectively.

Must a British or Slav iron-worker come under the sway of the American climate to develop the characteristic speed of our industrial tempo, or can he be educated at home by our exported industrial philosophy and methods? That is the fascinating and significant question Mr. Ford seems to be asking.

Moreover, "if the wage scale is materially advanced as a result of the departures inaugurated by Ford and General Motors, the situation with respect to our tariff laws may become very different," we read in the Hartford *Courant:*

> We have heard a great deal about duties to equalize the difference in labor costs at home and abroad, and if European wages are raised to our level with a similar advancement in the cost of living, our tariff may eventually be for revenue only, since the necessity for protection against ruinous competition will be largely eliminated.

All this conjecture is a result of a letter written by the chairman of the European headquarters of the Ford Company in London to the International Labor Office of the League of Nations, requesting data giving comparative wage scales, cost of living, and incidence of taxation in a number of European cities where the Ford Company now has, or proposes to build, factories. The Providence *News* is one of several journals to note that "in order to enable the International Office to comply to the fullest possible extent with Mr. Ford's request, Edward A. Filene of Boston has offered to raise $25,000 and put it at the International Office's disposal for the purpose of exploring the whole condition of 'real wages' in European countries." In Geneva great significance is seen in the Ford move, we read in one of Clarence K. Streit's dispatches to the New York *Times:*

> In the first place, it is believed to represent the opening step toward the application in Europe of the Ford principle of increasing mass-purchasing power by paying relatively high wages. The effect of such an invasion of Europe by American methods may obviously be far-reaching not only for European automobile manufacturers but for other European industry as well.
>
> It also seems bound to have repercussions on the whole labor situation in Europe, especially if it is followed by other American concerns which are getting around European tariffs by building or buying factories in Europe. In that event the prediction of some of the League of Nations economic experts that high tariffs are liable to defeat their

own ends is likely to be realized with a vengeance.

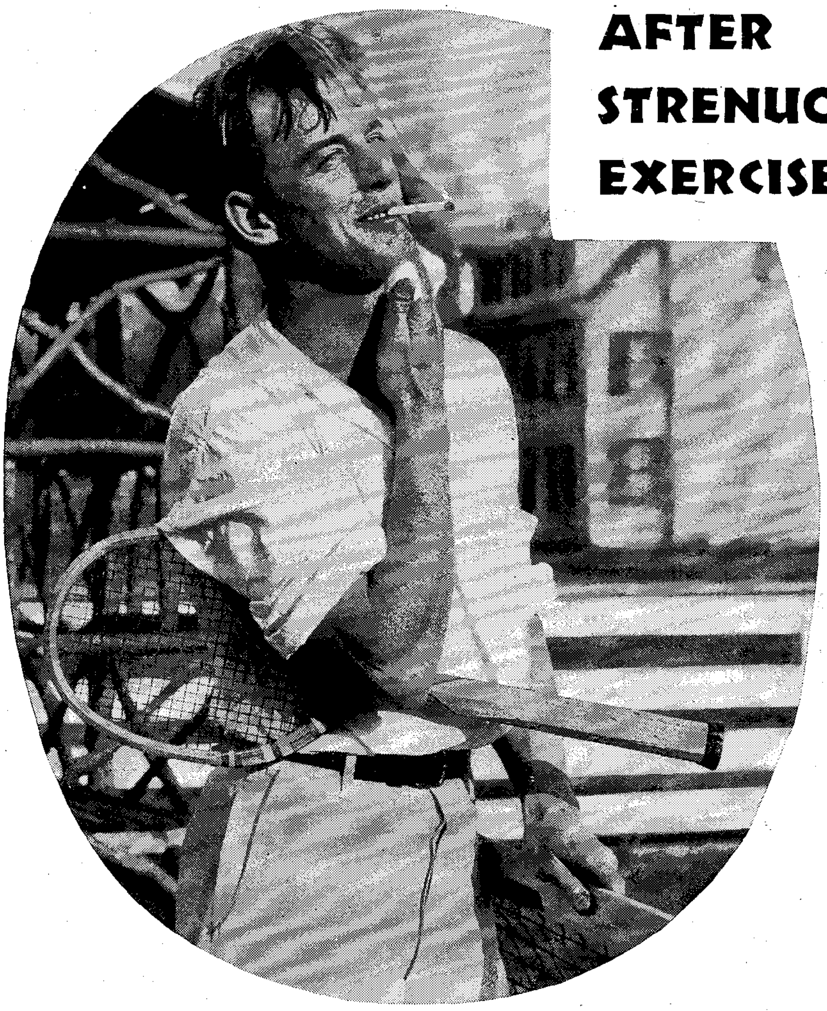
In the second place, Mr. Ford's step in spontaneously seeking the aid of the International Labor Office is held to indicate that this branch of the League, from which Washington has hitherto held aloof while participating in other Geneva activities, is gaining favor in America, curiously enough on the side of the employers.

MORE TRAVEL IN PULLMANS THAN IN COACHES

TRAVEL in sleeping-cars and parlor-cars might be thought of as luxury travel as compared with day-coach railway transportation; certainly it is more expensive, and yet we are informed by so good an authority as *The Railway Age*, that this year, for the first time in history, "the railways are handling more passenger business in sleeping- and parlor-cars than in day-coaches." This revolution in railway travel is one phase of the decline in passenger traffic so marked in recent years. As we read in *The Railway Age:*

> The only measure of the proportion of total passenger business handled in sleeping- and parlor-cars which is constantly available from month to month is the revenue derived by the railways from the "surcharge." Total passenger earnings in the first quarter of the year were about $215,250,000, and, estimating on the basis of the surcharge collected, it would appear that passengers traveling in sleeping- and parlor-cars paid about $109,000,000 of this in fares, while passengers traveling in day-coaches paid about $106,000,000 of it. In other words, apparently about 50½ per cent. of the travel was in sleeping- and parlor-cars, and only about 49½ per cent. of it in day-coaches.
>
> These figures are highly significant as a reflection of the revolution in travel that has occurred within recent years. As recently as 1921 about 70 per cent. of railway-passenger traffic was handled in day-coaches, and only about 30 per cent. of it in sleeping- and parlor-cars. That was a year of depression in which the passenger business handled was 16½ per cent. less than in 1920. Nevertheless, the business handled in day-coaches has since continued to decline, and in 1928 was 40 per cent. less than in 1921. On the other hand, travel in sleeping- and parlor-cars steadily increased until 1926. It decline in 1927, and again in 1928, but its decline was so much less than that of travel in day-coaches that in 1928 it was more than 48 per cent. of total passenger business.
>
> The recent trend of earnings shows that travel in sleeping- and parlor-cars again has begun to increase. The surcharge yielded the railways more revenue in the first quarter of 1929 than in the first quarter of any previous year, excepting 1926, and an increase in surcharge revenue is, of course, a sure indication of an increase in travel in sleeping- and parlor-cars. In spite of all the clamor against the surcharge there is no evidence that it has tended to reduce travel in sleeping- and parlor-cars. On the contrary, the demand for the most expensive accommodations—that is, in compartments and drawing-rooms—is steadily increasing. At the same time, in spite of all the efforts made to arrest it, the decline in travel in day-coaches is continuing this year as it has throughout the last nine years.

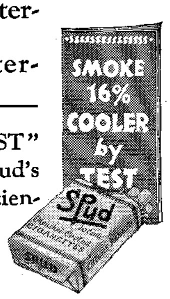
Do you SMOKE AFTER STRENUOUS EXERCISE?



♦♦♦ ONE WAY TO APPRECIATE SPUD'S REAL COOLNESS!

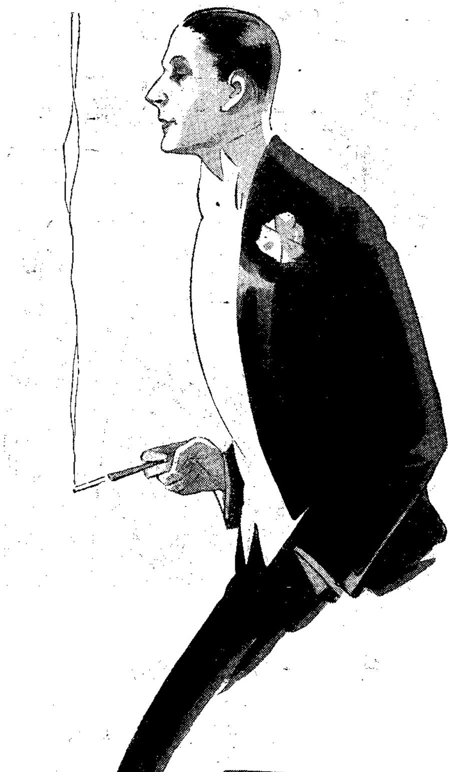
A good fast game won...but with the sun as a merciless spectator. No matter . . . first a cigarette, then a shower. And be sure the cigarette is as cooling and refreshing as the shower. Be sure it's a Spud. Tennis enthusiasts the country over tell of Spud's cooling, soothing balm for after-exercise throats, and after-exercise mouths. Spud smoke is proven 16% cooler, actually and noticeably . . . heightening your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor. Spud opens the doors of the new freedom in old fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

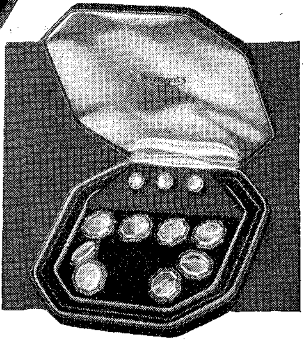
"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST" ...a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you...sent gladly on request.



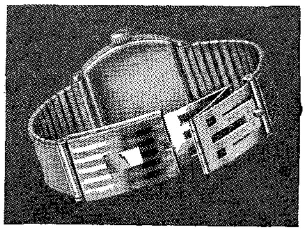
JUDGE SPUD...Not by first puff ...but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

MENTHOL-COOLED SPUD CIGARETTES

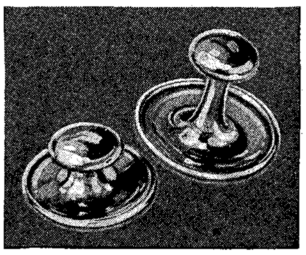




Krementz CORRECT EVENING JEWELRY



Krementz WRIST WATCH BAND



Krementz COLLAR BUTTONS

KREMENTZ jewelry is liked by the well dressed man. Stylish, unusual designs make it distinctive. Variety of designs offers opportunity for selection that reflects one's individuality. High quality is apparent. Displayed and sold by the better shops all over the world. May we tell you the name of a dealer near you? Krementz & Co., Newark, New Jersey.

Krementz

JEWELRY FOR MEN

CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

May 28.—Fifty-two Mexican deputies are expelled from office on the ground that they were implicated in the recent revolt.

May 29.—The German delegates to the International Conference on Reparations agree to pay an average of $492,000,000 a year over a period of fifty-eight years, leaving other details to be fixt.

A concordat giving the Roman Catholic Church official status in the country is ratified by the Roumanian Chamber of Deputies.

Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang announces war on General Chiang Kai-shek to overthrow the "illegal and unrepresentative government at Nanking."

Alexei I. Rykoff is reelected President of the Union Council of Peoples' Commissars of Russia.

May 31.—The Labor party wins a plurality, but not a majority, in the British election, the returns to date giving Labor 287 seats, Conservatives, 255; Liberals, 57; scattering, 9; doubtful, 7.

King George is reported suffering from an abscess on his chest.

June 1.—Final and definite settlement of the reparations problem is agreed upon. Only the drafting of the committee's findings and the formal approval of the various Governments remain.

The body of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, founder of the Kuomintang party, and first President of the Chinese Republic, is enshrined on Purple Mountain, near Nanking.

Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang suggests to the Nanking Government that he, General Chiang Kai-shek and several others of the Nanking Government voluntarily exile themselves for a period of years, and thus remove from public life the chief militarists of China.

The new Fraternity Hospital, built from the last instalment of the American Relief Fund, which arrived after the immediate need for relief for the sufferers of the great earthquake in 1923 was ended, is opened to serve Tokyo's most populous industrial section.

June 2.—Delegates of eighteen maritime nations adopt a new international safety code, which requires efficient wireless equipment on all vessels of more than 1,600 tons, lifeboats for all, stricter navigation regulations, and new rules for internal construction.

June 3.—Admiral Paul Kondouriot is reelected President of Greece.

The Tacna-Arica treaty, under which Tacna goes to Peru and Arica to Chile, is signed in Lima, Peru.

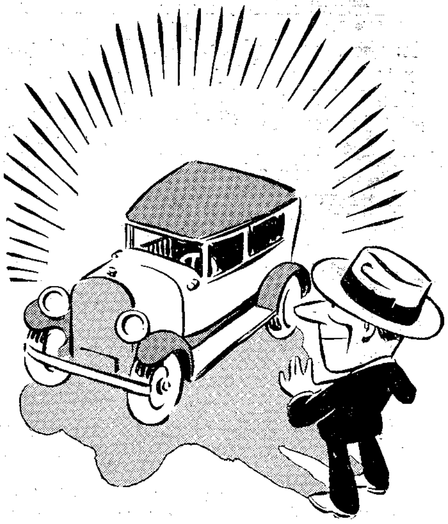
June 4.—Stanley Baldwin resigns as Prime Minister of Great Britain, and King George summons James Ramsay MacDonald, Labor leader, to head the Government.

Vesuvius erupts, sending streams of lava down to the villages on its slopes, and thousands flee for their lives.

Belgium accepts Germany's offer to make separate negotiations for the redemption of marks circulated in Belgium by the Germans during the war.

DOMESTIC

May 28.—In addressing the first meeting of the National Law Enforcement Commission, President Hoover says



Man! What a Polish!

You'd never dream the old car had it in her. Yet a little I-SIS Auto Polish removes that film of grime and brings the original showroom lustre to life again. You'll never know how quickly, easily and beautifully your car can shine until you try I-SIS. And still nothing in it harms the body finish. Sold by leading dealers—$1 per pint. If yours cannot supply you, send 25¢ to Dept. 203 for trial bottle.

Wholesalers and Dealers: I-SIS offers important opportunities. Write for details.

I-SIS LABORATORIES, Inc.
2 Jones Lane, New York City

*Four of the outstanding makers of quality motor cars have recommended I-SIS exclusively for over 3 years.**

**Names supplied on request.*

Easy - Quick
I-SIS
AUTO POLISH
CLEANS
POLISHES
LACQUER-DUCO VARNISH AND ENAMEL SURFACES
Protects the Finish

I-SIS AUTO POLISH

USE **JOHNSON'S FOOT SOAP**

ACTS LIKE MAGIC ON TIRED, TENDER SMARTING PERSPIRING FEET

THE 60 ANNIVERSARY

AT ALL DRUGGISTS

Hay-Fever Is Curable!

The marvels of the new immunization method for preventing and curing hay-fever are enlighteningly described in **"Hay Fever, Its Prevention and Cure,"** by Wm. C. Hollopeter, M.D. In addition there are many methods described for alleviating suffering until a cure is effected. This is a book for laymen as well as for physicians, written by a man of the highest professional medical standing who has been wonderfully successful in treating hay-fever. Completely revised edition. Illustrated.

12mo. Cloth. 424 pages. $2, net; $2.14, post-paid.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

The New Industrial Revolution and Wages

By W. JETT LAUCK

Former Professor of Economics and Politics, Washington and Lee University; Secretary Former National War Labor Board.

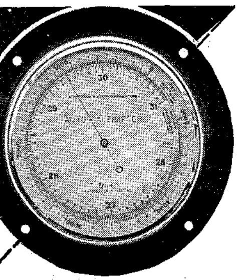
A business-like study of the radical changes in American theory and practice which have come in since the World War and created the present era of prosperity. It brings to light the revolutionary changes in the fundamental attitude of industrial leaders, capitalists, students, publicists and members of adjustment agencies toward wage principles and standards. The only book on the subject published.

"Dr. Lauck has made an exhaustive study."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"The book is invaluable not only in its showing of the new attitude of American industrial leadership toward labor wage-fixing, but aids in bringing forward and suggesting for the future, a sound basis of industrial procedure."—*New Haven Times-Union.*

Crown 8vo. Cloth. 317 pp. $2.50; by mail, $2.64

Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Ave., N. Y.



Know How High as well as How Far.

UPHILL

Add a new zest to touring this summer! Know how *high* you have travelled as well as how far. Be able to tell the heights of hills you pass over, the depth of valleys, the difference in altitude between towns. All these interesting facts are at your disposal if your car is equipped with a

Tycos AUTO-ALTIMETER

Similar to the altimeters used on airplanes. A decided addition to the appearance of the dash of any car. Sturdily made to withstand the jarring of rough roads, yet sensitive enough to register small changes in altitude. In town, this instrument acts as a reliable barometer and weather forecaster.

Two Types of Mountings

Tycos Auto-Altimeter is either set into the dash with the "Inset Mount" or attached by four screws with the "Offset Mount." Be sure to specify which is desired when ordering. Your dealer can supply you, or remit direct to us. We will send, safe delivery guaranteed. Tycos Auto-Altimeter No. 2073C, reading to 5000 ft., $35; No. 2073D, reading to 10,000 ft., $36.50; No. 2073F, reading to 16,000 ft., $39.

DOWNDALE

Taylor Instrument Companies
Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A.
Canadian Plant, Tycos Building, Toronto
Manufacturing Distributors in Great Britain,
Short & Mason, Ltd., London

KINDERGARTEN AND PRIMARY TRAINING—35th yr. Accredited—progressive. 3 yr. diploma. Student residence. Opens Sept. 16. Address Registrar for Bulletin. CHICAGO TEACHERS COLLEGE, Dept. 11, 504 Wrightwood Ave., Chicago.

STARRETT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS Fully accredited. 46th year. Academic, College Preparatory, Junior College and Special Courses. Musicconservatory. Free catalog, Book of Views.
Box 42—4515 Drexel Boulevard, Chicago

Chicago TECH College
DRAFTING—ENGINEERING
ARCHITECTURE—ELECTRICITY
26th yr. 2-yr. diploma, 3-yr. B.S. Degree; short courses. Enter any time. Earn while learning. Graduates everywhere. Athletics. Free 80-page "Blue Book" Dept. G-92, Chicago Tech. Bldg., 118 East 26th Street, CHICAGO.

LAW Free Book

Write today for FREE 64-page book, "THE LAW-TRAINED MAN", which shows how to learn law in spare time through the Blackstone home-study course prepared by 80 prominent legal authorities, including law school deans, and U. S. Supreme Court justices. Combination text and case method of instruction used. All material necessary furnished with course, including elaborate 25-volume law library, delivered immediately upon enrollment. Many successful attorneys among our graduates. LL.B. degree conferred. Moderate tuition, low monthly terms. Money-Back Agreement. Write for free book today.
BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE, 307 N. Michigan Ave. Dept. 30-A Chicago

Eat and Be Well!

A CONDENSED set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

Control Your Weight Without Drugs or Tiresome Exercises

Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies. The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

DIET BOOK Sent Free

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
64 Good Health Building, Battle Creek, Mich.

THE FUNK & WAGNALLS NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY is needed in every American home where education and culture are truly esteemed.

the inquiry is to consider causes of disobedience of all laws, and to recommend "constructive and courageous conclusions which will bring public understanding and command support of its solutions."

Showing increased duties on nearly every article of food, on many personal necessities, and on a number of important items entering into building construction, the tariff-revision bill is passed by the House, 264 to 147.

Fred B. Smith of White Plains, New York, is unanimously elected Moderator of the National Council of the Congregational Churches in the United States, convening in Detroit.

Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt resigns as Assistant Attorney General in charge of Prohibition prosecution, saying she desires to become counsel for the Aviation Corporation.

The Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform organizes in Chicago under the temporary chairmanship of Mrs. Charles H. Sabin of New York.

May 29.—Governor Kohler of Wisconsin signs the bill repealing the State Prohibition Enforcement Law.

The $1,500,000 deficit of the Democratic National Committee, which resulted from the recent Presidential campaign, has been reduced to about $350,000, it is announced.

The Senate passes, 57 to 36, the combination bill to authorize the census of 1930, and to provide for reapportionment of membership in the House.

May 30.—In a Memorial Day address at Arlington Cemetery, President Hoover calls upon all nations to fulfil the "great hope" implanted in the Kellogg-Briand treaty by putting all armament on a purely defensive basis and by actual arms reduction.

The National Council of the Congregational Church passes a resolution to unite with the Christian Church.

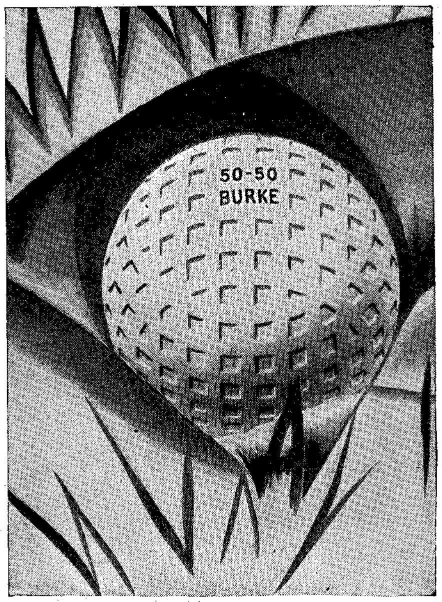
May 31.—In furtherance of President Hoover's desire for armament reduction, as set forth in his Memorial Day address, Secretary of State Stimson points to the burden of maintaining great fighting fleets, saying in a prepared statement that even a modern 10,000-ton cruiser costs more than double the original cost of the Library of Congress, and that the authorized and contemplated naval program for the construction of new ships alone amounts to $1,170,800,000.

June 1.—The Treasury Department issues new orders for the examination of baggage to restrict special privileges, stating that "the new order is intended to establish a practise that will treat everybody alike."

June 2.—In the first six months of 1928, 27,575 cases were instituted throughout the country under the Volstead law, 7,099, or more than one-fourth, of which were in New York State, according to the Department of Justice. In the corresponding period of 1927 the total prosecutions were 26,677. The convictions and pleas in 1928 were 23,683, as against 26,277 convictions in the 1927 period, or about 2,600 fewer than in 1927. The convictions in 1928 represented 7,000 more than in the corresponding period of 1926, and 3,000 more than in the same months of 1925.

June 3.—Harry F. Sinclair must serve six months in jail for jury-shadowing, in addition to his present term of three months for contempt of the Senate, rules the United States Supreme Court.

June 4.—Dr. Hubert Work resigns as Chairman of the Republican National Committee.



Ready to Suffer!

IN a cuppy lie or divot mark in the fairway...what chance has a golf ball got to save its skin from the savage assault of your keen-edged iron? Mighty little—unless the ball is a Burke Fifty-Fifty.

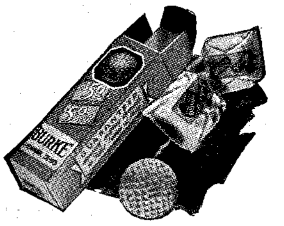
Mates, here's a ball that can take more punishment than a battalion of Marines. It's built to be bullied—and it's guaranteed to survive it!

Fact! Costing but 50c, the Burke 50-50 is guaranteed not to crack, cut through, or get out of shape in fifty holes of play. It makes good, or we replace it without question.

BURKE 50-50

Don't take our word for it—try the 50-50 yourself. To make your trial easier we'll go part way. We'll send an introductory carton of three balls for $1 so you may see the 50-50, play it, and get to realize that it's a vital aid to lower scores as well as lower golf costs.

Fill in coupon below, pin a dollar bill to it and mail today to The Burke Golf Company, Newark, Ohio.



FOR INTRODUCTORY PURPOSES ONLY

Coupon good until July 3, 1929 only. Only one carton to a reader.

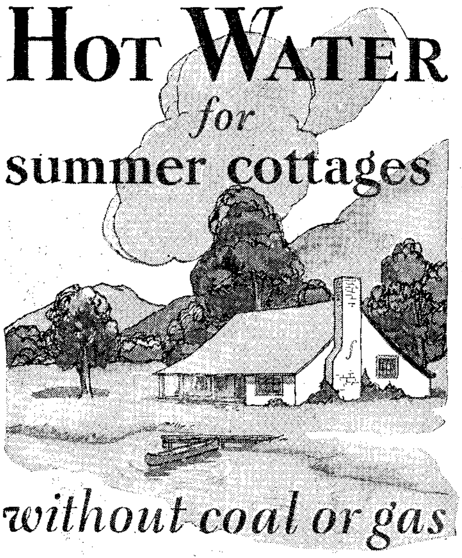
THE BURKE GOLF CO., Dept. C-3, Newark, Ohio

I will give the 50-50 and its guarantee a fair trial. Here's my dollar for a three-ball carton.

Name ____________________

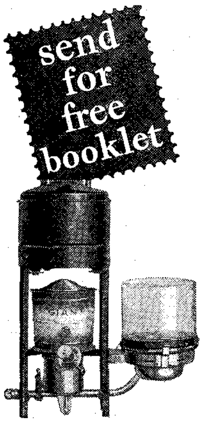
Address ____________________

HOT WATER for summer cottages



without coal or gas

LIFE in a summer cottage will be much pleasanter if you take along your greatest home luxury: abundant hot water at the turn of a tap. You can have this, even if your water supply is only a cistern and a kitchen pump. Install a Perfection or Puritan kerosene water heater . . connect it to the pump by Perfection's new method . . . and you can pump either hot or cold water.

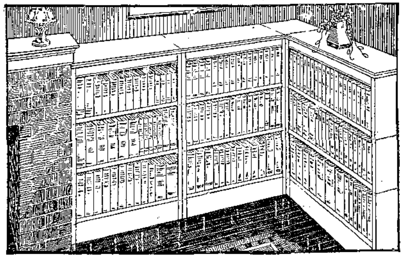


We make five kinds of water heaters. One has a 30-gallon storage tank that keeps water hot 36 hours. Two turn themselves off when the water is hot. One is light enough to hang on pipe line. All are fast. All work equally well in homes with or without running water. Prices, $23 to $190. See your plumber. Or write for free booklet.

PERFECTION STOVE CO.
7572-D Platt Ave., Cleveland, O.
In Canada, General Steel Wares, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

PERFECTION
Kerosene Water Heaters

Like a "BUILT-IN" Bookcase yet Sectional and Portable



Per Section: Lacquer $3^90 Unfinished $2^95

Lundstrom
IT GROWS WITH YOUR LIBRARY
SECTIONAL BOOKCASE

Most desirable and economical bookcase for home or office; Sectional; never too large or too small; fits odd spaces and **grows with your needs.** Price 3 section case with top and base, style shown above, unfinished (for home painting) **$12.00;** imitation mahogany or walnut, **$13.25;** colored lacquer, **$15.90.** Other styles in oak, mahogany, walnut, etc., with doors, **at correspondingly low prices.** Shipped **direct from factory on approval** at a big saving TO YOU. Write for catalog No. 34.

The C. J. Lundstrom Mfg. Co., Little Falls, N. Y.
Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases since 1899
Branch Warehouse: Kansas City, Mo.
New York Show Room, 130 West 42nd St.

THE ▾ SPICE ▾ OF ▾ LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

No Monopolist.—The difference between a co-ed and a traffic cop is that you get a chance to slip in a word or two to the traffic cop.—*Notre Dame Juggler.*

Garçon! Bam!!!—Forty bombs were found in a restaurant in Nice. For the man who tried to attract the attention of the waiter?—*Guerin Meschino (Milan).*

Try the Dead-Letter Office.—COLORED EMPLOYEE TO EXPRESS AGENT—"Boss, what we-all go'n do 'bout dat goat? He done et up where he's gwine to."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Encouragement for All.—A famous sword swallower is appearing at a continental circus. We understand that he started in quite a modest way with green peas and a knife.—*London Opinion.*

S. O. S.—CUSTOMER (to saleswoman)—"I have lost my wife in this shop, so let me talk to you. She is sure to turn up if I am talking to a pretty girl."—*Lustige Kölner Zeitung (Cologne).*

Mama's Revenge.—"I heard that Ella had eloped with Mr. Brown. Has her mother forgiven them?"

"I don't think so—she has gone to live with them."—*Dorfbarbier (Berlin).*

Bargain Day.—COUPLE—"Five dollars for a marriage? We haven't that much, Judge."

JUSTICE—"Well, I can give you a trial marriage for two dollars."—*Bison.*

Inspection Invited.—COUSIN SOPHY—"Marriage is a lottery!"

COUSIN REGGY—"Oh, I don't know. A man ought to have a fair idea what he's getting these days."—*Sydney Bulletin.*

Obsolete Implement.—Complaint is made that some crossword puzzles are too difficult. What girl, for instance, could be expected to guess that "worn on the finger" may mean a thimble?—*Humorist.*

Need a Vacuum-Sweeper.—FARMER—"I never see such a season. My corn isn't an inch high!"

NEIGHBOR—"An inch? Why the sparrows have to kneel down to eat mine."—*Montreal Star.*

Took the Words Out of His Mouth.—"Did you tell her when you proposed that you weren't worthy of her? That always makes a good impression."

"Well, I was going to. But she told me so first."—*Denver Post.*

Dear Old Acid Test.—

I love the right. With courage strong
I'll ever battle 'gainst the wrong.
And they are always right, you see,
Who in their views agree with me.

—*Washington Star.*

Try a Blow-Torch.—Of course, in spite of the late spring there are a few early spring cantaloupes on the market, or maybe there's some substitution going on, for we see by the papers that eight cannonballs have been stolen from a Maine park.—*New York Evening Post.*

SLIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Mighty Particular.—Experienced girl who likes children with local references.—*Ad in the Kenosha News.*

Coddled Biddies.—Sheets, cases, blankets, towels, bedspreads, for chickens.—*Ad in the Rocky Mountain News.*

Spic - and - Span.— Home Laundry — Washed individual, dried in the open and hand ironed.—*Vineland (N. J.) paper.*

Three Negatives Make a Mess.—I will not be responsible for no bills made by no other than myself.—*Ad in the Richmond News-Leader.*

In the City of Churches.—Wanted: 300 laborers for Brooklyn. Must be Polish, or Lutherans.—*Sign in front of a New York employment office.*

Better Believe Him.—Pay highest cash price for used furniture. Five residences for sale. Get your trading clothes on—will cheat you right.—*Texas paper.*

Send 'em a Reminder.—

Hundreds of Dogs Have
Not Paid Their Taxes

—*Storm Lake (Ia.) Register.*

Two-Fisted He-Man.—A big oil fire—no doubt of that! A *Record* reporter seized his camera and notebook in one hand and his automobile in the other.—*Los Angeles Record.*

Hens Know Their Henry.—When taken into custody a number of chickens found in her yard identified Henry Hagist, 2133 Twenty-second Street, as their owner.—*Oakland (Cal.) Tribune.*

War in Ohio.—Canton, Ohio, May 9.—Attacking Kwangsiites were advancing on this city from three sides to-day and its fall was considered a matter of from 48 to 72 hours.—*Mobile News-Item.*

Every Lass Loves a Uniform.—To brighten gold braid, give it a cake, put it in whole into a steamer and steam for 20 minutes; it will then be thoroughly warm. Split in two, toast and butter well.—*Brooklyn Daily Times.*

Clinging Vine.—Wanted—A wife with plenty of long hair that goes down her back. Must be bright and willing to work. My first wife moved away and raised the devil all the time. Want a tame one for my second wife.—*Georgia paper.*

The Pile You Like to Count.—The French press stormed when they learned that she had become the owner of the "Chateau de Taurine," and the title of Countless, which went along with the old pile.—*New York Evening Journal.*

All the News That's Fit to Misprint.—*Mexico City.*—This capital, which decided a month ago Col. Charles A. Lindenbergh was teaching his fiancée, Mrs. Anne Morrow, to fry, is now convinced she is gaining some proficiency.—*Springfield (Ohio) paper.*